

THE
WORKS

OF THE LATE
RIGHT HONORABLE
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

VOLUME the FOURTH.

With a Complete INDEX.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, for J. and R. TONSON,

At Shakespear's Head in the Strand.

M DCC LXI.

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MDCCLXI.



N^o 507.

Saturday, October 11 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone phalanges.

Juv.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful in Plato's description of the supreme Being, That *Truth is his body, and Light his shadow.* According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature, as error and falsehood. The Platonists have for just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing that is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualify a human Soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will, for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical demonstrations the Cathartics or purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding; as *virtue* is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many Authors who have shewn wherein the malignity of a *Lie* consists, and set forth in proper colors, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean the abominable practice of *Party-Lying*. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of Lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our bottle-conversation is so infected with them, that a *Party-lie* is grown as fashionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry story: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is however one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives

credit to the relations of Party-writers; nay his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning Idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it; but at present every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a Lie when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honor in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think the guilt of a Lie, and consequently the punishment may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake of it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is shared among many. But in this case, a man very much deceives himself; guilt when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person, had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a Lie, cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a Lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands; as a drop of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to shew the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in

his

his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honor, nor the principles of Religion.

The third and last great motive for mens joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the christian world. When *Pompey* was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, *It is necessary for me, says he, to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live:* every man should say to himself with the same spirit, *It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office.* One of the Fathers has carried this point so high, as to declare, *He would not tel a lie, though he were sure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own, that a man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain Hell by it;* or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.



N^o 511. Thursday, October 16.



Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ? Ovid.

Dear SPECT.

“FINDING that my last Letter took I do intend to continue my
 “epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded crea-
 “tures, *Women.* Thou knowest, all the little learning I am master of is
 “upon that subject: I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have
 “lately met with two pure stories for a *Spectator*, which I am sure will
 “please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I
 “found by chance in an *English* book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend
 “*Dapperwit's* window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened
 “in

" in the place where I met the following account. He tells us that it was
 " the manner among the *Perfians* to have several fairs in the kingdom, at
 " which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale.
 " The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves; every
 " woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched
 " laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by.
 " By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled
 " out the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus pick-
 " ed, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those
 " who could not go to the price of a *Beauty*. Several of these married the
 " *Agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced
 " to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder
 " was always the purchaser. But now you must know, *SPEC*, it happen-
 " ed in *Perfia*, as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly
 " women, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; so that by consequence, after the magi-
 " strates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck
 " upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money
 " which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the ugly; so that
 " a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was
 " forced to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion being always given
 " to the most deformed. To this the Author adds, that every poor man was
 " forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in case he repented of his bar-
 " gain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

" What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such
 " an imaginary fair in *Great Britain*: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by
 " matching women of quality with cobblers and carmen, or describing titles
 " and garters leading off in great ceremony shop-keepers and farmers
 " daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid
 " that as the love of money prevails in our Island more than it did in
 " *Perfia*, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the
 " portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity; and
 " that on the contrary, the Toasts and Belles would be bought up by ex-
 " travagant heirs, gamesters and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very
 " pretty reflections upon this occasion in honor of the *Perfian* Politics, who
 " took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species,
 " and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful.
 " But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

" I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book.
 " It seems the General of the *Tartars*, after having laid siege to a strong town
 " in *China*, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were
 " found

“ found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a sack, and after ha-
“ ving thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed,
“ marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were
“ a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a de-
“ sign to purchase, which they were to do *unsight unseen*. The book men-
“ tions a Merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be
“ marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his
“ house. As he was resting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved
“ to take a survey of his purchase: upon opening the sack, a little old wo-
“ man popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great
“ a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old Lady,
“ however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned
“ that she was sister to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the
“ fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she
“ fell. Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his sack, and car-
“ ried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured
“ him all the riches from her brother that she promised him.

“ I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tole-
“ rable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women
“ in *London* and *Westminster* brought to market in sacks, with their respec-
“ tive price on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five
“ thousand pound: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admi-
“ rable housewife, of an agreeable countenance: the purchaser, upon hear-
“ ing her good qualities, pays down her price very chearfully. The second
“ I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack: the Lady in it, to
“ our surprise, has the face and person of a Toast: as we are wondering
“ how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have
“ been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those
“ abatements for her being a Scold. I would afterwards find some beau-
“ tiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market;
“ and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same
“ sack, of one hundred pound a head. The Prude and the Coquette should
“ be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of
“ the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish
“ it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever
“ thou mayest think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer apolo-
“ gies for this Letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay
“ lively fellow, and are never angry at the ralleries of one who is their
“ known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine, HONEYCOMB.

Friday,

N^o 512.

Friday, October 17.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

Hor.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any one shews for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable? some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon reading of a *Fable* we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the Author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions, than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly, we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts herself in any action that gives

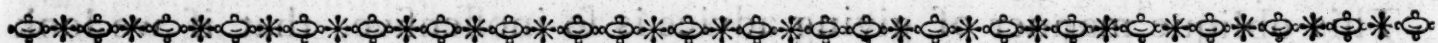
gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder therefore that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Absalom* and *Architophel* was one of the most popular Poems that ever appeared in *English*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their Kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a *Turkish* tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Humorist or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. *I would fain know*, says the Sultan, *what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return, to the Sultan, Sir, says he, *I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing that the Owls had said. *You must know then*, said the Visier, *that one of these Owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages.*

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural Magic, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above-mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determinations of the learned.



N^o 513. Saturday, October 18.



——— *Afflata est numine quando*
Jam propiore Dei———

Virg.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a *Thought in sickness*, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

S I R.

THE indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such an head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your *Saturday's* papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that as soon as the

vital

“ vital union is dissolved, he shall see that supreme Being, whom he now
 “ contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more
 “ philosophically, when by some faculty in the Soul he shall apprehend
 “ the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now
 “ of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost
 “ in carelessness and stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr.
 “ Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon Death, has represented in very
 “ strong and lively colors, the state of the Soul in its first separation from
 “ the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds
 “ us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of
 “ matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words
 “ are as follow.

“ That Death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting
 “ off these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to these bodies, which in-
 “ tercepts the sight of the other world: the other world is not at such a distance
 “ from us, as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove
 “ from this earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his glory to those
 “ blessed Spirits which encompass his throne; but as soon as we step out of these
 “ bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world
 “ (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To
 “ live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove
 “ into the next: for while our Souls are confined to these bodies, and can look
 “ only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect
 “ us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey
 “ the shapes and colors of things with it to the eye: so that though within this
 “ visible world, there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears
 “ to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible
 “ and invisible world: but when we put off these bodies, there are new and
 “ surprising wonders present themselves to our view; when these material spec-
 “ tacles are taken off, the Soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before:
 “ and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with
 “ it: thus St. Paul tells us, That when we are at home in the body, we
 “ are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we
 “ are present with the Lord, 2 Cor. 5. 6. 8. And methinks this is enough
 “ to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to
 “ be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives
 “ us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be
 “ set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now
 “ for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of
 “ these

“ these bodies will present us with? There are such things as eye hath not seen,
 “ nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive:
 “ Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more
 “ glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should
 “ make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our eyes, which
 “ hinders our sight.

“ As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of
 “ his appearing in the presence of that Being whom none can see and live, he
 “ must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he
 “ appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and re-
 “ ward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no
 “ scheme of religion, besides that of christianity, which can possibly sup-
 “ port the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man’s inno-
 “ cence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection
 “ attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so
 “ many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion and preju-
 “ dice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short, so many de-
 “ fects in his best actions, that without the advantages of such an expi-
 “ ation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that
 “ he should be cleared before his sovereign judge, or that he should be able
 “ to stand in his sight. Our Holy religion suggests to us the only means where-
 “ by our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.
 “ It is this series of thought that I have endeavored to express in the
 “ following Hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of Death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,

And

And sit in judgment on my soul

O how! shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,

Who does her sins lament,

The timely tribute of her tears

Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,

E'er yet it be too late;

And hear my Saviour's dying groans,

To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair

Her pardon to procure,

Who knows thine only Son has dy'd

To make her pardon sure.

“ There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which Monsieur Bayle has celebra-
 “ ted for a *very fine one*, and which the famous Author of the *Art of speaking*
 “ calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the same nature.
 “ If I could have done it justice in *English*, I would have sent it you tran-
 “ slated; it was written by Monsieur Des Barreaux, who had been one of
 “ the greatest Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in his last years was as
 “ remarkable a penitent.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;
 Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice :

Mais j' ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté

Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta Justice.

Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété,

Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice :

Ton interest s' oppose à ma félicité,

Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.

Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;

Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;

Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rends moi guerre pour guerre:

J' adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit,

Mais

*Mais deffus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre;
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ.*

“ If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place
“ them in a proper light; and am ever, with great sincerity,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 517.

Thursday, October 23.

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!

Virg.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverly is Dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig Justice of Peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the Butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my Reader a copy of his Letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honored Sir,

“ K Nowing that you was my old Master's good friend, I could not forbear
“ sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted
“ the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say,
“ better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last
“ county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow
“ woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neigh-
“ bouring

“bouring Gentleman; for you know my good master was always the poor
“man’s friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was,
“that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin,
“which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take
“great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse,
“but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great
“hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the
“widow Lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life;
“but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed
“to this Lady, as a token of his love a great pearl necklace, and a couple
“of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady
“his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to
“ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be
“kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, be-
“queathed to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good Lands about
“it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourn-
“ing, to every man in the parish a great frize coat, and to every woman
“a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave
“of his poor Servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were
“not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-
“headed in our dear master’s service, he has left us pensions and legacies,
“which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our
“days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not
“yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish,
“that he has left money to build a steeple to the Church; for he was heard
“to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, *Coverly Church*
“should have a steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made
“a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was bu-
“ried, according to his own directions, among the family of the *Coverlies*,
“on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by six
“of his tenants, and the Pall held up by six of the *Quorum*: the whole
“parish followed the corps with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits,
“the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain *Sentry*, my
“master’s nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole
“estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook
“him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to
“him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several
“legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-
“rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though
“he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and
“shews

“ shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor ma-
 “ ster was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard
 “ the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master’s death.
 “ He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the
 “ melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in *Worcester-*
 “ *shire*. This being all from,

Honored Sir, Your most sorrowful Servant,

Edward Biscuit.

P. S. “ My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which
 “ comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*
 “ in his name.

This Letter notwithstanding the poor Butler’s manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity with some passages in it marked by Sir *Roger*’s own hand! Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man’s hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.



N^o 519.

Saturday, October 25.



*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
 Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.*

Virg.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of
 the

the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and enquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humor in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells, and cavities, that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies which are at such a distance from us should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those Beings only, which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive Being. As this is a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of Beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense

besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys, beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has therefore *specified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of Being. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the Goodness or Wisdom of the divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of Being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. This consequence, of so great a variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power

power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created Being, and the power which produced him.

That there should be more Species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove, differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy regions; and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish-days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; Seals live at land and at sea, and Porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Seamen. There are some brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and reason, as some that are called Men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several Species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the Universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the Species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more Species of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct Species, we have no clear distinct Ideas.

In this System of Being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as Man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of Beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he, who in one respect being associated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his Father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to Corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.

N^o 523.

Thursday, October 30.



——— *Nunc augur Apollo,*

Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso

Interpres divûm fert horrida jussa per auras.

Scilicet is superis labor———

Virg.

I Am always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late Miscellany published by Mr. *Pope*, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind, in perusing a Poem that is just published *on the Prospect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons, as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well-pleased to find that the Author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature, he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern Authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended: but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of *Apollo*, or description of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have searched for the actions of a great man who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a River-god, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her mischievous progress, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school, it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with an heathen god; but when we would write a manly Panegyric, that should carry in it all the colors of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No thought is beautiful which is not just, and no thought can be just which is not founded in Truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In

In mock-heroic Poems, the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn; I would recommend to their consideration the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without Fauns and Satyrs, Wood-nymphs and Water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious Mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements: but for a christian Author to write in the pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a favorite of *Mars*, or to carry on a correspondence between *Bellona* and the Marshal *de Villars*, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd practice, I shall publish the following Edict, by virtue of that spectral authority with which I stand invested.

“ **W**Hereas the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing
 “ near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who
 “ intend to shew their talents on so happy an occasion, and being willing,
 “ as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense, which we
 “ have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every per-
 “ son, who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a Christian,
 “ and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it, I do ex-
 “ pect of him in the first place, to make his own poem, without depend-
 “ ing upon *Phæbus* for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one
 “ of the Muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of
 “ *Mercury* with any particular message or dispatch relating to the peace,
 “ and shall by no means suffer *Minerva* to take upon her the shape of any
 “ Plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that
 “ I shall not allow the Destinies to have had an hand in the deaths of the
 “ several

“ several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion
 “ that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the christian sy-
 “ stem of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut
 “ the thread of man’s life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the
 “ sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear, that *Neptune*
 “ will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we
 “ may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance,
 “ unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion, and
 “ that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great caution and
 “ circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to his
 “ whole fraternity of heathen Gods, it being my design to condemn every
 “ poem to the flames in which *Jupiter* thunders, or exercises any other act
 “ of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no
 “ pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related which a man can-
 “ not give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that no-
 “ thing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several
 “ of the female Poets in this nation, who shall still be left in full possession
 “ of their Gods and Goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had
 “ never been written.

N^o 529.

Thursday, November 6.

*Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.*

Hor.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and pre-
 cedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations,
 which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular.
 By the learned world I here mean at large, all those who are any way
 concerned in works of Literature, whether in the writing, printing, or
 repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have observed that the Au-
 thor of a *Folio*, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the
 Author of a *Quarto*; the Author of a *Quarto* above the Author of an *Octavo*;
 and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an Author in *Twenty-
 Fours*. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the
 Learned, I have seen a *Folio* writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when
 the Author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a just deference to his superior
 quality,

quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, Authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labors on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a Pamphleteer till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes, which have already appeared. After which I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six *Octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surpris'd, if after the publication of half a dozen volumes I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another, according to the abovementioned merits of the Authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as Knights, yet a degree above Squires; this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural Squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to the *present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their Country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanor; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body. I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a Stage maxim, *Once a King and always a King*. For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of an Hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honor upon the Stage, keep their distance also behind the Scenes.

I shall only add, that by a parity of reason, all writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before Comic writers: those who deal in Tragi-Comedy usually taking their seats between the Authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the Tragic and Heroic Poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former; but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the Heroic, as Comic writers to their serious brothers in the Drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters.

N^o 530.

Friday, November 7.



Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares

Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea

Sævo mittere cum joco.

Hor.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their rallery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor* is set forth to us with much wit and humor,

as

as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honorable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his revenge in kind, on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend *Will Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the Ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our Club by the last post. The *Templar* is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but *Will*, in his Letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed *Dear Spec*, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the Letter, into *My worthy friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favors from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His Letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases which have made my friend *Will* often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

My worthy friend,

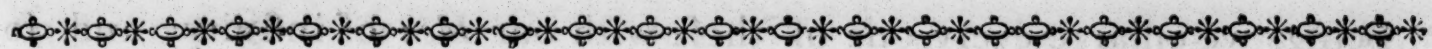
“ I Question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that
 “ I who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty
 “ years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had
 “ not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his ac-
 “ counts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late
 “ forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to
 “ live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can
 “ scarce forbear filling my Letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows,
 “ and purling streams. The simplicity of manners, which I have heard
 “ you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me
 “ wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your
 “ means the whole Club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's
 “ daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no por-
 “ tion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and inno-

" cence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected
 " turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time
 " I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the great-
 " est beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is
 " such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her
 " means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of
 " birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real
 " and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions: as
 " for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had
 " my share in their graces, but no more of that. It shall be my business
 " hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the
 " master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the rally
 " of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The marriage-hater matched*; but
 " I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time.
 " To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering
 " coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my post of an *Homme de ruelle* any
 " longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely de-
 " stroyed that jantiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may
 " now confess my age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these
 " twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a va-
 " cancy in the Club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my
 " friend *Tom Dapperwit*. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the
 " town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live
 " hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a fa-
 " mily, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen) and as

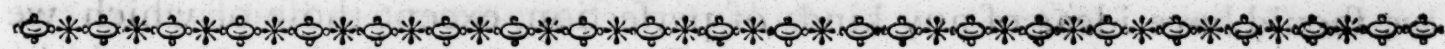
Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

Saturday,



N^o 531. *Saturday, November 8.*



Qui mare et terras variisque mundum

Temperat horis:

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,

Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

Hor.

SIMONIDES being asked by *Dionysius* the tyrant what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to This; that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in an human soul, becomes an attribute in God. *We* exist in place and time, the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfections in one Being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks, must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. *Locke's* authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. "If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehensible supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way; "and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and separate spirits, are "made up of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*: v. g. having from "what we experiment in ourselves, got the *Ideas* of existence and duration, "of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other "qualities and powers, which it is better to have, than to be without; "when we would frame an *Idea* the most suitable we can to the supreme

“ Being, we enlarge every one of these with our *Idea* of infinity; and so
 “ putting them together, make our complex *Idea* of God.”

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree*; to speak according to our methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no end of his greatness*: the most exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very just and sublime in this light. *By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? there are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.*

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we
 ought

ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the funeral of a Gentleman who was an honor to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful enquirer into the works of Nature, than any other our nation has ever produced. "He had the profoundest veneration
" for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any
" person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a
" pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him most
" particularly above twenty years, has told me, that he was so exact, that
" he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases and works of humor? not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

Thursday,

N^o 535.

Thursday, November 13.

Spem longam refecet —

Hor.

MY four hundred and seventy first speculation turned upon the subject of Hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain an hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one Hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their fruition; and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the

the politician, the alchymist and projector are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance: to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonor.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an *Arabian* fable, which I find translated into *French* by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Persian* glass-man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian* money. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was over-heard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner: *This Basket*, says he, *cost me at the wholesale Merchant's an hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together an hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Vezier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that Minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a*
present

present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed at his right-hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honor his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech; as, Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.

When I have brought the Princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor: then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

Friday,

N^o 536.

Friday, November 14.

O! veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!

Virg.

AS I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing, about eighteen years of age, stepped out of her coach, and brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the farther end of his counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller, that I was the man of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a curtsy. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter, subscribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure if any of my male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

London, Nov. 1712.

“YOU are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and
 “such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to
 “employ the most idle part of the Kingdom; I mean that part of mankind
 “who are known by the name of Womens-men or Beaus, &c. Mr. SPEC-
 “TATOR, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not made for any
 “manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the
 “vapors as the Ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since knotting is
 “again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that
 “you would recommend it to these Gentlemen as something that may
 “make them useful to the Ladies they admire. And since it is not incon-

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sistent

“ sistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the
 “ Play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and, in short, in all places
 “ where they come for the sake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleased
 “ to forbid it there, to prevent mistakes) it will be easily complied with.
 “ It is besides an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many
 “ graces, which will make the Beaus more readily come into it; it shews
 “ a white hand and a diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes
 “ at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts, and the
 “ tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is need-
 “ less to urge it farther, by speaking of the satisfaction these male-knotters
 “ will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by
 “ the fair Lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. SPEC-
 “ TATOR, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these
 “ Gentlemen are capable of; for it is sad so considerable a part of the
 “ kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall
 “ not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always
 “ your reader, and generally your admirer, C. B.

P. S. “ The sooner these fine Gentlemen are set to work, the better; there
 “ being at this time several fine fringes that only stay for more hands.

I shall, in the next place, present my Reader with the description of a
 set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not re-
 member that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the
 following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ SINCE you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal
 “ love, it is to be hoped you will discourage every practice that rather
 “ proceeds from a regard to interest, than to happiness. Now you cannot
 “ but observe, that most of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the
 “ direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service, by some small en-
 “ couragement, as great a number as they can of supernumerary and
 “ insignificant fellows, which they use like whifflers, and commonly call
 “ *Shoeing-horns*. These are never designed to know the length of the foot,
 “ but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the
 “ point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave Lady, Madam Matchwell, that
 “ it is absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of
 “ these implements about the house, to clap on as occasion serves, and that
 “ every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a Shoeing-horn,
 “ before

“ before he be admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I could name, if
“ it was necessary, has at present more Shoeing-horns of all sizes, countries
“ and colors, in her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have
“ known a Woman make use of a Shoeing-horn for several years, and find-
“ ing him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a Shoe.
“ I am mistaken if your friend, Mr. *William Honeycomb*, was not a cast Shoe-
“ ing-horn before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to
“ you, that I have been an arrant Shoeing-horn for above these twenty
“ years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the num-
“ ber, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made
“ their applications to her, I always thought myself the best shoe in her
“ shop, and it was not till a month before her marriage, that I discovered
“ what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such
“ suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving
“ some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no
“ more than her Shoeing-horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a Co-
“quette in her nature, told me I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as
“ well look upon myself to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very short time
“ after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would
“ be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate Shoeing-horn, or
“ I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my
“ sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a
“ man in your post, to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed,
“ with honor, to make use of a Shoeing-horn, as also to declare whether a
“ maid on this side five and twenty, or a widow who has not been three
“ years in that state, may be granted such a privilege, with other dif-
“ ficulties, which will naturally occur to you upon that subject.

I am, S I R, with the most profound veneration, Yours, &c.

N^o 538.

Monday, November 17.

*Ultra**Finem tendere opus.*

Hor.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*; but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humor. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who over-leap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of *Antipathies* was a proper field wherein such false surprises might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluvia of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the shape

which

which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to Eels, then to Parsnips, and so from one aversion to another, till we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in the company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility among us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it; another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance: As I was going through a street of *London*, where I never had been till then, I felt a general damp and a faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprise, gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on: some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the Gentleman had opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said, but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring cast, and at last my friend of the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not labored against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some over-bearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character, or a caution against danger, make us suppress our opinion, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts
of

of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it, begins the immediate punishment: and indeed (if we should even go no further) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition; because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: but silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprise, is to over-shoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded those upon different causes, for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity, and with the known old story in his head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it: thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame, which we fondly take to encrease our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to shew us to ourselves: he seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious shame for what you have been saying: then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot

cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent diversion for the public.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“THE other day, walking in *Pancras Church-yard*, I thought of your
“paper wherein you mention *Epitaphs*, and am of opinion this has
“a thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers.

*Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.*

I am, S I R, your servant.

N^o 542.

Friday, November 21.

Et sibi præferri se gaudet ———

Ovid.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the Author of it observe, that the Letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occasion many Letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents: such are those from the *Valetudinarian*; the inspector of the sign-posts; the master of the Fan-exercise; with that of the hooped-petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual sleeper; that from Sir *John Envill*; that upon the *London* cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard
several

several of these unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honor to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid Critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Playhouse, did not actually write those Letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these Gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a Letter, for the following reasons: First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the dignity spectral would have suffered, had I published as from myself those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honor, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the Authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my
morality

morality than on my invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty of falshood, when he talks to the public of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves, since I see one half of my conduct patronised by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

S I R,

“ I Was this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read
 “ over, with great satisfaction, *Tully's* observations on action adapted to
 “ the *British* theatre: though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that
 “ you have disposed of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger is
 “ dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain Sentry has taken pos-
 “ session of a fair estate; Will Honeycomb has married a farmer's daughter,
 “ and the *Templar* withdraws himself into the business of his own profession.
 “ What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the
 “ public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new mem-
 “ bers, we are under apprehensions of losing the *British Spectator*. I hear
 “ of a party of Ladies who intend to address you on this subject, and ques-
 “ tion

"tion not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the multitude of your readers you will particularly oblige,

Your most sincere friend and servant, Philo-spec.



N^o 543.

Saturday, November 22.



Facies non omnibus una,

Nec diversa tamen

Ovid.

THOSE who were skilful in Anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There are, indeed, many parts, of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations. The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive enquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted

submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our enquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of an human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it; who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? this is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of Nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the Reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence

Providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of Descendants which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther: every living creature, considered in itself, has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One *Eye* would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise contriver: as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for an human eye: and if we consider how the several species in the whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown an hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There

There are many more demonstrations of a supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem, entitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

N^o 547.

Thursday, November 27.

*Si vulnus tibi, monstratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier* —

Hor.

IT is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much, had I suppressed the humor, in which they are conveyed to me.

S I R,

I Am often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your Speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of those two volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single person in the company that had not a favorite Speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same compliment that is often made in our public prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moor the Apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they labored. The proposal took, and the Lady where we visited having the two last volumes in large paper interleaved for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the window, whither

“ whither every one in the company retired, and writ down a particular
 “ Advertisement, in the style and phrase of the late ingenious compositions
 “ which we frequently meet with at the end of our News-papers. When
 “ we had finished our work, we read them with a great deal of mirth at the
 “ fire-side, and agreed, *Nemine Contradicente*, to get them transcribed, and
 “ sent to the *Spectator*. The Gentleman who made the proposal entered
 “ the following Advertisement before the Title-page, after which the rest
 “ succeeded in order.

“ *Remedium efficax et universum*; or, an effectual remedy adapted to all ca-
 “ pacities; shewing how any person may cure himself of ill-nature, pride,
 “ party-spleen, or any other distemper incident to the human system, with
 “ an easy way to know when the infection is upon him. This Panacea is
 “ as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taste, and requires no confine-
 “ ment. It has not its equal in the universe, as abundance of the Nobi-
 “ lity and Gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.

“ *N. B.* No family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators on Jealousy, being the two first in the third volume.

“ I *William Crazy*, aged threescore and seven, having been for several
 “ years afflicted with uneasy doubts, fears and vapors, occasioned by the
 “ youth and beauty of *Mary* my wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for the
 “ benefit of the public give notice, that I have found great relief from the
 “ two following doses, having taken them two mornings together with a
 “ dish of Chocolate. Witness my hand, &c.

For the benefit of the poor.

“ In charity to such as are troubled with the disease of Levee-hunting,
 “ and are forced to seek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors
 “ of great men, I *A. B.* do testify, that for many years past I labored un-
 “ der this fashionable distemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which I
 “ bought of *Mrs. Baldwin*, contained in a half-sheet of paper, marked
 “ No 193, where any one may be provided with the same remedy at the
 “ price of a single penny.

“ An infallible cure for *Hypochondriac Melancholy*. N^o 173. 184. 191. 203.
 “ 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum est. *Charles Easy.*

“ I *Christopher Query*, having been troubled with a certain distemper in
 “ my tongue, which shewed itself in impertinent and superfluous interro-
 “ gatories,

“gatories, have not asked one unnecessary question since my perusal of
“the prescription marked N^o 228.

“The *Britannic Beautifier*, being an Essay on Modesty, N^o 231, which
“gives such a delightful blushing color to the cheeks of those that are white
“or pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion,
“nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend: is nothing of paint,
“or in the least hurtful. It renders the face delightfully handsome; is not
“subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either wash,
“powder, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best beautifier in the world.

Martha Gloworm.

“I Samuel Self, of the parish of St. James's, having a constitution which
“naturally abounds with acids, made use of a paper of directions marked
“N^o 177, recommending a healthful exercise called *Good-nature*; and have
“found it a most excellent sweetner of the blood.

“Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled with that distemper in my
“head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the Ladies,
“and discovered itself in the color of their hoods, having made use of the
“doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his
“last year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.

“I George Gloom having for a long time been troubled with the spleen, and
“being advised by my friends to put myself into a course of *Steele*, did for
“that end make use of remedies conveyed to me several mornings in short
“Letters, from the hands of the invisible Doctor. They were marked at
“the bottom, *Nathaniel Hennoft, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom*
“*Loveless, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rus-*
“*tic Sprightly,* &c. which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now
“find myself chearful, lightsome and easy; and therefore do recommend
“them to all such as labor under the same distemper.

Not having room to insert all the Advertisements which were sent me,
I have only picked out some few from the third Volume, reserving the
fourth for another opportunity.

Saturday,

N^o 549.

Saturday, November 29.

*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen*

Juv.

I Believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our happiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of people, there are none who are so hard to part with the world, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. *Horace* describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend *Sir Andrew Freeport*, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our Club, *Sir Andrew* gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favors of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. Now, says he, you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner, with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor-side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor-side, I find little more than blank paper. Now though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore

therefore be surpris'd, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir *Andrew* has since explained himself to me more at large in the following Letter, which is just come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

“NOTWITHSTANDING my friends at the Club have always ral-
 “lied me, when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated
 “to me one of my own sayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till he has got*
 “*a little more*; I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who
 “thinks he has enough, and is determin'd to pass the remainder of his life
 “in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need
 “not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyments of my possessions, the making of
 “them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been
 “hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either toss'd upon seas or fluc-
 “tuating in funds; it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and te-
 “nements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds and
 “waves, and dispos'd of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me
 “great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my
 “poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out
 “of their own industry. My gardens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture
 “grounds shall be my several hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I
 “propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving
 “in my neighborhood. I have got a fine spread of improveable lands,
 “and in my own thoughts am already plowing up some of them, fencing
 “others; planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my
 “share in the surface of this island, I am resolv'd to make it as beautiful
 “a spot as any in her Majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of
 “it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost
 “for its owner. As in my mercantile employment, I so dispos'd of my
 “affairs, that from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was
 “bringing home one or other of my ships; I hope, as a husbandman, to
 “contrive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sunshine, shall
 “fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing
 “to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opi-
 “nion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to
 “others. But when I am riding out by myself, in the fresh air on the
 “open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing
 “up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find busi-

“ nefs enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for
 “ another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must there-
 “ fore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which
 “ I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient
 “ place where I may build an alms-house, which I intend to endow very
 “ handsomely, for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great
 “ pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years,
 “ who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up
 “ how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an ex-
 “ cellent saying that I learned at school, *Finis coronat opus*. You know best
 “ whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*, it is my business to apply it. If your
 “ affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you
 “ shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day enter-
 “ tained with beef or mutton of my own feeding; fish out of my own
 “ ponds; and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress
 “ and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you,
 “ and, in a word, such an hearty welcome as you may expect from

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

The Club, of which I am a member, being intirely dispersed, I shall consult my Reader next week, upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.

N^o 550.

Monday, December 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor Hiatus?

Hor.

SINCE the late dissolution of the Club whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many Persons who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country Gentleman began to tap upon the first information he received of Sir Roger's death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best *October* I had ever drank

drank in my life. The Ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of *Will Honeycomb*. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. *Honeycomb* did not take sufficient care of their Interests in the Club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one and twenty shares in the *African* company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir *Andrew Freeport*, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several Letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are candidates for Captain *Sentry's* place, and as many from a Coffee-house in *Paul's Church-yard* of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamors, which, on such an occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a Club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I may have reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a Pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air; and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of S P E C T A T O R, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended project: It is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions, in the conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my Readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my character, and to shew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said Club, to have *my mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening the mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign Gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from *Great-Britain*, they will inform the world, that *the SPECTATOR's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next*. I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at that time, of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

N^o 556.

Friday, June 18, 1714.

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trifulcis.*

Virg.

UPON laying down the office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new Club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, until I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such Club or Clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since

since that which happened to the son of *Cræsus*, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion, made my face ache on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every morning in the *Mall*, and talk in chorus with a parcel of *Frenchmen*. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greatest freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of Ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The Coffee-houses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a Tory at *Button's* and a Whig at *Child's*; a friend to the *Englishman*, or an advocate for the *Examiner*, as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the *French King*, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

— Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi —

My

My old acquaintance scarce knew me; nay, I was asked the other day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan's*, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who used to come to that Coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes in the University, know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox Divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not so much for the benefit of my hearers as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a Master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the Author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent S P E C T A T O R. It is not my ambition to encrease the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men; and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of Counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by Statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving, by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers, to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches, which they cast upon one another. The
most

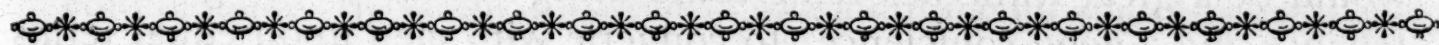
most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honor, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with an eye to these principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Englishman*, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: 'till which time I must entreat the curious Reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my Reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with Speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way.



N^o 557. *Monday, June 21.*



Quippe domum timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues. Virg.

THERE is nothing, says *Plato*, so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honor than the following passage related by *Plutarch*. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the *Prætors*, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced: but the *Prætor* told him, That where the law required two witnesses, he would not accept of one, though it were *Cato* himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of Justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British* preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this Speculation.

“ The old *English* plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

“ The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way.

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent Prelate. It is said to have been written in King *Charles* the Second's reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam*, a little after his arrival in *England*.

Master,

“ **T**HE people, where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects Barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilised people, because they speak one thing and mean another: Truth they call barbarity, and falshood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King of this place to meet me, told me, *That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.* Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and

“ bid

“ bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who de-
“ fired me *to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.* Accord-
“ ingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it,
“ in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household-
“ goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present: but the false
“ varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me
“ to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had
“ not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had
“ asked a certain favor from the chief of the King’s servants, whom they
“ here call the Lord-Treasurer, That I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so
“ surpris’d at this gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, What service
“ is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all
“ eternity! However I only asked him, for my reward, that he would lend
“ me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found
“ that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

“ At my first going to Court, one of the great men almost put me out of
“ countenance, by asking *ten thousand pardons* of me for only treading by ac-
“ cident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when
“ they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou
“ wouldest order any of thy officers of State to receive a hundred blows
“ upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this
“ people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to
“ see the King’s Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though
“ perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before.
“ Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are Physicians, for the first
“ question they always ask me, is, *How I do?* I have this question put to
“ me above an hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inqui-
“ sitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full
“ glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the
“ same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quan-
“ tities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pre-
“ tend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more
“ reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the since-
“ rity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-
“ tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy
“ royal city of *Bantam.*

N^o 558.

Wednesday, June 23.

*Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem**Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa**Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?**O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis**Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!**Contra mercator, navim jaçantibus austris,**Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurrere horæ**Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.**Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,**Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.**Ille, datis vadibus, qui rurè extractus in urbem est,**Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.**Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem**Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi**Quo rem deducam. Si quis deus, en ego, dicat,**Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,**Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,**Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,**Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.——* Hor.

IT is a celebrated thought of *Socrates*, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. *Horace* has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every mortal should bring in his griefs, and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with

with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was *FANCY*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloke, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his crimes, but upon searching into the bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless Rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the *Phantom* which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

N^o 559.

Friday, June 25.



*Quid cause est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratu buccas inflet: neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?*

Hor.

IN my last paper, I gave my Reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, *Jupiter* issued out a second proclamation, that every one was
now

now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *FANCY* began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed Gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of Ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The

poor

poor Gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the Phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a Goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: her name was *PATIENCE*. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Wednesday,

N^o 561.

Wednesday, June 30.

——— *Paulatim abolere Sichæum**Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore**Jampridem resides animos defuetaque corda.* Virg.

S I R,

“ I Am a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought,
 “ every way qualified for a rich widow: but, after having tried my for-
 “ tune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one
 “ single relict in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but
 “ always broke off as soon as they came to the word *Settlement*. Though I
 “ have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have
 “ learnt several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy Gentlemen,
 “ who are commonly distinguished by the name of Widow-hunters, and who
 “ do not know that this tribe of women are, generally, speaking, as much
 “ upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the my-
 “ steries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the
 “ *Widow-Club*. This Club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their
 “ places once a week round a large oval table.

“ I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is
 “ now determined to take a seventh; being of opinion that there is as much
 “ virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her com-
 “ rades are as follow.

“ II. Mrs. Snap, who has four jointures, by four different bed-fellows,
 “ of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage
 “ with a *Middlesex* man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her
 “ possessions through all the counties in *England*, on this side the *Trent*.

“ III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wed-
 “ ded to an old Gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the
 “ Club after a week's cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow,
 “ and accordingly takes her place at the board.

“ IV. The widow Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of
 “ her last husband. Her *Weeds* have served her thrice, and are still as
 “ good as new.

“ V. Lady

“ V. Lady *Catharine Swallow*. She was a widow at eighteen, and has
 “ since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

“ VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was married in the 15th year of her age
 “ to Sir *Simon Waddle*, Knight, aged threescore and twelve, by whom she had
 “ twins nine months after his decease. In the 55th year of her age she
 “ was married to *James Spindle*, Esq; a youth of one and twenty, who did
 “ not outlive the honey-moon.

“ VII. *Deborah Conquest*. The case of this Lady is something particular.
 “ She is the relict of Sir *Sampson Conquest*, sometime Justice of the *Quorum*.
 “ Sir *Sampson* was seven foot high, and two foot in breadth from the tip of
 “ one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them
 “ died in childbed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst
 “ venture on Sir *Sampson*. At length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook him, and
 “ gave so good an account of him, that in three years time she very fairly
 “ laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit
 “ has gained her so great a reputation in the Club, that they have added
 “ Sir *Sampson*'s three victories to hers, and gave her the merit of a fourth
 “ widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

“ VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, relict of Mr. *John Wildfire*, Fox-hunter,
 “ who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much to
 “ heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had she
 “ not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a Gentleman in the
 “ neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widow-
 “ hood. This Gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a
 “ young *Templar*, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he
 “ was beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewise gave up his place to a
 “ Gentleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived a favorite as his
 “ predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series
 “ of lovers, who followed the Widow *Wildfire* to the 37th year of her age,
 “ at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when *John Felt*,
 “ *Haberdasher*, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought
 “ will very suddenly carry her off.

“ IX. The last is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who broke her first husband's heart
 “ before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the Club; but
 “ soon after left it, upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a dis-
 “ patch of, that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This
 “ young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society,
 “ and will probably be in the President's chair before she dies.

“ These Ladies, upon their first institution, resolved to give the pictures
 “ of their deceased husbands to the Club-room, but two of them bringing
 “ in

“ in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls: upon which they
 “ came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own
 “ picture, and set it round with her husbands in miniature.

“ As they have most of them the misfortune to be troubled with the
 “ cholic, they have a noble cellar of cordials and strong waters. When
 “ they grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former part-
 “ ners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole,
 “ they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not weep
 “ so much for the loss of a husband, as for the want of one.

“ The principal rule, by which the whole society are to govern them-
 “ selves, is this, To cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions,
 “ in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and engross the
 “ whole male world to themselves.

“ They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the so-
 “ ciety, to communicate his name, at which time the whole assembly sit
 “ upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good humor; and if they find
 “ him qualified for a Sister of the Club, they lay their heads together how
 “ to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the wi-
 “ dow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There
 “ is an honest *Irish Gentleman*, it seems, who knows nothing of this society,
 “ but at different times has made love to the whole Club.

“ Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands, and it is
 “ very diverting to hear them relate their several arts and stratagems, with
 “ which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the
 “ good-natured man, until at last, to use the Club phrase, *They sent him out*
 “ *of the house with his heels foremost.*

“ The politics, which are most cultivated by this society of *She-Machia-*
 “ *vels*, relate chiefly to these two points, How to treat a lover, and How to
 “ manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too nume-
 “ rous to come within the compass of your paper, and shall therefore be
 “ reserved for a second Letter.

“ The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines,
 “ which are universally assented to by the whole Club. Not to give him
 “ his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities.
 “ Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the
 “ world. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the
 “ generosity, or any other virtue, of a deceased husband, which she would
 “ recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and ser-
 “ vants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disin-
 “ herit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly

“ convinced of his affection, until he has made over to her all his goods
“ and chattels.

“ After so long a Letter, I am, without more ceremony,

Your humble servant, &c.

N^o 562.

Friday, July 2.

— *Præsens, absens ut sies.*

Ter.

I*T is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself, says Cowley; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. Let the tenor of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from Vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.*

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is observed of *Tully* in particular, that his works run very much in the first person, and that he takes all occasions of doing himself justice. “ Does he think, says *Brutus*, that his Consulship deserves more applause than my putting *Cæsar* to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of *March*, as he “ is of the Nones of *December*?” I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March*, *Brutus* destroyed *Cæsar*, and that *Cicero* quashed the conspiracy of *Catiline* in the Calends of *December*. How shocking soever this great man's talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character, and illustrate several passages in the history of his life: besides, that there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmity of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in *France*, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as arising from vain-glory and self-conceit. To shew their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an *Egotism*; a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The

The most violent Egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Woolsey, *Ego et Rex meus, I and my King*; as perhaps the most eminent Egotist that ever appeared in the world, was Montagne, the author of the celebrated Essays. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works, and after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an Author. The title of an Essay promises perhaps a discourse upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæsar*; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montagne than either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no great friend to this Author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words; *La grande fadaise de Montagne, qui a escrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc — que diable a-t-on à faire de scavoir ce qu'il aime?* For my part, says Montagne, *I am a great lover of your white wines — What the Devil signifies it to the public*, says Scaliger, *whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of Egotists for whom I have always had a mortal aversion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern Prefaces favor very strongly of the Egotism. Every insignificant Author fancies it of importance to the world, to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle hours, that it was published at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, studies or conversations, directed him to the choice of his subject.

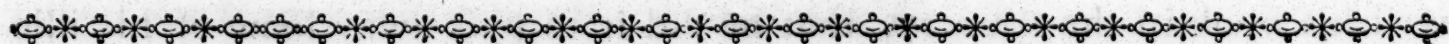
——— *Id populus curat scilicet.*

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

In works of humor, especially when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of one's self may give some diversion to the public; but I would advise every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character: though I am sensible this rule will be of little use in the world, because there is no man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person.

I shall close this paper with a remark upon such as are Egotists in conversation: these are generally the vain or shallow part of mankind, people
I 2 being

being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of Egotists which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean those empty conceited fellows, who repeat, as sayings of their own, or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would be always laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us, That as he and Jack such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of *Terence*, *Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi*. But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company.

N^o 565.

Friday, July 9.



— *Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum.*

Virg.

I Was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, 'till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colors, which appeared in the western parts of Heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it.

it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful white. To compleat the scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. *David* himself fell into it, in that reflection, *When I consider the Heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!* In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of Stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, whilst I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the seashore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the Universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a Being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was
afraid

afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created Being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, 'till our reason comes again to our succor, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is Omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence: his Being passes through, actuates and supports the whole frame of Nature. His Creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In

In the second place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space, is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the Creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says *Job*. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.* In short, reason as well as revelation assure us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has Being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

Wednesday,

N^o 567.

Wednesday, July 14.

———— *Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*

Virg.

I Have received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The Reader generally casts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written &c————'s.

A sprinkling of the words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, hath also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention *Scribler*, *Liar*, *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honor, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to the peruser of those mysterious works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by *T-m Br-wn* of facetious memory, who after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel; in which the Reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire,

fatire, and if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

“ If there are *four* persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all
 “ things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest
 “ *Engl-sh-m-n* ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one
 “ will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his first friend and fa-
 “ vorite ***, not to mention *** nor ***. These people may cry Ch-rch,
 “ Ch-rch, as long as they please, but, to make use of a homely proverb,
 “ The proof of the p-dd-ng is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a
 “ *certain Prince* should concur with a *certain Prelate*, (and we have Monsieur
 “ Z——n’s word for it) our posterity would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must
 “ the *British* nation suffer forsooth, because my Lady Q-p-t-s has been dis-
 “ obliged? or is it reasonable that our *English* fleet, which used to be the
 “ terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ——. I love
 “ to speak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the
 “ good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though
 “ he were a B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretch-
 “ ed a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a Bl-nd-rb-fs,
 “ &c. &c.

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious Reader, as some ingenious writers do their Enigmas, and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my Readers it is not for want of abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that in order to out-shine all the modern race of *Syncopists*, and thoroughly content my *English* Readers, I intend shortly to publish a SPECTATOR, that shall not have a single vowel in it.

N^o 568.

Friday, July 16.

—Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Mart.

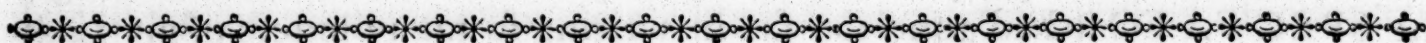
I Was yesterday in a Coffee-house not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle, is looked upon among brother-smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last SPECTATOR, and casting my eye over it, *The SPECTATOR*, says I, *is very witty to-day*; upon which a lusty lethargic old Gentleman, who sat at the upper-end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before, *Ay*, says he, *more witty than wise, I am afraid*. His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately colored, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-slopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: *This fellow*, says he, *cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?* I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks*, says he, *do you call them? they are all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines, Ch-rich and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For*, says he, *you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding. A fig for his dash*, says the angry politician. *In his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length if he means honestly? I have read over the whole sentence*, says I;

I; but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who, says I, is my Lady Q--p--t--s? Ay, answer that if you can, Sir, says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sat over-against him. But without giving him time to reply, I do assure you, says he, were I my Lady Q—p—t—s, I would sue him for Scandalum Magnatum. What is the world come to? must every body be allowed to ——? He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many letters of my Lady Q-p-t-s's name; but however, says I, he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us! I mean, says I, after those words, The fleet, that used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ——; after which ensues a chasm, that, in my opinion, looks modest enough. Sir, says my antagonist, you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the B—y's and T—t's treated after so scurrilous a manner? I cannot for my life, says I, imagine who the SPECTATOR means? No! says he, —— Your humble Servant, Sir! Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic Gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a good will towards me, and seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the Coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the *Over-wise*, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious age, which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly stigmatised, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatist fellow in the country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with

these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that some body had written a book against the 'Squire and the whole parish. The Minister of the place having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the Author, until the good man set the people right, by shewing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in *England*.

N^o 569.

Monday, July 19.



*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus*——

Hor.

NO vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. *Anarcharxis*, being invited to a match of drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty generation the honor falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest *Will Funnell* the *West Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glasses of champaign; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every Reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as *Will Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern Philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that
never

never return again to their former nature; but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. *Bonofus*, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

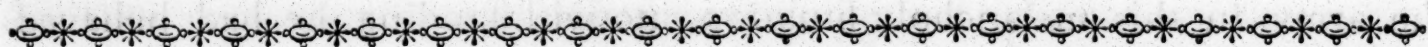
In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old Philosopher that his wife was not handsome, Put less water in your wine, says the Philosopher, and you will quickly make her so. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the cholerick into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colors, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of *Seneca*, That drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit absentem*; *He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.*

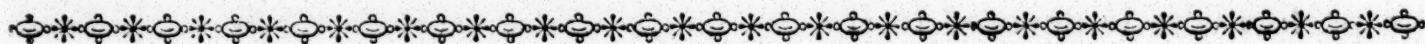
Thus

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments; as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men: but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

N^o 571.

Friday, July 23.



——— *Cælum quid quærimus ultra?*

Luc.

AS the work I have engaged in, will not only consist of papers of humor and learning, but of several Essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my Readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

S I R,

IN your paper of *Friday* the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the God-head, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence; or, in other words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are co-existent, and run together, through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion and motives to morality, but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual Being who is thus present with his Maker, but, at the same time, receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly,

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other effects from this his presence but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but, at the same time, receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures: but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, he may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The deplorable condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the Being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven, but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within their flames to conceal themselves

themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual Being, who, in this life, lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of *Job*, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! *Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

The Blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always *sensible* of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions, which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that
Being

Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the lifter up of his Head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that Being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his Mercy and Goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his *Epistles*; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him. But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation, *If a man love me, he will keep my words and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

N^o 574.

Friday, July 30.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris**Rectè beatum: rectius occupat**Nomen beati, qui deorum**Muneribus sapienter uti,**Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*

Hor.

I Was once engaged in discourse with a *Rosicrucian* about the great secret. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it was capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every Being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much more he has than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humor of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honor. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this silly game that is playing over their heads, and by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When *Pittacus*, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him that he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *content is natural wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *luxury is artificial poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no man had so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness.*

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those

who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortunes which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by, It was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.* We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone: and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing, that there was never any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of providence would be troubled and perverted, were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as *Augustus* did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again; *It is for that very reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

N^o 575.

Monday, August 2.



————— *Nec morti esse locum* —————

Virg.

A Lewd young fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world. True, son*, said the Hermit; *but what is thy condition if there is?* Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of Beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honors? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that

that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were Beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years? and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this sort of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this sort of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

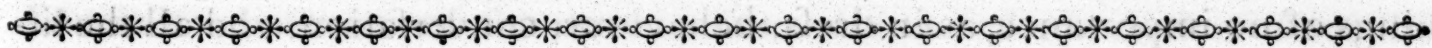
The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an Unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so over-set by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so
very

very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

N^o 576.

Wednesday, August 4.



Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit

Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.

Ovid.

I Remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This run him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a Constable, to signalise his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniencies, as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it

is

is laudable and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honor. In these cases we ought to consider, that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far *sociable*, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonorable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance, as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and notwithstanding there may be a color of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humorist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the north of *England*, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humor broke out at first in many little oddnesses; he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not to set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with Country-gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them, that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher; and would rather be thought a malecontent, than drink the King's health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out
of

of *Homer*; the *Greek* tongue, especially in that Author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humor still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our *English* dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the *Hussars*. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this Philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in *Monfieur Fontenelle's* dialogues of the dead. *The ambitious and the covetous* (says he) *are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the Phrensy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a Phrensy hors d'œuvre; that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.*

N^o 579.

Wednesday, August 11.

—————*Odora canum vis.*

Virg.

IN the reign of King *Charles I.* the company of stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible was committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or blunder in one of their editions: for instead of *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, they printed off several thousands of copies with *Thou shalt commit Adultery*. Archbishop *Laud*, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the *Star-chamber*.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates, of both sexes, are possessed of this

spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the Commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the first ages of the church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives for bearing any part in christian assemblies; notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon; I shall here publish the contents of a little Manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity, though by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern Sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount *AEtna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, (say the Historians) that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master *Vulcan*; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My Manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

“ These dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his sister *Diana*, the Goddess of
 “ hunting and chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in
 “ which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It is thought
 “ she did it in spite of *Venus*, who, upon her return home, always
 “ found her husband in a good or bad humor, according to the recep-
 “ tion which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several
 “ years, but were such snappish curs that they frightened away most of the
 “ votaries. The women of *Sicily* made a solemn deputation to the Priest,
 “ by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple
 “ with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last
 “ compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always
 “ be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above
 “ seven years old. It was wonderful (says the Author) to see how dif-
 “ ferent the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little Misses, from
 “ that which they had shewn to their mothers. It is said that a prince of
 “ *Syracuse*,

“ *Syracuse*, having married a young Lady, and being naturally of a jealous
 “ temper, made such an interest with the Priests of this temple, that he pro-
 “ cured a whelp from them of this famous breed. This young puppy was
 “ very troublesome to the fair Lady at first, insomuch that she solicited her
 “ husband to send him away, but the good man cut her short with the old
 “ *Sicilian* proverb, *Love me, love my dog*. From which time she lived very
 “ peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuse* were very much
 “ annoyed with him, and several of very good reputation refused to come
 “ to court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that de-
 “ fied his sagacity, but it was observed, though he did not actually bite
 “ them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the
 “ dogs of the temple: after they had lived here in great repute for several
 “ years, it so happened, that as one of the Priests, who had been making
 “ a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of *Lilybeum*,
 “ returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so
 “ much fury, that they would have worried him if his Brethren had not
 “ come in to his assistance: upon which, says my Author, the dogs were
 “ all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct.

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing, that we had some of this
 breed of dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Justice*, I should
 say *Honor*, to the Ladies of our country, and shew the world the diffe-
 rence between pagan women, and those who are instructed in sounder prin-
 ciples of virtue and religion.

N^o 580.

Friday, August 13.

— Si verbo audacia detur,

Non metuam magni dixisse palatia cæli.

Ovid. Met.

S I R,

“ I Considered in my two last Letters that awful and tremendous subject,
 “ the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn
 “ that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of
 “ infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with
 “ it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might shew at large,
 “ were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus

“ essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of
 “ it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory.
 “ This is that place which is marked out in Scripture under the different ap-
 “ pellations of *Paradise, the third Heaven, the Throne of God, and the habitation of*
 “ *his Glory.* It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and
 “ where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of Angels,
 “ are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God, with *Hallelu-*
 “ *jahs* and Hymns of praise. This is that presence of God, which some of
 “ the Divines call his Glorious, and others his Majestatic presence. He is
 “ indeed as essentially present in all other places as in this, but it is here
 “ where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those
 “ splendors which can affect the imagination of created Beings.

“ It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty’s presence in
 “ heaven, whether discovered by the light of nature, or by a general tra-
 “ dition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world,
 “ whatsoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look
 “ into *Homer*, that is, the most ancient of the *Greek* writers, you see the Su-
 “ preme Power seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior Dei-
 “ ties, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about
 “ his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this
 “ great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many
 “ other heathen Authors, though at the same time, like several other reveal-
 “ ed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human in-
 “ ventions. But to pass over the notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those
 “ more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is scarce a peo-
 “ ple among the late discovered nations who are not trained up in an opi-
 “ nion, that heaven is the habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

“ As in *Solomon’s* temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a
 “ visible Glory appeared among the figures of the Cherubims, and into
 “ which none but the High-Priest himself was permitted to enter, after
 “ having made an atonement for the sins of the people; so if we consider
 “ the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies,
 “ into which the High-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place
 “ among Angels and Archangels, after having made a propitiation for the
 “ sins of mankind.

“ With how much skill must the throne of God be erected? With what
 “ glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built
 “ by him who inspired *Hiram* with wisdom? How great must be the Majesty
 “ of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and
 “ where God has chosen to shew himself in the most magnificent manner?

“ What

“ What must be the Architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported, after an ineffable manner, with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God, we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ: *Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea the stars are not pure in his sight.* The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendors which encompass the throne of God.

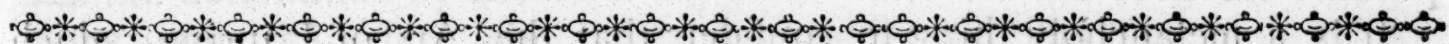
“ As the *Glory* of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the *Extent* of it. There is Light behind Light, and Glory within Glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect Majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable Beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his Glory, among an innumerable company of Angels, and spirits of just men made perfect?

“ This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a place where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those Beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for Beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the Scripture seems to intimate, when it speaks of new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

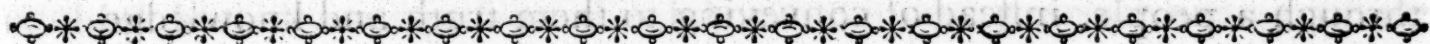
“ I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul, than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in holy Scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music, which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those, in
“ which

“ which is exerted the whole power of harmony! the senses are faculties of
“ the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital
“ union, without proper instruments in the body; why therefore should
“ we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experi-
“ ence are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertain-
“ ments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? why should we
“ suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those ob-
“ jects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet
“ with in these lower regions of nature; objects, *which neither eye hath seen, nor*
“ *ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in*
“ *Christ* (says St. Paul speaking of himself) *above fourteen years ago (whether in*
“ *the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth)*
“ *such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the*
“ *body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was caught up*
“ *into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter.*
“ By this is meant, that what he heard was so infinitely different from any
“ thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express
“ it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.
“ It is very natural for us to take delight in enquiries concerning any fo-
“ reign country, where we are some time or other to make our abode; and
“ as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laud-
“ able and useful curiosity, to get what informations we can of it, whilst
“ we make use of revelation for our guide. When these everlasting doors
“ shall be opened to us, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of
“ this place will infinitely transcend our present hopes and expectations,
“ and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God, will rise infinitely
“ beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here enter-
“ tain ourselves with many other speculations on this subject, from those
“ several hints which we find of it in the holy Scriptures; as whether there
“ may not be different mansions and apartments of glory, to Beings of dif-
“ ferent natures; whether as they excel one another in perfection, they are
“ not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater
“ manifestations of his presence; whether there are not solemn times and
“ occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of
“ their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration; as
“ *Adam*, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the
“ opinion of our Divines, have kept holy the Sabbath-day, in a more par-
“ ticular manner than any other of the seven. These, and the like specu-
“ lations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them
“ to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

“ I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the Omnipresence of the Deity; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blessed. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before him, who is so astonishingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.

N^o 582.

Wednesday, August 18.



——— *Tenet insanabile multos,*
Scribendi Cacoethes ———

Juv.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor to be met with in the *London Dispensatory*. *Juvenal*, in the motto of my paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain *English*, the *itch of writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is however this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The *British* nation is very much afflicted with this malady, and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterised with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a *Tarantula*, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a Cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under
your

your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

But to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these Authors, which we find at the reading of all others, (namely) that we are sure, if we have but patience, we may come to the end of their labors. I have often admired an humorous saying of *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, *Courage, lads, I see land*. On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers I am now speaking of, is never at an end: one day makes work for another, we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the Art of Printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was very lately reading a very whimsical treatise, entitled, *William Ramfey's Vindication of Astrology*. This profound Author, among many mystical passages, has the following one: "The absence of the Sun is not the cause of night, forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day, but there are tenebrificous and dark Stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the Sun does light.

I consider writers in the same view this sage Astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light, as others do darkness. I could mention several Authors who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of Gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *British Hemisphere*.

Wednesday,

N^o 583. *Friday, August 20.*

*Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Teſta ſerat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipſe labore manum duro terat; ipſe feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.*

Virg.

EVERY ſtation of life has duties which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined by choice to any particular kind of buſineſs, are indeed more happy than thoſe who are determined by neceſſity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either uſeful to themſelves or beneficial to others. No one of the ſons of *Adam* ought to think himſelf exempt from that labor and induſtry, which were denounced to our firſt parent, and in him to all his poſterity. Thoſe to whom birth or fortune may ſeem to make ſuch an application unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome calling or profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie as a burden on the ſpecies, and be the only uſeleſs parts of the creation.

Many of our country Gentlemen in their buſy hours apply themſelves wholly to the chace, or ſome other diverſion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occaſion to one of our moſt eminent *Engliſh* writers to repreſent every one of them as lying under a kind of curſe pronounced to them in the words of *Goliah*, *I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beaſts of the field.*

Though exerciſes of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amuſements of a more noble kind.

Among theſe I know none more delightful in itſelf, and beneficial to the public, than that of *PLANTING*. I could mention a Nobleman whoſe fortune has placed him in ſeveral parts of *England*, and who has always left theſe viſible marks behind him, which ſhew he has been there: he never hired a houſe in his life without leaving all about it the ſeeds of wealth, and beſtowing legacies on the poſterity of the owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the ſame improvements upon their eſtates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought ſuch an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the

highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the lesser *Asia*. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a Poet, who, as *Aristotle* observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to its utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year, than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of *England*. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humor of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish, *We are always doing, says he, something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.*

But I think men are inexcusable, who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers, that the putting a few twigs into the ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendents easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the world,
and

and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*: which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honest Husbandman, who has left the impressions of his industry behind him, in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue: which, as I have already shewn, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful, than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the Soul of man, besides, that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old Philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. *Epicurus* himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian novel.

N^o 584.

Monday, August 23.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,**Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.*

Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of *Zilpah*, of the race of *Cohu*, by whom some of the learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath* being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount *Tirzah*, in the southern parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian women, the daughters of *Cohu* had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferred *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head, if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. The river is called to this day from his name who perished in it, the river *Harpath*, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa

Hilpa was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first love *Shalum*, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum, falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to *Hilpa*, began immediately after her marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of the country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of *Shalum* looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of *Hilpa*, who after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of *Shalum's* hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest Landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time 180 years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum Master of mount Tirzah, to Hilpa Mistress of the vallies.

In the 788th year of the Creation.

“ **W**HAT have I not suffered, O thou daughter of *Zilpah*, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have ever since been covering myself with woods
“ and

“ and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of
 “ thee on the tops of mount *Tirzah*, and soothed my melancholy among a
 “ thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present
 “ as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and
 “ flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy recep-
 “ tion. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the
 “ new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly
 “ among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons
 “ and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of *Zilpah*, that the age of
 “ man is but a thousand years: that beauty is the admiration but of a few
 “ centuries. It flourishes as a mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the top of
 “ *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never
 “ be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots.
 “ Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only Antedi-
 luvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper, give the answer to
 it, and the sequel of this story.

N^o 585. *Wednesday, August 25.*

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant

Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,

Ipsa sonant arbusta———

Virg.

The sequel of the story of Shalum and Hilpa.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon *Hilpa*, that
 she answered it in less than a twelvemonth after the following
 manner.

Hilpa Mistress of the vallies, to Shalum Master of mount Tirzah.

In the 789th year of the creation.

“ **W**HAT have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praisest *Hilpa*’s
 “ beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of
 “ her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green val-
 “ lies,

“ lies, than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of
“ my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy
“ mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted
“ with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which
“ flow from the top of *Tirzah*: are these like the riches of the valley?

“ I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wise and happy than any of the
“ sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the Cedars; thou searchest out
“ the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and
“ markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes
“ of such a one? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may enjoy
“ those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy
“ enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add
“ wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy
“ solitude, and make thy retirement populous.

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand ton of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds: so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He
also

also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who during his long silence is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount *Tirzah*.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach*; for though her inclinations favored the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of *Mishpach* having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to *Shalum*, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pasture, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach*; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of *Zilpah*'s daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of Cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above 300 cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which *Shalum* offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

Monday,

N^o 590.

Monday, September 6.

*Affiduo labuntur tempora motu**Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,**Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,**Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,**Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;**Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;**Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.* Ov. Met.

WE consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference; we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist, as a kind of center to the whole expansion. In our Speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason, many witty Authors compare the present time to an Isthmus or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions, which we may call in *English*, that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of, *AEternitas a parte ante*, and *AEternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it *has been*, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present is at some certain distance from us; and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be

eternity. The very notion of any duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present, is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find, that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single reason, That we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created Beings, do exist; which is, a successive duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject

subject which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a Philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being, must therefore be the great Author of nature, *the Ancient of days*, who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the school-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that Eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an *Infinite Instant*: that nothing with reference to his existence is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven,

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal NOW does always last.*

For my own part, I look upon these propositions, as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of Being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason, in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation that he makes of his own Being, he entitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when *Moses* desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him say that *I am hath sent you*. Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is intirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I shall conclude this Speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings, in whom it is not necessary? especially when we consider, that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of an eternity.

Friday,



N^o 592. *Friday, September 10.*



————— *Studium sine divite vena.*

Hor.

I Look upon the Play-house as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a *Salmonius* behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous: not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unsuccessful Poets artificially cut and threaded for that use. Mr. *Rymer's* *Edgar* is to fall in snow at the next acting of *King Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate Prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great Critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of Critics, since it is a rule among these Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were *not to please*. Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself: if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honor of those Gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true Critic, such as *Aristotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our misfortune, that some who set up for professed Critics among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal so
illiterate,

illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old Authors only at second hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the Authors themselves. The words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an air of Authority, give them a figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient Critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to decry imaginary blemishes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece, are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these Critics compared with those of the Ancients, are like the works of the Sophists compared with those of the old Philosophers.

Envy and Cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance, which was probably the reason, that in the heathen mythology *Momus* is said to be the son of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkness and Sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of *Momus*, who dignify themselves by the name of Critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious Ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities, in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, *First*, There is sometimes a greater judgment shewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, *Secondly*, That there is more beauty in the works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the Tragic writers of antiquity, who have shewn their judgment in this particular, and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which

which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the *Italians* call the *Gusto Grande* in these arts, which is what we call the Sublime in writing.

In the next place, our Critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little Genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that *Terence* speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time;

*Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.*

A Critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Physician has at the death of a patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakespeare* is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid Critics. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single rule of the Stage observed, than any production of a modern Critic, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespeare* was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in *Pyrrhus's* ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the figure of *Apollo* and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

N^o 598. *Friday, September 24.*

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?*

Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humors from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with

with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the property of Reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humor of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species; whilst they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favors all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth's* days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, *Be serious*.

An eminent *Italian* Author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had *Trophonius's* cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the Workhouses and *Bridewells* in *Europe*.

We have a very particular description of this cave in *Pausanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of *Trophonius's* cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humor.

After

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

N^o 600.

Wednesday, September 29.

————— *Solemque juum, sua sidera norunt.*

Virg.

I Have always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religion, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the Soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under; we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of *Afric*. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of Heaven or of a future state of happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the Soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humor to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our

wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imaginations, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceeds from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human Soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the Souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness, that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The Soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or to speak more philosophically, the Soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Dr. Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the Blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this life; it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new faculties in the Souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an

an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the Soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole Soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole Soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the Soul itself, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different faculties, or in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the Soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects, about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify

the senses and imagination. In very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of Angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies, or Governments, in which the Blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the Soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a set of Angels who love most. Whether this doctrine be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages, joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man. How wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being
capable

capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

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T H E

G U A R D I A N.

By NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Esq;*



THE

C U A R D I A N

B-NESTOR IRONSIDE, JR.

1874

(121)

The G U A R D I A N.

N^o 67.

Thursday, May 28, 1713.

ne fortè pudori
Si tibi musa, lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

Hor.

IT has been remarked, by curious observers, that Poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as *Anacreon*, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my Reader's memory, from *Homer* down to Mr. *Dryden*. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyrics, the one an ancient and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several Jockeys in the *Olympic* games; the last has signalised himself on the same occasion by the Ode that begins with — *To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse*. My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and Mr. *d'Urfey*. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all *Greece* by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our *British* Swan will sing to the last. The best judges, who have perused his last song on the *Moderate Man*, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in King *Charles* the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my Readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, have furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to

extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the Playhouse, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in *Shakespear's* phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting-Sisters*, (a very taking Play of my old friend's composing) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the Author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favor, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose Sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present Toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady *Lizard* to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The Gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran Poet.

I myself remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey's* shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little supported by, *Joy to great Cæsar*, which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed *Bellarmino* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of *Italian* tunes and sonata's for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the Pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the Court with political Sonnets, the country with Dialogues and Pastorals, the City with Descriptions of a Lord-Mayor's feast, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball*, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the Play-house. *Pretty Peg of Windsor*, *Gilian of Croydon*, with *Dolly and Molly*, and *Tommy and Johnny*, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled *Pills to purge melancholy*, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old Lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest Gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with *Tom d'Urfey*.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhymes, and bringing words together that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another; so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit, that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in *England*. May flies come in late this season, or I myself should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius! He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honest and good-natured man.

N^o 71.

Tuesday, June 2.

Quale portentum neque militaris

Daunia in latis alit esculetis,

Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum

Arida nutrix.

Hor.

I Question not but my country customers will be surpris'd to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with Lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk our streets, in broad day-light, beating about from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural Reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a Lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of *Guardian* without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an Essay upon the political Lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the

republic of *Venice*, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the *Doge's* palace several large figures of Lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these Lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of State come out of the Lion's mouth. The informer is concealed, it is the Lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the Lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of Lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little Manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, says my Author, the renowned *Walsingham* had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the Statesman's barber, whose Sirname was *Lion*. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers and volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalised himself in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a Lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a Lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, tho' in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other Minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made *Raleigh* (who professed himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, *Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles every body, he will not so much as let a man hate him in private.* True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurking of his Lions, he

he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself: he had Lions rampant whom he used for the service of the Church, and couchant who were to lie down for the Queen. They were so much at command that the couchant would act as rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. *Walsingham* had the pleasantest life in the world, for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his Lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short, but necessary account of this Statesman and his barber, who, like the taylor in *Shakespear's Pyramus and Thisbe*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal Lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise *Walsingham* was Secretary in this nation, our Statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a Lion in our *British Arms* is one of the supporters of the Crown, and that it is impossible for a Government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A Lion, or master-spy, has several Jack-calls under him, who are his retailers of intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a Coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the Lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose; he quits the chace, and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the *Hyæna* and the political Lion.

You seldom see a cluster of news-mongers without a Lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public-spirited corner in a Coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a Lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A Lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the *Post-man*, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a Lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old Gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the Lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a State, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment? there is scarce a Being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that Being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three Lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be hung up, in terrorem, at Button's Coffee-house over-against Tom's in Covent-Garden.

N^o 96.

Wednesday, July 1.

Cuncti adsint, meritaque expectent præmia palmæ.

Virg.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honors in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honors are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A Soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the Emperor of *China*. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Conte, 'till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his Emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the Emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his Sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the Prince, than the giving of Medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in Medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the *Romans*. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honor which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The *Romans* took a quite different method in this particular. Their Medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on a coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or half-pence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole *Roman* Empire. The *Romans* were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding Emperor, many years after the death of the Emperor to whose honor it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late Ministry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the Gentleman above-mentioned, to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and half-pence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her Majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it. For I do not question, but that the curious part of my Readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

THE *English* have not been so careful as other polite nations, to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on Medals. Their subjects are few, their motto's and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The *French* have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present King in a regular series of Medals.

They have failed, as well as the *English*, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient *Romans* took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their Medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, seaport, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the Empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of Senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the *English* farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her Majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of Privy-council.

By

By this means, Medals, that are, at present, only a dead treasure or meer curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the same time perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labors of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as Medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.

N^o 97.

Thursday, July 2.



— *Furor est post omnia perdere nautum.*

Juv.

S I R,

“ I Was left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man to my
 “ I thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of
 “ making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my
 “ application to one who had buried her husband about a week be-
 “ fore. By the help of some of her she friends, who were my relations, I
 “ got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her
 “ Lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked Gentleman, and married
 “ to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her,
 “ she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale com-
 “ plexion the most agreeable either in man or woman: now you must know,
 “ Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement,
 “ so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost
 “ me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the
 “ next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box.
 “ I immediately took the hint and bought one, being unwilling to omit
 “ any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed
 “ after the same manner into a Brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair
 “ of silver fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickle-
 “ ness, or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse,
 “ that what she liked one day she disliked another: so that in six months
 “ space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you
 “ before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an oppor-

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tunity

“tunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however,
 “I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played
 “with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand,
 “and had many other marks of favor shewn me, which I thought amounted
 “to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my
 “hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her.
 “I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards
 “received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge if
 “after such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot
 “to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thi-
 “ther and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space
 “of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand pounds
 “upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of cloaths, in which
 “I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, That
 “she was engaged to another; That she never dreamt I had any such thing
 “in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house
 “only because I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you
 “know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of
 “it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I
 “desire of you is, to tell me whether upon exhibiting the several particu-
 “lars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in
 “a court of Justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige

Your most humble admirer, Simon Softly.

Before I answer Mr. *Softly's* request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points: first of all, what it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and secondly, what it is that amounts to a promise. Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend *Simon* consider, whether he has any Council that would undertake his cause in *Forma Pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer however to Mr. *Softly's* request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in King *Charles* the Second's reign, whom I shall here call *Silvio*, who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of *Zelinda*. *Silvio*, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it, and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularised in it the several expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. *Zelinda* was so pleased with the humor of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a Serenade, with a speaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love verses, purchased at different times of Mr. *Triplett* at a crown a sheet.

To *Zelinda* two sticks of *May* Cherries.

Last summer, at several times, a bushel of Peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first, who stood centry near her door.

The second, who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the street where *Ned Courtall* lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of *May*.

Five conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to *John Trott* her footman, and Mrs. *Sarah Wheedle* her companion.

A new *Conningmark* blade to fight *Ned Courtall*.

To *Zelinda's* woman (Mrs. *Abigail*) an *Indian* Fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of *Flanders* lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret service-money to *Betty* at the ring.

Ditto, to Mrs. *Tape* the Mantua-maker.

Loss of time.

N^o 98.

Friday, July 3.

In sese redit —

Virg.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers, was *Isaac Bickerstaffe* of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the *Ironsides*. We have often smoked a pipe together, for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his *Lucubrations*.

The venerable *Isaac* was succeeded by a Gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious Author published his thoughts, and held his tongue, with great applause, for two years together.

I *Nester Ironside* have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors: For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarkable of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe, with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our Line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different Authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the Art. Their projects have always dropped after a few unsuccessful Essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabout the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a *Bickerstaffe*, or an *Ironside*; there are several who can acquit themselves

selves of a single day's Labor in it with suitable abilities. These are Gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private Emolument, as well as to their own Reputation. My paper among the Republic of letters is the *Ulysses* his bow, in which every Man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the Public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a sanction from the Public. *Provoco ad populum*, I appeal to the people, was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic Poet, when he had any disputes with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an Author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The Public is always even with an Author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, said an old Cynic, who laughs at me. Do you so? replied the Philosopher; then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in *Athens*.

It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for Authors, and question not but some, who have made a good Figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

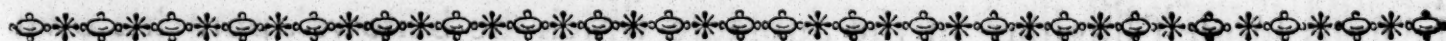
After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favor to beg of the candid and courteous Reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, (tho' I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of some other Person, and not of *Nestor Ironside*.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more Majorum*, almost the length of a whole *Guardian*. I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a Lion's head in imitation of those I have described in *Venice*, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which

which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in *Button's Coffee-house* in *Covent-Garden*, who is directed to shew the way to the Lion's head, and to instruct any young Author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

N^o 99.

Saturday, July 4.



*Iustum, et tenacem propositi virum
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Non vultus instantis tyranni
 Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
 Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

Hor.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as Justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created Beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and Omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one, to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offenders. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon

upon an impious people; or, as my friend *Cato* expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character,

*When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.*

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever passed in our days, is that which continues our Judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the *Chief Station* of the law, would have been the same had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honor paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a *Persian* story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the Reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of *Avala*, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife

wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the Officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humor, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer to be slain? why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan, being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. "Upon hearing the greatness of the
"offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to
"think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have
"been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights
"to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or com-
"passion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the
"flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and
"to my unspeakable joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this
"reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God.
"As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will
"cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I
"have been in, upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought
"me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very mo-
"ment.

Monday,

N^o 100.*Monday, July 6.*

*Hoc vos præcipue niveæ, decet, hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humero, quâ patet, usque libet.*

Ovid.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the Tucker, I must take notice, that our Ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she visitant at my Lady *Lizard's*, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surpris'd with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The Lady herself could not forbear blushing when she observed by my looks, that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great-grandmothers in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time the Ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had enclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower, so

that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The difuse of the Tucker has still enlarged it, infomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the Ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than *busts* of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a snowy breast,

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider, that all their beholders are not *Nestors*. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the difuse of the Neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me if it is not the fashionable term of art) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would intreat my gentle Readers to sew on their Tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness but the innocence of their mother *Eve*.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. No body exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe *Lycurgus*. As that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the *Spartan* maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themselves in motion discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of, by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men

men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalise the male part of the commonwealth: her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the Tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female Readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by *Ovid* himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that *Venus* pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the *Venus de Medicis*, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

N^o 101.

Tuesday, July 7.



Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.

Virg.

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the Peace, I shall present my Reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a Gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see *France*, and has given his friends in *England* a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my Reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

S I R,

SINCE I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at *Calais*, and since that several bruises upon land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures.

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

S 2

" My

“ My arrival at *Paris* was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not
“ see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most
“ agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of
“ them very extraordinary, but what particularly recommends them to me
“ is, that they do not speak *French*, and have a very good quality, rarely to
“ be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

“ I am settled for some time at *Paris*. Since my being here I have made
“ the tour of all the King's palaces, which has been I think the pleasant-
“ est part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to
“ furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that
“ so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's ima-
“ gination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a Prince
“ who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's
“ time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground,
“ only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many
“ tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into
“ pyramids, triumphal arches, glass-bottles, imitates a fire-work, rises in a
“ mist, or tells a story out of *Esop*.

“ I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer
“ landscapes than those about the King's houses, or with all your descrip-
“ tions raise a more magnificent palace than *Versailles*. I am however so sin-
“ gular as to prefer *Fontaine-bleau* to all the rest. It is situated among rocks
“ and woods, that give you a fine variety of salvage prospects. The King
“ has humored the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art
“ as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too
“ much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of
“ rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled up-
“ on one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the mea-
“ dows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the
“ lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very
“ agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in
“ these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see
“ a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in
“ so many whimsical figures at *Versailles*. To pass from works of nature to
“ those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of *Versailles* is the gallery.
“ Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please
“ him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world,
“ and the other is wainscotted with looking-glass. The history of the pre-
“ sent King till the year 16 is painted on the roof by *le Brun*, so that his
“ Majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much long-
“ er than the present. “ The

“ The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure
 “ of *Jupiter*, throwing thunder-bolts all about the cieling, and striking ter-
 “ ror into the *Danube* and *Rhine*, that lie astonished and blasted with light-
 “ ning a little above the cornice.

“ But what makes all these shows the more agreeable is, the great kind-
 “ nefs and affability that is shewn to strangers. If the *French* do not excel
 “ the *English* in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward ex-
 “ pressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I be-
 “ lieve the *English* are a much wiser nation, the *French* are undoubtedly
 “ much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most
 “ agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and
 “ briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which
 “ makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted and tem-
 “ pered by years, makes a very pleasant old age. Besides, this national fault
 “ of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey
 “ hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the *French* must put
 “ me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much in-
 “ fected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that tra-
 “ velling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

I am, S I R, &c.

S I R,

Blois, May 15, N. S.

“ I Cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where
 “ the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is, to see the
 “ manners and temper of the people, which I believe may be better learned
 “ here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are
 “ more in fashion.

“ I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the King's pala-
 “ ces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought
 “ there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as
 “ I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp
 “ that appears in every thing about the King; but at the same time it
 “ makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the hap-
 “ piest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate, and na-
 “ tural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of tem-
 “ per as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations.
 “ 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is
 “ nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one
 “ sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable, for if
 “ they

“ they have any wit or sense, they are sure to shew it. They never mend upon
 “ a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight,
 “ that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an *Eng-*
 “ *lishman*. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of shewing them-
 “ selves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off
 “ the worst faces in *Europe* with the best airs. Every one knows how to give
 “ herself as charming a look and posture as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* could draw
 “ her in. I cannot end my letter without observing that from what I have
 “ already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction
 “ upon those who abound most in virtues of their nation, and least with
 “ its imperfections. When therefore I see the good sense of an *Englishman* in
 “ its highest perfection, without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will
 “ excuse me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing
 “ myself,

S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 102.

Wednesday, July 8.

—Natos ad flumina primum

Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis.

Virg.

I Am always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in flight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my Readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the *British* climate, if we except the humor of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in *January*. I have gone to bed in *August* and rose in *December*. Summer has often caught me in my *Drap de Berry*, and winter in my *Doily* suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow (commonly known by the name of *Posture-master*) in King *Charles* the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the taylor's about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him; but would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home, and tried upon

upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the taylor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but upon a third trial found him a straight shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humped back. In short, this wandering tumor puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My Reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our *English* climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our *English* weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of *Nova Zembla* go naked without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our *British* Ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The *Scythian* that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, *Because we are all over face*. Mr. *Locke* advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be something like what the poets tell us of *Achilles*, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river *Styx*. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which the mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frize of the same color and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture, and though his avarice would incline him to wear it till it was thread-bare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no
more

more live without his frize coat than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat as what the anatomists call one of the *integuments* of the body.

How different an old man is *Crassus* from myself. It is indeed the particular distinction of the *Ironsides* to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough, and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat and go open breasted after fourscore. As for myself, they used to fouse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the *Ironsides*. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered *Steele*, and can say with the above-mentioned *Scythian*, that I am face, or if my enemies please, forehead, all over.

N^o 103.

Thursday, July 9.



Dum flammæ Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

Virg.

I Am considering how most of the great *phænomena*, or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that some years ago the virtuosos of *France* covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present Majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the *Thames*. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in *Oedipus*,

Why

*Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?*

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a Critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, begun to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. I am mightily pleased, says he, with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine *Chastity* with a body of fire, or *Temperance* in a flame? *Justice* indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and *Courage* may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases.

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the Critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in *Milton*. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the *Pandæmonium*, where

——— *from the arched roof*
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky———

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by *Strada*. A prince of *Italy*, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented *Ætna*, being

bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the Prince and his court. Within this hollow was *Vulcan's* shop full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame issued out incessantly from the forge. *Vulcan* was employed in hammering out thunder-bolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. *Venus* stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless *Cupids* on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to shew that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work, which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my Readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it? that it should move in such an inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity? How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it? What a glorious show are those Beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of *Ether*, and running their appointed courses? Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

Friday,

N^o 104.

Friday, July 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent.

Tacit.

ON *Tuesday* last I published two letters written by a Gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best Readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our *British* antiquities.

S I R,

Blois, May 15, N. S.

“ BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you
 “ a story that was lately given me by a Gentleman of this country,
 “ who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and
 “ very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in *England*.
 “ I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care
 “ among the writings of this Gentleman’s family, and that it has been
 “ given to two or three of our *English* nobility, when they were in these
 “ parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the Gentleman,
 “ whether there be any of that family now remaining in *Great Britain*.
 “ In the reign of King *John* there lived a nobleman called *John de Sigo-*
 “ *nia*, Lord of that place in *Tourraine*. His brothers were *Philip* and *Briant*.
 “ *Briant*, when very young, was made one of the *French* King’s pages, and
 “ served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the *English*. The
 “ King of *England* chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased
 “ with his person and behaviour, begged him of the King his prisoner.
 “ It happened, some years after this, that *John*, the other brother, who
 “ in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in
 “ the *French* army, was taken prisoner by *Briant*, who at that time was an
 “ officer in the King of *England*’s guards. *Briant* knew nothing of his bro-
 “ ther, and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very inso-
 “ lently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This *John* re-
 “ sented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge
 “ was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the King’s appoint-
 “ ment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists com-
 “ pletely armed amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encoun-

“ ters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; till after some
 “ toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and
 “ prepare themselves afresh for the combat. *Briant*, in the mean time, had
 “ cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all
 “ points with his own. I need not tell you after this with what joy and
 “ surprise the story ends. King *Edward*, who knew all the particulars of it,
 “ as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the King of *France's*
 “ consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the origi-
 “ nal language, not being herald enough to blazon it in *English*.

Le Roi d'Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpétuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par Ampliation à leurs Armes en une croix d'argent Cantonée de quatre Coquilles d'or en Champ de Sable, qu'ils avoient Auparavant, une endenteuse faite en facons de Croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle qui est participation des deux Croix que portent les dits Rois en la Guerre.

“ I am afraid, by this time, you begin to wonder that I should send you
 “ for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never
 “ thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you
 “ with a story of King *John*, especially at a time when there is a Monarch
 “ on the *French* throne that furnishes discourse for all *Europe*. But I confess I
 “ am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble ex-
 “ ploits of our own countrymen: tho', at the same time, I must own it is
 “ not so much the vanity of an *Englishman* which puts me upon writing it,
 “ as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe myself,

S I R, Yours, &c.

S I R,

Blois, May 20, N. S.

“ I Am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the
 “ only *English* that had been spoken to me in some months together, for
 “ I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good
 “ fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset.

“ This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I staid near
 “ the *French* court, tho' I must confess I would not but have seen it, because
 “ I believe it shewed me some of the finest places and of the greatest per-
 “ sons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does
 “ not bring to mind a piece of a *Gazette*, nor see a man that has not
 “ signalised himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the
 “ enchanted

“ enchanted palaces of romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds
 “ something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-
 “ works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress
 “ through the *French* tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner
 “ of language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every
 “ body is so very courteous and so very talkative. They always take care
 “ to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud, any
 “ hour of the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I
 “ have seen, there is more mirth in the *French* conversation, and more
 “ wit in the *English*. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter.
 “ Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of
 “ so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his
 “ answering only No or Yes to a question, which a *Frenchman* generally
 “ makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run
 “ through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common
 “ than to hear a shopkeeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness
 “ to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers that are extremely
 “ glad of the honor of seeing one another.
 “ The face of the whole country, where I now am, is at this season plea-
 “ sant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as
 “ well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I
 “ am sure the *French* year has got the start of ours more in the works of
 “ nature than in the new style. I have passed one *March* in my life without
 “ being ruffled by the winds, and one *April* without being washed with rains.

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

N^o 105.

Saturday, July 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris;

Perdere nec fœtus ausa læna suos.

At teneræ faciunt, sed non impune, puellæ;

Sæpe, suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.

Ovid.

THERE was no part of the show on the Thanksgiving-day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-Change. Such a numerous and inno-
cent

cent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a *Roman* triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her Majesty did not see this assembly of objects so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her Royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which, of late years, has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity: there will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late, and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who through want of such a provision are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them!

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity

manity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? not to mention those, who by unnatural practices do in some measure defeat the intentions of providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, (which is not to be expressed by words) if we only consider it as it robs the common-wealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they gave life to. I shall therefore shew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of *Europe*.

There are at *Paris*, *Madrid*, *Lisbon*, *Rome*, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further enquiries. The parent or friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my Readers.

Monday,

Nº 106.

Monday, July 13.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ.

Perf.

AS I was making up my *Monday's* provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the Reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

S I R,

YOUR two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory were very famous for their dreams and visions, and contrary to all other authors, never pleased their Readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed that the *Second-sight* generally runs in the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your Readers till such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

You must understand, Sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where *Momus* is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is from his speeches and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other? I am myself very far gone in this passion for *Aurelia*, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is the happy person.

I fell asleep in this agreeable revery, when on a sudden methought *Aurelia* lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of *Milton's Adam*, and with looks of cordial love hung over her enamor'd. As I cast my eye
 “ upon

“ upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully
 “ transparent, that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I
 “ discovered in it were fans, silks, ribbons, laces, and many other gew-
 “ gaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else
 “ but a toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately
 “ I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages and liveries, that
 “ ran through the heart one after another in a very great hurry for above
 “ half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed
 “ the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see
 “ distinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick succession of
 “ different scenes. A Play-house, a Church, a Court, a Puppet-show, rose
 “ up one after another, till at last they all of them gave place to a pair of
 “ new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These
 “ were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a *Guinea* pig,
 “ a squirrel and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the
 “ rear of these worthy favorites. I was ravished at being so happily posted
 “ and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure of myself
 “ simpering, and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart
 “ methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little repre-
 “ sentative vanished; for upon applying my eye I found my place taken
 “ up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm.
 “ This Gentleman, however, did not keep his station long before he yielded
 “ it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand.
 “ These three last figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts
 “ in *Aurelia*’s heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we jostled
 “ one another out by turns, and disputed the post for a great while. But
 “ at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in
 “ it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hug-
 “ ging my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I
 “ awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

“ This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

“ O venerable *Nestor*, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know
 “ whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the vision-
 “ ary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and
 “ fear. I was very sanguine till eleven o’clock this morning, when I over-
 “ heard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always
 “ went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the crystal heart,
 “ remembering that confounded simile in *Valentinian*, of a maid *as cold as cry-*
 “ *stal never to be thaw’d*. Besides, I verily believe, if I had slept a little
 “ longer, that awkward whelp with his money bags would certainly have

“ made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair one’s mind, it will
 “ be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it is more than she herself
 “ can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle, all that I can be certain
 “ of is, that I am her and

Your humble Servant,

Peter Puzzle.



N^o 107.

Tuesday, July 14.



—tentanda via est—

Virg.

I Have lately entertained my Reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller: his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the Reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the Land-bank, and was consulted with upon the Reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the *Thames* and the *New-river*, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

S I R,

“ A Man of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men,
 “ in old *Rome*, called by the name of *Nomenclators*, that is in *English*,
 “ men who would call every one by his name. When a great man stood for
 “ any

“ any public office, as that of a Tribune, a Consul, or a Cenfor, he had al-
 “ ways one of these *Nomenclators* at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the
 “ name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute
 “ every *Roman* citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To
 “ come to my purpose, I have with much pains and assiduity qualified my-
 “ self for a *Nomenclator* to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my
 “ office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself
 “ out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he
 “ takes me with him in a coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him,
 “ in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who
 “ frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call
 “ over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are
 “ disposed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the
 “ persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you
 “ that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I
 “ only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a
 “ reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallan-
 “ tries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every
 “ toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that
 “ were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a fi-
 “ gure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set
 “ out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they
 “ are. Their wit, wealth, or good humor, their persons, stations, and titles,
 “ shall be described at large.

“ I have a wife who is a *Nomenclatress*, and will be ready, on any occasi-
 “ on, to attend the Ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature
 “ than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of *London* and
 “ *Westminster*, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which no
 “ body yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine mar-
 “ riages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait
 “ upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate
 “ of three guineas an hour.

“ *N. B.* She is a near kinswoman of the Author of the *New Atalantis*.

“ I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity the usefulness of this
 “ project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a
 “ very great obligation upon

Your humble Servant.

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of
 a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public,

and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject, than that of discovering the *Longitude*, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous, when the Reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honor to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these Gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, *A Scheme of the Solar System, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto. Described from Dr. Halley's accurate table of Comets, Philosoph. Transact. N^o 297, founded on Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by Wm. Whiston, M. A.*

To Nestor Ironside, Esq; at Button's Coffee-house near Covent-Garden.

S I R,

London, July 11, 1713.

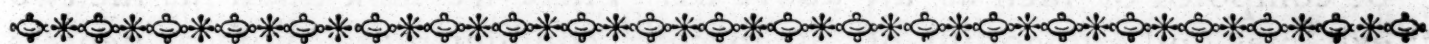
“ HAVING a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to
 “ the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in
 “ any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the li-
 “ berty to desire the insertion of this letter into your *Guardian*. We expect
 “ no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing it a place in
 “ so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what
 “ we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace,
 “ which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors,
 “ and to be entirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided
 “ for by putting our own names to this paper.

“ It is well known, Sir, to yourself, and to the learned, and trading, and
 “ sailing world, that the great defect of the art of Navigation is, that a ship
 “ at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or
 “ even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her Longitude, or
 “ how much she is gone eastward or westward; as it can easily be known
 “ in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or south-
 “ ward: the several methods by lunar Eclipses, by those of *Jupiter's* Satel-
 “ lites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions
 “ of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they
 “ are built, still failing in long voyages at sea when they come to be prac-
 “ tised; and leaving the poor sailors to the great inaccuracy of a log line,
 “ or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been
 “ lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading na-
 “ tions, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply.
 “ We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this mat-
 ter,

“ter, is easily intelligible by all, and readily to be practised at sea as well
 “as at land; that the Latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same
 “time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world
 “shall please; nay, that the Longitude and Latitude may be generally hereby
 “determined to a greater degree of exactness than the Latitude itself is now
 “usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear ve-
 “ry worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the
 “world, if we may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to de-
 “prive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for
 “such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that
 “nature, until Sir *Isaac Newton* himself, with such other proper persons as
 “shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favor of this dis-
 “covery. If Mr. *Ironside* pleases so far to oblige the public as to commu-
 “nicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on

His very humble Servants,

Will. Whiston,
 Humphry Ditton.

N^o 108.*Wednesday, July 15.*

Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui.

Virg.

I Do not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have com-
 municated to the world a plan, which has given offence to some Gentle-
 men whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the follow-
 ing remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents
 who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such
 answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“**I** Was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately pub-
 “lished concerning the Short Club. You cannot imagine what airs all
 “the little pragmatists fellows about us have given themselves since the
 “reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pre-
 “tends to over-look us who are two foot higher than themselves. I met
 “with one the other day who was at least three inches above five foot,
 “which

“ which you know is the statutable measure of that Club. This over-grown
 “ runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and contracted his fi-
 “ gure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new erected so-
 “ ciety; nay so far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of
 “ *Tom Tiptoe*, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of *Tim Tuck*.
 “ For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little
 “ creatures, and should not have minded them had they been still shuffled
 “ among the croud. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they
 “ grow within the shade of oaks and cedars, but when these pigmies pre-
 “ tend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form them-
 “ selves into a body; it is time for us, who are men of figure, to look
 “ about us. If the Ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive
 “ race of lovers, we should in a little time see mankind epitomised, and
 “ the whole species in miniature; daisy roots would grow a fashion-
 “ able diet. In order therefore to keep our posterity from dwindling, and
 “ fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts; we have here in-
 “ stituted a Tall Club.

“ As the short club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is to
 “ be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two
 “ extremes and antagonists of the species; considering all those as neuters
 “ who fill up the middle space. When a man rises above six foot he is an
 “ *Hypermeter*, and may be admitted into the tall club.

“ We have already chosen thirty members, the most slightly of all her Ma-
 “ jesty's subjects. We elected a President, as many of the ancients did their
 “ Kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station
 “ above us which nature had given him. He is a *Scotch Highlander*, and
 “ within an inch of a shew. As for my own part I am but a sesquipedal,
 “ having only six foot and a half of stature. Being the shortest member of
 “ the club, I am appointed Secretary. If you saw us all together you
 “ would take us for the sons of *Anak*. Our meetings are held like the old
 “ *Gothic* Paliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we
 “ can, that we may hold our assemblies in *Westminster-hall* when it is not
 “ term-time. I must add, to the honor of our club, that it is one of our so-
 “ ciety who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public
 “ seal is a Crane grasping a Pigmy in his right foot.

“ I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. *Distich*,
 “ who may possibly play some of his *Pantameters* upon us, but if he does
 “ he shall certainly be answered in *Alexandrines*. For we have a poet among
 “ us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in *Longi-
 “ nus* his treatise concerning the sublime. Besides, I would have Mr.

“ *Distich*

“ *Distich* consider, that if *Horace* was a short man, *Musæus*, who makes such
 “ a noble figure in *Virgil*’s sixth *Æneid*, was taller by the head and shoulders
 “ than all the people of *Elysium*. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum*
 “ *homuncionem* (a short quotation and fit for a member of their club) with
 “ one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

*Quos circumfusus sic est affata Sibylla,
 Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba
 Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.*

“ If, after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun, to
 “ magnify themselves and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved
 “ to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their
 “ whole club in a pair of paniers, and imprison them in a cupboard
 “ which we have set apart for that use, till they have made a public recan-
 “ tation. As for the little bully, *Tim Tuck*, if he pretends to be choleric,
 “ we shall treat him like his friend little *Dicky*, and hang him upon a peg
 “ till he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little
 “ *Machiavel* prevent it if he can.

“ This is, Sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall
 “ stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that
 “ we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it
 “ from coming into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favor,
 “ we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and re-
 “ store it to its antient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has
 “ not inclined you in favor of our Antagonists, for I do assure you, Sir,
 “ we are all your high admirers, tho’ none more than,

S I R, Yours, &c.

Thursday,

N^o 109.

Thursday, July 16.

Pugnabat tunicâ sed tamen illa tegi.

Ovid.

I Have received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the *Tucker*. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself *Teraminta*, bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another who calls herself *Bubnelia*, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninny-hammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. *Florella* indeed expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humor of stripping, that was got among our *British* Ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

S I R,

I Am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and
“ be

“ be regarded as veterans in the *beau monde*. Some of us have already caught
 “ our deaths by it. For my own part I have not been without a cold ever
 “ since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the
 “ hazard of my life, and how much further I must go no body knows, if
 “ your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the
 “ antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever
 “ fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms (in which perhaps we vie
 “ with the youngest of the sex) they are not sufficient to preserve us against
 “ the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care,
 “ you have been a real *Guardian* to us, and saved the life of many of your
 “ contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

Most venerable Nestor,

Your most humble Servants and Sisters.

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the Tucker to be the *Decus et Tutamen*, the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old Lady, the Lady *Lizard*, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged Correspondents.

Dear GUARDEE,

“ **T**HIS comes to you from one of those *Untuckered* Ladies whom you
 “ were so sharp upon on *Monday* was se’nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must
 “ know I am a famous Olive beauty. But though this complexion makes
 “ a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in
 “ it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore
 “ thought of this fashion to insult the Olives and the Brunetts. They know
 “ very well that a neck of Ivory does not make so fine a show as one of
 “ Alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. *Ironside*, that they are so liberal in
 “ their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck
 “ in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but *Ovid*, in Mr.

“ Duke’s translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye when
 “ he talks of *Corinna*, and mentions

— *Her heaving breast,
 Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.*

“ Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since
 “ our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine
 “ many of these Ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests,
 “ you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good Father *Nestor*, do
 “ not let us alone till you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to
 “ their ancient standard.

I am your most obliged humble servant,

Olivia.

I shall have a just regard to *Olivia*’s remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.

N^o 110.

Friday, July 17.

— *Non ego paucis
 Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
 Aut humana parum cavit natura* —

Hor.

THE candor which *Horace* shews in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a Critic from a Caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation as the slave in the *Roman* triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, *Remember, Sir, that you are a man.* I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great Poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct

correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expence of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

S I R,

* * * * *

“OUR Tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear a heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the christian system. *Lee's Alexander* discovers himself to be a *Cartesian* in the first page of *Oedipus*.

—The Sun's sick too,
Shortly he'll be an earth—

“As *Dryden's Cleomenes* is acquainted with the *Copernican* hypothesis two thousand years before its invention.

*I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss—*

“I have now Mr. *Dryden's Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a King of *Portugal* would be borrowing thoughts out of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* when he talked even to those of his own court, but to allude to these *Roman fables* when he talks to an Emperor of *Barbary*, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics in the following lines:

*Why didst thou not engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To stare me into statue?*

“*Almeyda* at the same time is more book-learned than *Don Sebastian*. She plays an *Hydra* upon the Emperor that is full as good as the *Gorgon*.

*O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might burgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
And hiss thee with the last——*

“ She afterwards, in allusion to *Hercules*, bids him *lay down the Lion's skin*,
“ *and take the distaff*; and in the following speech utters her passion still more
“ *learnedly*.

*No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
And my divided flame should break from thine.*

“ The Emperor of *Barbary* shews himself acquainted with the *Roman* poets
“ as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in
“ the same classic strain.

*Serpent, I will engender poison with thee.
Our offspring, like the seed of dragons teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.*

“ *Ovid* seems to have been *Muley Molock's* favorite author, witness the lines
“ that follow.

*She's still inexorable, still imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.*

“ I shall conclude my remarks on his part, with that poetical complaint
“ of his being in love, and leave my Reader to consider how prettily it
“ would sound in the mouth of an Emperor of *Morocco*.

*The God of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.*

“ *Muley Zeydan* is as ingenious a man as his brother *Muley Molock*; as
“ where he hints at the story of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

—— *May we ne'er meet!
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount
He gallops down the skies——*

“ As for the *Musti*, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not
“ only versed in the law of *Mahomet*, but acquainted with all kinds of polite
“ learning. For this reason he is not at all surpris'd when *Dorax* calls him
“ a *Phaeton* in one place, and in another tells him he is like *Archimedes*.

“ The

“ The *Musti* afterwards mentions *Ximenes*, *Albornoz*, and Cardinal *Wolfey*,
 “ by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person, in his
 “ play, know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done
 “ on the same occasion. At least I believe every Reader will agree with
 “ me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added
 “ several others, would have been better suited to the Court of *Augustus*, than
 “ that of *Muley Molock*. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much
 “ more so in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet.
 “ I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of
 “ them. *Dryden* is indeed generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one
 “ read the dialogue between *Octavia* and *Cleopatra*, and he will be amazed
 “ to hear a Roman Lady’s mouth filled with such obscene rallery. If the
 “ virtuous *Octavia* departs from her character, the loose *Dolabella* is no less
 “ inconsistent with himself, when, all of a sudden, he drops the *Pagan*, and
 “ talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.

——— Heav’n has but
 Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
 To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
 As if there were degrees in infinite;
 And infinite wou’d rather want perfection
 Than punish to extent———

“ I might shew several faults of the same nature in the celebrated
 “ *Aurenge-Zebe*. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great
 “ *Mogul* and his Empress has been generally censured. Take the senti-
 “ ments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for
 “ a scene in *Billinggate*.

* * * * *

* * * * *

I am, &c.

Saturday,

N^o III.

Saturday, July 18.

*Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ centurionum**Dicat: quod satis est sapio mihi; non ego curo**Esse quod Arcefilas, ærumnosique Solones.*

Perf.

I Am very much concerned when I see young Gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our *British* youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, that they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my Readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labor at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. *Julius Cæsar* and *Alexander*, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to *Aristotle* who had instructed him, than to *Philip* who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, which he wrote to *Aristotle* upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his *Persian* conquests.

Alexander

Alexander to Aristotle Greeting.

“ YOU have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge;
 “ for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things
 “ which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For
 “ my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge
 “ than in power. Farewel.

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in *Alexander's* soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in the possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixed governments the natural source of wealth and honor. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favorites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favor, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of *Solomon's* choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, That he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ; and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous *French* poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my Readers as have a taste of fine writing.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness,

ousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant King instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor, so that there shall not be any among the Kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream——

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three Goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of *Hercules*, recorded by Xenophon, where *Pleasure* and *Virtue* are represented as real persons making their court to the Hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honor, are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young Monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom, Health, Wealth, Victory and Honor, should always wait on her as her handmaids.

Monday,

N^o 112.

Monday, July 20.

— udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Hor.

THE Philosophers of King *Charles's* reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop *Wilkins* was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humor so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of *Dædalus*.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

“KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think
 “fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the
 “art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning,
 “and when my wings are on, can go above an hundred yards at a hop,
 “step and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey-cock, and improve
 “every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a
 “proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving-day,
 “it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon *Bow* steeple, from whence after
 “the first discharge of the *Tower* guns I intend to mount into the air, fly over
 “*Fleet-street*, and pitch upon the *May-pole* in the *Strand*. From thence, by a
 “gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for *St. James's* park, and
 “light upon the ground near *Rosamond's* pond. This, I doubt not, will

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convince

“ convince the world, that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall
 “ desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume
 “ to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man’s making. I
 “ intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me
 “ to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the
 “ sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time
 “ nor pains till I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the
 “ women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next
 “ Masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an *Indian Prince*,
 “ that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling
 “ habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to pro-
 “ jectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to fly,
 “ silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know better
 “ things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to
 “ the public from this invention, as how the roads of *England* will be saved
 “ when we travel through these new *Highways*, and how all family-accounts
 “ will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not men-
 “ tion posts and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which
 “ will be supplied this way. In short, Sir, when mankind are in possession
 “ of this art, they will be able to do more business in threescore and ten
 “ years than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I
 “ therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am

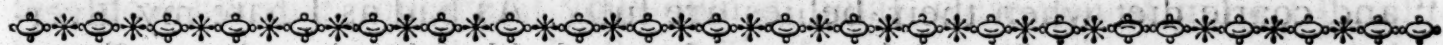
Your most humble Servant.

I have fully considered the project of these our modern *Dædalists*, and am
 resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my
 time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such
 occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but
 legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight
 assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of *St. Paul’s*
 covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing
 would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window,
 or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There
 would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts:
 The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head; if he
 were jealous indeed, he might clip his wife’s wings, but what would this
 avail when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over
 his house? what concern would the father of a family be in all the time
 his daughter was upon the wing? every heiress must have an old woman

flying

flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of *Gibier*, as the *French* call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs: I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon.

N^o 113.

Tuesday, July 21.



——— *Amphora cœpit*
Institui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?

Hor.

I Last night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

Cheapside, July 18.

I Have lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than I ever wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain geer again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look

“ in the glafs without blushing to fee myfelf turned into fuch a pretty little
 “ mafter. They tell me I muft appear in my wedding-fuit for the firft month
 “ at leaft; after which I am refolved to come again to my every day’s
 “ clothes, for at prefent every day is *Sunday* with me. Now in my mind,
 “ Mr. *Ironfide*, this is the wrongeft way of proceeding in the world. When
 “ a man’s perfon is new and unaccuftomed to a young body, he does not
 “ want any thing elfe to fet him off. The novelty of the lover has more
 “ charms than a wedding-fuit. I fhould think therefore, that a man fhould
 “ keep his finery for the latter feafons of marriage, and not begin to drefs
 “ till the honey-moon is over. I have obferved at a Lord-mayor’s feaft, that
 “ the fweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed
 “ with beef and mutton, and begin to lofe their ftomachs. But inftead of
 “ this we ferve up delicacies to our guefts, when their appetites are keen,
 “ and coarfe diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my filver-
 “ buttoned coat and filk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not
 “ knowing whether my wife won’t repent of her marriage when fhe fees
 “ what a plain man fhe has to her husband. Pray, Mr. *Ironfide*, write fome-
 “ thing to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think fhe can
 “ ever love me in a hair button. *I am, &c.*

P. S. “ I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which, they fay too, I
 “ muft wear all the firft month.

My correfpondent’s obfervations are very juft, and may be ufeful in low
 life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher ftations, I fhall
 raife the moral, and obferve fomewhat parallel to the wooing and wedding
 fuit, in the behaviour of perfons of figure. After long experience in the
 world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occafion of un-
 happy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended
 to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtfhip, and in
 the firft entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correfpondent’s
 holiday fuit, which is to laft no longer than till he is fettled in the poffef-
 fion of his miftrefs. He refigns his inclinations and underftanding to her
 humor and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in
 contradiction to her. He is controled by a nod, mortified by a frown,
 and tranfported by a fmile. The poor young lady falls in love with this
 fupple creature, and expects of him the fame behaviour for life. In a little
 time fhe finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to diflike
 what fhe approves, and that inftead of treating her like a Goddefs, he ufes
 her like a woman. What ftill makes this misfortune worfe, we find the
 moft abject flatterers degenerate into the greateft tyrants. This naturally
 fills

fills the spouse with fullness and discontent, spleen and vapor, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend *Tom Truelove* in this particular. *Tom* made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. *Tom* would often tell her, Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse. I remember *Tom* was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? No, Madam, says *Tom*, I mention this now because you are at your own disposal, were you at mine I should be too generous to do it. In short, *Tom* succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

N^o 114.

Wednesday, July 22.

*Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite.**Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.*

Phædr.

I Think myself obliged to acquaint the public, that the lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at *Button's* coffee-house in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden*, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique *Egyptian* lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth or bookworm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with whole-

wholesome and substantial food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to another. Those who are read in the history of the Popes observe, that the *Leos* have been the best, and the *Innocents* the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable good-natured well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week the *Roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the *British* nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in *England*.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins, which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of *Covent-Garden*, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the same security as if she were a Vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them, that the Coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand, upon this occasion, to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. *Motteux's*, or at *Corticelli's*, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect an unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary
corref-

correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“YOUR predecessor, the *Spectator*, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her Majesty’s loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men’s shins, sweeping down the ware of industrious females in the street, &c. I saw a young lady fall down the other day, and believe me, Sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of that befall themselves as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. GUARDIAN, you would join with me in shewing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in *England*, they will be convinced of their folly.

I am, S I R, your daily Reader and Admirer,

Tom Plain.

Thursday,

N^o 115.

Thursday, July 23.

Ingenium par materiæ —

Juv.

WHEN I read rules of criticism, I immediately enquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his rallery; but if in the place of all these I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

*So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhimes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.*

Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shewn the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not shew by his practice, that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is *Strada*. His Prolusion on the style of the most famous among the ancient *Latin* poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well

well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known, that Pope *Leo* the tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom *Strada* founds the following narrative. When this Pope was at his *Villa*, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the *Tiber*, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of *Parnassus*. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of Heroic Poets. Of all the Muses *Calliope* only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. *Pegasus* appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating *Parnassus* fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine until it arrived before the Pope's *Villa*.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. *Statius* was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to *Italy*, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine; which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all *Parnassus* with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him than *Lucan*. He vaulted upon *Pegasus* with all

the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet, with great difficulty, kept himself from sliding off his back, inasmuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out, every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by *Calliope*, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon *Calliope* without seeing *Virgil* at the same time.

The poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the Pope's *Villa*, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

N^o 116.

Friday, July 24.

— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius —

Hor.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the *Tucker* in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of *Parson Patch* for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of *Doctor Topknot*, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of *Cromwell's* usurpation, were very much taken

taken up in reforming the female world, and shewing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a colored ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet favors, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the Doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the *Merry-Andrew* has his separate packet for the meagrim and the tooth-ach.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our *British* ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

“OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a
“glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that thou
“mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the
“women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not
“to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion
“is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the
“sink of *Babylon*; for the Scarlet Whore is governed by the voice of thy lion.
“Look on his order.

Rome, July 8, 1713. “A placard is published here, forbidding women of what-
“soever quality to go with naked breasts; and the Priests are ordered not to admit the
“transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion; neither are they to enter
“the Cathedrals under severe penalties.

“These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title
“written over it, *The Evening Post*, from Saturday, July the 18th, to Tuesday,
“July the 21st.

“Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women
“in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art
“desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble.
“I must again repeat unto thee, friend *Nestor*, the whole brotherhood
“have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the

"light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

Thine,

in every thing that is praise-worthy,

Tom's Coffee-house in Birchin-
lane, the 23^d day of the
month called July.

Tom Tremble.

It happens very oddly that the Pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his Holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider the fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to shew their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery.



N^o 117.

Saturday, July 25.



Cura pii Dñs sunt ———

Ovid.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Athaliah* of Monsieur Racine. When *Abner*, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to *Joad* the High-Priest, that the Queen was incensed against him, the High-Priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,

Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.

Soumis avec respect à sa volonté Sainte.

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

He

He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him. Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of the Divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by his virtue, an object of Divine favor. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan history, which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints

acquaints us, that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the Goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the Deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of *Plutarch*.

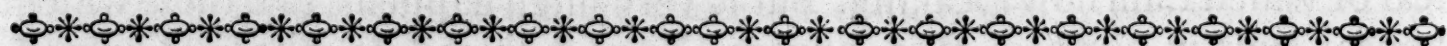
Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* feet and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the abovementioned purpose. *Plutarch* cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon's* religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.



Nº 118.

Monday, July 27.



— *Largitor ingeni*
Venter —

Perf.

I Am very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the *Tower*. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morsels.

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Mr. GUARDIAN,

“ I Am a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your
“ discourse concerning the Tucker; as likewise your paper of *Thursday*,
“ the 16th instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful
“ eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to
“ foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a Mantua-maker who am employed by
“ the most fashionable Ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at
“ all hours, and seeing them both dressed and undressed, I think there is no
“ person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your Honor pleases) in
“ the nature of a *Lioness*. I am in the whole secret of their fashion, and if
“ you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch
“ over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private
“ intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

“ Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the be-
“ nefit of it: but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any
“ body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely
“ notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the fe-
“ male chest, which in defiance of your gravity is going to be uncovered
“ yet more and more; so that to tell you truly, Mr. *Ironside*, I am in some
“ fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary.
“ I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather
“ an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This
“ consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs
“ along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without
“ rising to the shoulders; and being as it were a part of the Tucker, yet
“ kept in use, is therefore by a particular name called the Modesty-piece.
“ Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a
“ late meeting of the stripping Ladies, in which were present several emi-
“ nent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-
“ piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays
“ considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered
“ this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed
“ objected to this last improvement, but were over-ruled by the rest, who
“ alledged it was their intention, as they ingenuously expressed it, to level
“ their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue.

I am, S I R, (if you please) your secret Servant,

Leonilla Figleaf.

Dear

Dear Sir,

“ AS by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of pa-
 “ per for my Patron’s dinner, but by the forwardness of his paws, he
 “ seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough
 “ resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you,
 “ Sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness
 “ my hand,

Jackall.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Sage NESTOR,

“ LIONS being esteemed by Naturalists the most generous of Beasts, the
 “ noble and majestic appearance they make in Poetry, wherein
 “ they so often represent the Hero himself, made me always think that
 “ name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about
 “ seeking whom to devour; and though I cannot but acquiesce in your ac-
 “ count of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction
 “ I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by pro-
 “ ducing one of that species so public-spirited, as to roar for reformation
 “ of manners. I will roar (says the clown in *Shakespeare*) that it will do any
 “ man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say,
 “ let him roar again, let him roar again. Such success and such applause
 “ I do not question but your Lion will meet with, whilst, like that of *Samp-*
 “ *son*, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with
 “ honey.

“ At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon
 “ this honor done to their King, I must condole with us poor mortals, who
 “ by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him,
 “ with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the
 “ discreet Mr. *Button*. Upon this account, Mr. *Ironside*, I am become a suit-
 “ or to you, to constitute an out-riding Lion; or if you please a *Jackall* or
 “ two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than
 “ is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then
 “ miscarry by the way, at least the natural self-love that makes us unwil-
 “ ling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines
 “ us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what
 “ means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled Majesty, the
 “ place of his residence being very unfit for a Lady’s personal appearance.

I am your most constant Reader and Admirer,

N. R.

Dear

Dear NESTOR,

"IT is a well known proverb, in a certain part of this kingdom, *love me, love my dog*; and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person, that I here bring a bit for your lion. * * *

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.



N^o 120.

Wednesday, July 29.



— Nothing lovelier can be found

In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.

Milton.

A Bit for the Lion.

S I R,

"AS soon as you have set up your Unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the *Men*; for which reason I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at *Female* irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their *Gaming* has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the *Lizards*, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see a *Sparkler* shaking her elbow for a whole night together; and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of these female gamblers, and a great loser by it both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

Your humble Servant.

I should ill deserve the name of GUARDIAN, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice, which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill conse-

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quences

quences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them, First, as they relate to the *mind*; Secondly, as they relate to the *body*.

Could we look into the *mind* of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but *trumps* and *mattadores*. Her slumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens and Knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a Soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior Being think, were he shewn this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to Angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was *marked* with the five of clubs.

Their *passions* suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? Who can consider without a secret indignation, that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an Angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her husband. My friend *Theophrastus*, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at Cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humor, is angry with every body, displeased with all

I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes must we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the *bodies* of our female adventurers. It is so ordered, that almost every thing which corrupts the Soul, decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye, and attract the regard of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the Card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female Gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Basset, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female Gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to consider the consequences.

N^o 121.

Thursday, July 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum.

Virg.

Roarings of the Lion.

Old NESTOR,

“EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful mo-
 “nument of yours in *Button's Coffee-house*, I have had a restless am-
 “bition to imitate the renowned *London Prentice*, and boldly venture my
 “hand down the throat of your Lion. The subject of this letter is a rela-
 “tion of a Club whereof I am a member, and which has made a consider-
 “able noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution
 “is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is
 “*Dumb's Alley* in *Holborn*. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old
 “*Pythagoreans*, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the
 “foundation of our design, that *talking spoils company*. The President of our
 “society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to na-
 “ture, which in the rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon
 “enquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose
 “wives are remarkably loud at home: hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy
 “at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retire-
 “ment. When that eminent relation of yours, the *Spectator*, published his
 “weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for
 “you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful ef-
 “says) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake of our secrecy,
 “but it was unluckily objected that he had just then published a dis-
 “course of his at his own Club, and had not arrived to that happy inac-
 “tivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understand-
 “ing. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate, but it will
 “be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble,
 “and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other mens tongues are;
 “yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest
 “occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the *Turks*, and other east-
 “ern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes, and
 “we wonder that the polite courts of christendom should come so far short
 “of the majesty of the barbarians. *Ben Johnson* has gained an eternal re-
 “putation

putation among us by his Play called *The Silent Woman*. Every member here is another *Morose* while the Club is fitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this Quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first, (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that, if ever we debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all *Longinus's* remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions *Ajax's* silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime, and (if you will allow me to be free with a namefake of yours) I should think that the everlasting story-teller *Nestor*, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the *Welshman's* owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons, nay their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us: you may easily imagine how exactly we represented the *Roman* Senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of *Gauls*. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honorable body of mutes, and in particular to

Your humble Servant,

Ned Mum.

P. S. " We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old *Roman* custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of *Hochstat*, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguae*. We acted on the principles of the *Roman Manlius*, and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty.

I never

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like *Shakespear's* Lion in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, roars as it were any nightingale.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

July 28, 1713.

" I Was afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose
 " our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you
 " are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear re-
 " turning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who
 " has promised me to give my Letters to the Lion, till we can communi-
 " cate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you
 " must know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exor-
 " bitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevi-
 " tably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by
 " what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design,
 " mentioned by Mrs. *Figleaf* yesterday, should take effect, Sir, I dread to
 " think what it will come to. In short there is no help for it, my girdle
 " and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on
 " me then, my dear *Guardian*, and preserve me from being so inhumanly
 " exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young
 " woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I
 " have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad
 " tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I in-
 " tend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to behave my-
 " self as becomes

Your most obedient Ward.

Tuesday,

N^o 119.

Tuesday, July 28.

— poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
 Sit mihi —

Hor.

THERE is nothing which more shews the want of taste and discernment in a writer, than the decrying of an author in gross, especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because *Homer* and *Virgil* and *Sophocles* have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribler, who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner *Strada* proceeds in his judgment on the *Latin* poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that Prolusion which was the subject of the last *Thursday*. I shall therefore give my reader a short account, in prose, of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. *Lucan's* representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As *Lucan* was a *Spaniard*, his poem does honor to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the *Moors*. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had an hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. But, says he, if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose. Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast, which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy

enemy and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in *Lucan's* spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of *Lucan* in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favor or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the *Latin* poets. Most of them however agreed, that *Lucan's* genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the *Latin* poets who deviated from the purity of the *Roman* language.

The representative of *Lucretius* told the assembly, that they would soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of *Rome*, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of *Lucretius*, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean

mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together a-cross a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another, in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet, who represented *Lucretius*, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than *Lucretius's* diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to *Lucretius*, above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the *Roman* tongue. They added further, that if *Lucretius* had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded *Lucretius*, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since *Mr. Philips* has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished, but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings-off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the *Latin* tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers that cloyed and fatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this Prolusion shall be the work of another day.

N^o 122.

Friday, July 31.

Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa.

Hor.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of *Strada's* criticism on the *Latin* heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves, cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will shew at least how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

The sequel of Strada's Prolusion.

The poet who personated *Ovid* gives an account of the Chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express *Ovid's* way of thinking, derives this virtue to the Chryso-magnet from a poetical Metamorphosis.

As I was sitting by a well, says he, when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* went about the world, to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became plowmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to hunters. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains, that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of
man

man however persisted in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The *Stygian* flames which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became Chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrefaction.

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the *Ovidian* manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion, until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that *Ovid* highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labor in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against *Ovid*, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. *Statius* stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

A *German* and a *Portuguese*, when *Vienna* was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the *German* and *Portuguese* consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalise himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The *German* was at length engaged amidst a whole army of *Turks*, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The *Portuguese* seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succor, dispersed the multitudes that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the meanwhile the *German* recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the *Portuguese*, who a little after had his right arm, which held the sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the *German* slain the person who was aiming at

him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword and the other the shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction among the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were however a few select judges who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as fullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a Tyrant than of a King. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's miscellanies, I shall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the croud, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned Reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Caesar's Commentaries. This Prolusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

Saturday,

N^o 123.

Saturday, August 1.

*Hic murus aheneus esto**Nil conscire sibi*

Hor.

THERE are a sort of Knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

*Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.*

Cato.

I have often wondered, that these deflourers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honor, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonor that can never be wiped off, are circumstances one would think sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate? and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself? nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments, at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the Reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

S I R,

S I R,— *shire, July 1713.*

“ **T**HE other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose
 “ wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmo-
 “ ther’s kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so
 “ that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her
 “ own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and
 “ attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather
 “ like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on
 “ which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain Nobleman, very
 “ famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauch-
 “ ing country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my
 “ poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother.
 “ I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper,
 “ may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality,
 “ who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common
 “ with the vilest part of mankind.

My Lord,

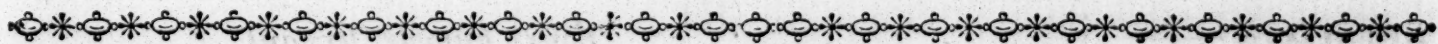
“ **L**AST night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter.
 “ Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived
 “ shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom
 “ you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have
 “ deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas!
 “ what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with
 “ which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? loss of
 “ good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevi-
 “ tably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse,
 “ open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These
 “ are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her
 “ livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my Lord,
 “ should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters! — I
 “ know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think
 “ he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the
 “ honor of your family. It is well, my Lord. And is then the honor of
 “ your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might
 “ have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her,
 “ than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? and must my
 “ son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I
 “ say, consider: and may your Lordship be excused from all reflection?

“ Eternal

" Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from
 " thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever
 " cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her
 " undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits, and godlike virtues of
 " your great ancestor, were honored with a coronet, that it might be a pan-
 " der to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonoring the innocent
 " and defenceless? at this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and
 " he who is generous and good should be made a beggar and a slave; that
 " industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and pre-
 " serve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy.
 " Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my
 " Lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for for-
 " giveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours;
 " but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous
 " day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud
 " for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind I
 " could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock
 " reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the
 " empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and over-
 " awed my daughter to comply.

" Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow, nor fear I to awaken you
 " to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven: the divine laws have
 " been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done
 " to me, and the just judge will not pardon that until I do.

My Lord, your conscience will help you to my name.

N^o 124.*Monday, August 3.*

Quid fremat in terris violentius?

Juv.

More Roarings of the Lion.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" **B**EFORE I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary
 " to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, to-
 " gether with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth,
 " have long since procured me the name of *Lion* in this our university.

" The

“ The vast emolument that, in all probability, will accrue to the public
 “ from the roarings of my new-erected likenesses at *Button's*, hath made me
 “ desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I
 “ already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly pro-
 “ pose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long
 “ enough or loud enough against all the things that are roar-worthy in
 “ these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *Præfectus Provinciae*,
 “ in every county in *Great Britain*; and it is my request, that I may be in-
 “ stituted his under-roarer in this university, town, and county of *Cambridge*,
 “ as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

“ I shall follow my Metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those
 “ enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our
 “ Magistrates, and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or
 “ oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

“ I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of
 “ punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but
 “ I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very
 “ flourishing society of people called *Lowngers*, gentlemen whose observations
 “ are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good
 “ sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other peoples.

“ I have, Sir, a Raven that shall serve, by way of Jackall, to bring me
 “ in provisions, which I shall chew and prepare for the digestion of my
 “ principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that
 “ whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix
 “ their informations to the leg or neck of the aforesaid Raven or Jackall,
 “ they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly

From my Den at ———
 College in Cambridge,
 July 29.

Your humble servant,

Leo the second.

N. B. The Raven won't bite.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

“ HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning
 “ but his horn will prove a *Cornu-copiae* to you, I desire that in order
 “ to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

“ My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has
 “ chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, im-
 “ provement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands,
 “ that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing it with-
 “ out

“ out a subscription, wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and
 “ desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural
 “ history, to communicate it to,

S I R, your humble Servant,

Humphry Binicorn.

S I R,

“ **I** Humbly beg leave to drop a song into your Lion's mouth, which will
 “ very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my
 “ hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of
 “ our *English* Lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who
 “ admire the translations of *Italian* Operas.

I.

*Oh the charming month of May!
 Oh the charming month of May!
 When the breezes fan the trees
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay——
 Full, &c.*

II.

*Oh what joys our prospects yield!
 Charming joys our prospects yield!
 In a new livery when we see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field——
 Bush, &c.*

III.

*Oh how fresh the morning air!
 Charming fresh the morning air!
 When the zephyrs and the heifers
 Their odoriferous breath compare——
 Their, &c.*

IV.

*Oh how fine our evening walk!
 Charming fine our evening walk!
 When the nightingale delighting
 With her song suspends our talk——
 With her, &c.*

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country las!
Charming kind the country las!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye——
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming-dish carves her name——
Who on, &c.

Mr. IRONside,

July 30.

“ I Have always been very much pleased with the sight of those crea-
 “ tures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island
 “ for shew: I may say, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant or hygh-
 “ geen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their parti-
 “ cular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them.
 “ But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these
 “ strangers than your Lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being
 “ able to wait no longer for fair weather; and made what haste I could
 “ to Mr. Button’s, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is
 “ really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen, he has grandeur
 “ and good humor in his countenance, which command both our love
 “ and respect; his shaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short,
 “ I

“ I do not question but he will prove a worthy *Supporter* of *British* honor
 “ and virtue, especially when assisted by the *Unicorn*. You must think I
 “ would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favor, and had
 “ provided what I hoped would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented
 “ by the presence of a bear, which constantly, as I approached with my pre-
 “ sent, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution.
 “ I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is
 “ hard at work about her Tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside
 “ the modesty-piece.

I am, venerable NESTOR, your friend and Servant,

P. N.

“ I was a little surpris'd, having read some of your Lion's roarings, that
 “ a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue, but he has other
 “ qualifications which make good that deficiency.

N^o 134.

Friday, August 14.

*Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
 Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.*

Hor.

MY Lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meals meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my Lion, has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this; my Lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his

mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honor and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense that they have made a very ass of him. On *Monday* last, upon examining, I found him an arrant *French* Tory, and the day after a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his Keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my Reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. *Button's* house to the *Lion's Library*, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untucked neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

Good Mr. IRONSIDE,

" I Must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your Lion is grown a kind
 " of Bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes
 " home late from Cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her
 " ear, partly betwixt jest and earnest, that *I will tell the Lion of her*. Dear Sir,
 " do not let them alone till you have made them put on their tuckers
 " again. What can be a greater sign, that they themselves are sensible
 " they have stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen
 " which will hardly cover a silver groat, their *Modesty-piece*? It is observed,
 " that this modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower, and who knows where
 " it will fix at last?
 " You must know, Sir, I am a *Turkey* Merchant, and lived several years
 " in a country where the women shew nothing but their eyes. Upon my
 " return to *England* I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty coun-
 " try-women laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at
 " that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the
 " Tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in
 " the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married
 " man must, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature,
 " which

“ which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy
“ fashion is come up, every one’s eye is as familiar with her as mine, for I
“ can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these
“ three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pret-
“ ty foot and ankle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which
“ made my very heart dance within me when I first found myself their
“ proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel
“ of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be pre-
“ sented with some new scene every day.

“ In short, Sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of be-
“ ing acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least
“ share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and con-
“ cealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every af-
“ ternoon to appear in public. For ought I can find, when she has thrown
“ aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half dressed. Now, Sir,
“ if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong, to think of re-
“ forming this fashion, by shewing the immodesty of it. If you expect to
“ make female profelytes, you must convince them, that, if they would get
“ husbands, they must not shew All before marriage. I am sure, had my
“ wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would
“ have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hin-
“ dered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal fi-
“ gures of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious
“ passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing,
“ that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually
“ crying out, *Pray Gentlemen walk in.*

“ I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how *Mahomet’s* she-dif-
“ ciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us from
“ the foreign news-papers of the regulations which the Pope is now mak-
“ ing among the *Roman Ladies* in this particular; and I hope our *British*
“ Dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be
“ content to shew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to
“ the neck properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their be-
“ ing naked.

“ You know, Sir, that in the beginning of the last century there was a
“ sect of men among us who called themselves *Adamites*, and appeared in
“ public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if
“ you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public
“ places, who shew so great an inclination to be *Evites*.

I am S I R, &c.

Saturday,

N^o 135.

Saturday, August 15.

— mea
 Virtute me involvo —

Hor.

A Good conscience is to the Soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counter-vails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the Soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantastical Knight is represented as loading a Gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the Gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madam that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says *Bias*, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. *Socrates*, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. *Anytus* and *Melitus*, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the

the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury, by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They shew that it stung them, though at the same time, they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was *Aristotle's* reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them. *Diogenes* was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of *Epicletus*. If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee. When *Anaximander* was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; Ay? says he, then I must learn to sing better. But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candor and good sense than the two following ones of *Plato*. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, It is no matter, said he, I will live so that none shall believe them. Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; I am sure he would not do it, says he, if he had not some reason for it. This is the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, a good conscience.

I designed in this essay, to shew, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of *Dr. South's* sermons, that I shall fill this *Saturday's* paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author, having shewn the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert itself, is at the time of death; which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagances stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: What is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honors under heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

No; at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick-bed grievous and uneasy: nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before Saints and Angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigors of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?

Monday,

N^o 136.

Monday, August 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis.

Virg.

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death metamorphosing himself like another *Proteus* into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man; Death enters first of all in a body of fire, a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill: after this he transforms himself, of a sudden, into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design, by this allegory, was to shew the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him and lay his head in the dust. I remember Monsieur *Paschal*, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon *Cromwell's* death. That usurper, says he, who had destroyed the Royal Family in his own nation, who had made all the Princes of *Europe* tremble, and struck a terror into *Rome* itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand, says he, that would have been of no significance in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolution, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned Physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to

supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendancy of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribed the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a fix-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Crossed in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old Gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with sawcer eyes	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a Knight of the shire	1
	Old

Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horse-pond by a <i>Will of the Whisp</i>	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	1
By the Parson's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the Squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the <i>Merry Andrew</i>	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul distemper	0

N^o 137.

Tuesday, August 18.

———*Sanctus haberi**Iustitiaeque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?**Agnosco procerem*———

Juv.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed, with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to shew that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honor the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labors we ourselves are more happy, wise or virtuous than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honors. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of

reputation even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honors to birth, and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honors than are due to them upon this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man, in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandise and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honored than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A Gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: *Sir, I had the honor to be born at a time*——upon which a rough honest Gentleman took him up short, *I would fain know what that Gentleman means: Is there any one in this house that has not had the honor to be born as well as himself?* The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every Gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents or flatterers, that lose all the respect, which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

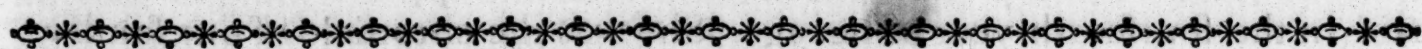
My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, *My Lord such a one*, says he, *your most humble servant.* *Sir Richard, your humble servant.* *Your servant, Mr. Ironside.* *Mr. Ducker, how do you do?* *Hah! Frank, are you there?*

There

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. *Martha Ironside*, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscorth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the *Ironsides*. Mrs. *Martha* conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as *Lucifer*, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy Minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of *Mechlin* lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt *Martha* used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a Baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a coach and six. She pretended, that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen Peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always keep it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir *Gilbert Ironside*, who had a horse shot under him at *Edghill* fight, I gave an unfortunate *Pish*, and asked, *What was all this to me?* upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister *Margaret*, a wheedling

wheeling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the *Ironfides*, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a Spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the *Ironfides* — After which follows the Genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

N^o 138.

Wednesday, August 19.

*Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.*

Virg.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations, as variety. By this means every one of my Readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my Reader in the same manner as *Eve* does the Angel in that beautiful description of *Milton*.

*So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best.
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India east or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand —*

Fifth book.

If by this method I can furnish out a *splendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem published among the exercises of the last *Oxford act*, I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In

In my yesterday's paper, I shewed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous; I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honored for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to *AEneas*, when after having shewn him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, *Anchises* adds with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

*And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
The paths of honor? —————*

Mr. Dryden.

Since I have mentioned this passage in *Virgil*, where *AEneas* was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honor to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment *Augustus*. For this reason *Anchises*, who shews *AEneas* most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of *Augustus*, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned *Romulus*, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his Emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Tho' there have been finer things spoken of *Augustus* than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that subject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him.

The

The *English* reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir hic est, &c.

But next behold the youth of form divine,

Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;

Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,

Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;

Born to restore a better age of gold.

Afric, and India, shall his pow'r obey,

He shall extend his propagated sway

Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.

Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,

And his broad shoulders with their light are crown'd,

At his foreseen approach, already quake

The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.

Their seers behold the tempest from afar;

And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.

Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates;

And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephews fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labors knew,

Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew;

Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,

And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.

Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,

By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,

From Nifus top descending on the plains;

With curling vines around his purple reins.

And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue

The paths of honor? —

I could shew out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in *Virgil*, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them; but instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, say the Rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the

soul

soul of *David*. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.*

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in *David*'s time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of *David*. Accordingly, say the Rabbins, *Adam* falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of *David*. *Adam* having lived 930 years, and *David* 70.

This story was invented to shew the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of *David*, of *David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel*.

N^o 139.

Thursday, August 20.

— *prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.* Virg.

Most venerable NESTOR,

“ I Find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your
“ Lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and
“ emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them,
“ and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your Lion, as
“ you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own
“ part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my grati-
“ tude to this noble animal that has so much the good of our country at
“ his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved
“ to do honor to him, by compiling a history of his species, and extracting
“ out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the pro-
“ secution of this design I shall have no manner of regard to what *Esop*
“ has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican,

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E e

“ by

“ by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beasts,
 “ and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery in
 “ almost every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal.
 “ Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall
 “ build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a
 “ particular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they
 “ do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the
 “ seven champions, but, when he has nothing else to do, encounters with
 “ a Lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short,
 “ a knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble crea-
 “ ture, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dra-
 “ gon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the
 “ whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having
 “ thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the
 “ Lion with a story related of him by *Aulus Gellius*, and extracted by him
 “ out of *Dion Cassius*, an historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous
 “ story of *Androcles* the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my
 “ learned reader, who needs go no farther in it if he has read it already.

“ *Androcles* was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of *Africa*.
 “ He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put
 “ him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his
 “ hands, and fled into the deserts of *Numidia*. As he was wandering among
 “ the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave
 “ in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of
 “ it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length to his
 “ great surprise a huge overgrown Lion entered at the mouth of the cave,
 “ and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him.
 “ *Androcles* gave himself for gone; but the Lion, instead of treating him as
 “ he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of
 “ voice fell a licking his hand. *Androcles*, after having recovered himself a
 “ little from the fright he was in, observed the Lion's paw to be exceed-
 “ ingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled
 “ it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of cor-
 “ rupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great
 “ anguish he had felt for some time before. The Lion left him upon re-
 “ ceiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn
 “ which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his bene-
 “ factor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. *Androcles*, after having
 “ sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the Lion had
 “ supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful soli-
 “ tude,

“ tude, the Lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at
“ length of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his
“ master’s hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than
“ be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the
“ proconsuls of *Afric*, was at that time getting together a present of all
“ the largest Lions that could be found in the country, in order to send
“ them to *Rome*, that they might furnish out a show to the *Roman* people.
“ Upon his poor slave’s surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered
“ him to be carried away to *Rome* as soon as the Lions were in readiness
“ to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one
“ of the Lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the peo-
“ ple. This was all performed accordingly. *Androcles*, after such a strange
“ run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of
“ spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come
“ out upon him. At length a huge monstrous Lion leaped out from the
“ place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with
“ great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him
“ a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the
“ signs of blandishment and caress. *Androcles*, after a short pause, discovered
“ that it was his old *Numidian* friend, and immediately renewed his ac-
“ quaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surpris-
“ ing to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter
“ from *Androcles*, ordered him to be pardoned, and the Lion to be given
“ up into his possession. *Androcles* returned at *Rome* the civilities which he
“ had received from him in the deserts of *Afric*. *Dion Cassius* says, that he
“ himself saw the man leading the Lion about the streets of *Rome*, the peo-
“ ple every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, *Hic*
“ *est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis. This is the Lion who was the*
“ *man’s host, this is the man who was the Lion’s physician.*

N^o 140.

Friday, August 21.

— quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo

Laomedontiades, vel Nestoris hernia possit.

Juv.

I Have lately received a letter from an Astrologer in *Moorfields*, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my Lion at *Button's* Coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in *Leo*. He farther adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. *Button* (whose other name he observes is *Daniel*, a good omen still with regard to the Lion his cohabitant) he had discovered the very hour in which the said Lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. *Button*, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the Lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of *Leo* in the Heavens immediately precedes that of *Virgo*, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the Lion bears to virginity, and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted, from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my Lion are likely to have over the female world for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the Lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the Scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my Lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untucked stays and short petticoat, and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in *Great Britain*. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw, five years ago, that both the Pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female drefs.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate

imitate their great grandmothers the *Briths* or *Piñs*, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a *Cupid*, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a *Pallas*, with a shield and *Gorgon's* head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time shew us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty country-women. They could find no colors half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old *Piñs*, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my Lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expence in furnishing me with any informations relating to the Tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my Reader, that I have written a Letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my Letter.

To Pope Clement the Eighth, NESTOR IRONSIDE, Greeting.

Dear Brother,

“ I Have heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your Priests
 “ to confess any woman, who appears before them without a Tucker,
 “ in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible
 “ for the good man to discharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to
 “ those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at
 “ the same time. I am laboring, as much as in me lies, to stir up the
 “ same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be
 “ glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I de-
 “ sire that you will send me over the length of a *Roman* Lady's neck, as it
 “ stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks
 “ of one, two, and three foot in length, some that have necks which reach
 “ down

“ down to their middles, and, indeed, some who may be said to be all
 “ neck and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of
 “ your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which
 “ rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee,
 “ and the stays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be the standard of each,
 “ as it has been lately settled in a junto of the sex) I will take care to
 “ send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of beforehand, that
 “ you may not compute the stature of our *English* women from the length
 “ of their garments. In the mean time I have desired the master of a ves-
 “ sel, who tells me that he shall touch at *Civita Vecchia*, to present you with
 “ a certain female machine, which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility
 “ to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call
 “ in this country a hooped-petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me
 “ know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the re-
 “ lics of your female saints, and in particular, whether it was ever
 “ worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

Yours, usque ad aras,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I must not dismiss this Letter without declaring myself a good Prote-
 stant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take
 notice of, lest I should be accused, by an author of *unexampled* stupidity,
 for corresponding with the head of the *Romish* Church.

N^o 152.

Friday, September 4.

*Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
 Exercemus*—————

Virg.

THERE is no rule in *Longinus* which I more admire, than that where-
 in he advises an author who would attain to the Sublime, and
 writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition,
 what *Homer* or *Plato*, or any other of those heroes in the learned world,
 would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often prac-
 tised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as
 well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judg-
 ment

ment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. *Dryden*, where he professes to have imitated *Shakespear's* style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories, wherein virtues, vices, and human passions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman *Spenser* is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole Canto in the spirit of *Spenser*, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* began the onset on *Beauty*, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wisdom* come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said,

said, to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience*, and on the female side by a general known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the *Parthians*, had the better of it all the beginning of the day: but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding. When on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a *Drawcansir*, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Lust*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of *Modesty*. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *Men*, HONOR, and by the *Gods*, PRIDE. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by *Reason*, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

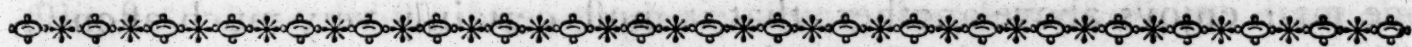
After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The

The last general of neutrals, that appeared in the field, was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often imposed on *Hymen*, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

N^o 153.

Saturday, September 5.

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.*

Virg.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than *Pride*. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, *Pride was not made for man*. There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the schoolmen call self-annihilation. *Pride was not made for man*, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable Being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride and vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud

of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified: when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to Beings of superior faculties, it must be Pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them. You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of laborers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley corns in his granary. He is now chiding and bellying the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If

If now you have a mind to see all the Ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a Goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age, but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-laborers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that Beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious *French* poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

N^o 154.*Monday, September 7.**Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum.**Virg.*

I Question not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the last masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and, at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Per via Leonis.

S I R,

I Could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the
 “ Ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his
 “ Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd fan-
 “ tastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities.
 “ The noise these diversions made at last raised my curiosity, and for once I
 “ resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a
 “ Lady I then made my addressee to, one of a sprightly humor, and a
 “ great admirer of such novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and
 “ got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated
 “ in these new mysteries. Every morning I dressed myself in it, and acted
 “ before the looking-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as per-
 “ fect in my part, as most who had oftener frequented these diversions. You
 “ must understand I personated a *Devil*, and that for several weighty rea-
 “ sons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to
 “ meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better bred part
 “ of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called fa-
 “ miliars, I fancied I should, in this character, be allowed the greatest li-
 “ berties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To re-
 “ commend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail
 “ after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this dis-
 “ guise was, because I heard an intriguing Lady say, in a large company
 “ of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse
 “ with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made
 “ choice of that shape. At length, when the long wished for evening came
 “ which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the
 “ place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned top-
 “ side turvy, women changed into men and men into women, children
 “ in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns,
 “ ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or
 “ birds, gods or goddesses; I fancied I had all *Ovid's Metamorphoses* before
 “ me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how
 “ to give a name;

worse

Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Milton

“ In

“ In the middle of the first room I met with one dressed in a *Shroud*.
“ This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a Death’s head at a
“ feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the Gentleman whether he
“ thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told
“ me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this
“ dress would serve him another time. This walking corse was followed
“ by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple
“ over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the
“ foot of a female *Quaker*, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to
“ hear her cry out, D—n you, you son of a — upon which I immediately
“ rebuked her, when all of a sudden resuming her character, *Verily*, says
“ she, *I was to blame, but thou hast bruised me sorely*. A few moments after this
“ adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess, for
“ having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She
“ swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but
“ I was timely taken off by a *Presbyterian Parson*, who told me in a very
“ soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet
“ me in *Spring-garden* to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a *Chim-*
“ *ney-sweeper* made up of black crape and velvet, (with a huge diamond in his
“ mouth) making love to a Butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among
“ a flock of *Bats*, *Owls* and *Lawyers*: but what took up my attention most,
“ was one dressed in white feathers that represented a *Swan*. He would
“ fain have found out a *Leda* among the fair sex, and indeed was the most
“ unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in discourse with a
“ *Running Footman*, but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a *Turk-*
“ *ish* Emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me to use him civilly, for that it
“ was his master. I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a
“ woman hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed
“ her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that
“ account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her
“ as to see themselves. The next I observed was a *Nun* making an assigna-
“ tion with a *Heathen God*, for I heard them mention the *Little Piazza* in *Co-*
“ *vent Garden*. I was by this time exceeding hot, and thirsty, so that I made
“ the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great
“ quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a *Ma-*
“ *gician* seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seem-
“ ed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until
“ I recollected who I was: this however drew the eyes of the servants up-
“ on me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent *Champaign*.
“ The *Magician* said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and de-
“ fired

" fired that I might have another refreshing glass, adding withal, that it
 " ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the *Ma-*
 " *gician*. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next
 " room, where we danced a rigadon together. I was here a little offend-
 " ed at a jackanapes of a *Scaramouch*, that cried out, *Avaunt Satan*; and gave
 " me a little tap on my left shoulder, with the end of his lath sword. As I
 " was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well shaped person that
 " stood at my left hand, in the figure of a *Bell-man*, cried out with a fuita-
 " ble voice, *Past twelve o'clock*. This put me in mind of bed-time: accord-
 " ingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an *Indian*
 " King, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-colored plu-
 " mage. He regarded my habit very attentively; and after having turned
 " me about once or twice, asked me *whom I had been tempting*; I could not tell
 " what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touch-
 " ed me, and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In
 " short, I found, after a little discourse with him, that his *Indian Majesty* was
 " my dear *Leonora*, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let
 " me pass by her unobserved. Her aukward manliness made me guess at
 " her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This mas-
 " querade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired
 " her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.
 " How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot
 " yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, *Leonora* having assured me it
 " was the first and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an enter-
 " tainment.

" And now, Sir, having given you the history of this strange evening,
 " which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that
 " you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general,
 " that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequent-
 " ly how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very
 " odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular,
 " of a *Lawyer's* being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these
 " entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an *Old Man* with
 " a long beard, who was got with child by a *Milk-maid*; but in cases of this
 " nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are
 " apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to
 " pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumors, I shall
 " only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large
 " of these matters, and am,

S I R, &c.

Lucifer.

Tuesday,

N^o 155.

Tuesday, September 8.

libelli Stoici inter sericos
Facere pulvillos amant.

Hor.

I Have often wondered that Learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same methods? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady *Lizard*, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the same time heard all Dr. *Tillotson's* sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased, the other day, to find them all busy in *preserving* several fruits of the season, with the *Sparkler* in the midst of them, reading over *the Plurality of Worlds*. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the fun to an apricot, or from the *Copernican* system to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have the natural gift of *Speech* in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female *Pythagoreans*, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a stoic in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia*, the famous she cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

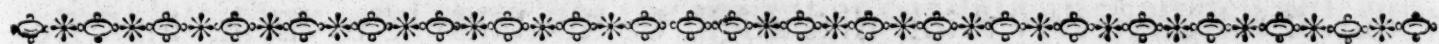
I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honor and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind, but I shall conclude this head with the history of *Athenais*, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The Emperor *Theodosius* being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, *Athenais*, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at
his

his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Constantinople*, where she had a relation who represented her case to *Pulcheria*, in order to obtain some redress from the Emperor. By this means that religious Princess became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy, in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother *Theodosius*. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to christianity, and gave her the name of *Eudofia*; after which the Emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honors; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

N^o 156.

Wednesday, September 9.



————— *Magni formica laboris*
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepat, et illis utitur ante
Quæsitis patiens —————

Hor.

IN my last *Saturday's* paper I supposed a mole-hill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects, in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the *French academy*, and since

translated into *English*. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

“ In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there
“ was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep
“ flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and there-
“ fore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rubbish that fell
“ from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the
“ earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of dry and barren soil.
“ That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain,
“ besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of
“ ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without
“ doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and con-
“ venient places, near springs and rivers.

“ Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place,
“ and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes
“ upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very incon-
“ siderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they
“ appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the
“ world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of
“ that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for
“ their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than
“ those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear,
“ unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their govern-
“ ment.

“ I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took
“ out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them, and fre-
“ quently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go
“ to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I
“ did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labors. I al-
“ ways found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think
“ that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their
“ holes in the day time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep
“ under ground in the night: those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily
“ perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised
“ me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the
“ night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day
“ time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by
“ those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it; there
“ was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have
“ eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time: it is highly
“ probable

“ probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons
“ and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly de-
“ livered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some
“ pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the
“ pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that
“ the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again.
“ What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not
“ know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they
“ had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. How-
“ ever, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger;
“ for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees,
“ first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might
“ quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching, and look-
“ ing every way. At last being persuaded that they had nothing to fear,
“ they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and
“ carried it in at night.

“ There is a straight hole in every ants nest, about half an inch deep; and
“ then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine;
“ which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat.
“ For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect,
“ and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she
“ feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine,
“ and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

“ The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those
“ insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before
“ they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nest will pro-
“ duce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even
“ plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be
“ bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs
“ swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the
“ nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their
“ labor and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry
“ in their nests as in our granaries.

“ They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every
“ day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun.
“ Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by
“ the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter
“ of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry
“ earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground up-
“ on that earth, and cover it with the same. They performed this work al-

“ most every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from
“ the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not re-
“ move their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very
“ hot, till the heat was over.

“ If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small
“ particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth;
“ I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than
“ earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain
“ of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small
“ sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that
“ sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up
“ one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near
“ rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

“ As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would
“ join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those in-
“ sects could not divide. Those particles sticking together, could not come
“ out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

“ When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out
“ their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth: thus one
“ may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth and the other
“ of corn; and then they fetch out the remainder of dry earth, on which
“ doubtless their corn was laid up.

“ Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear,
“ and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one
“ day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it,
“ against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being
“ very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it: but half
“ an hour after the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain,
“ which the ants foresaw; whereas the *Milan Almanac* had foretold that
“ there would be no rain upon that day.

“ I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider,
“ fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that
“ garret; there was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not
“ alike, I observed that they chose the best.

“ I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great
“ care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always
“ pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can
“ get no wheat they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but
“ seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when
“ nothing else can be had.

“ Being

“ Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept: and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me very wonderful, was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

“ The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, and others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labor of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground; but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards and her backside upwards; none can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

“ I

“ I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: when she came to the box, where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march: such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down and found her with the same corn in her paws: she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times: sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopped; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up: they take hold of it again, when they can find it: otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something: this I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough; they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.

N^o 157.

Thursday, September 10.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

Solomon.

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labor. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them; the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth,

monwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

“ Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

“ In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in holy Scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

“ I have said before, that there were three ants nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: it was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

“ Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects:

“ ants

“ ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest, in the day time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: they removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch, that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants nests that were troubled with the rain: as for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

“ M. *de la Loubere* says, in his relation of *Siam*, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees: no ants nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: you may see his relation.

“ Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ants nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them
“ would

“ would stay in it: they went away in less than two hours; which made me
“ believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

“ Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was very
“ much surprised to see the ants nest which I had destroyed very artfully re-
“ paired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my
“ box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone in-
“ to their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown;
“ and then I carried as many ants as I could get into the place which I de-
“ signed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all
“ night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the
“ morning, when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their
“ old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the
“ powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and set-
“ tled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted
“ with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance
“ out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves
“ were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among
“ those animals.

“ An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should
“ venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have
“ often taken an ant out of one nest, and put her into another; but she
“ quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I
“ tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the
“ other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened
“ some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stop-
“ ping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very
“ natural for them to fly into the next hole: many a man would not be so
“ cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if
“ he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of, avoided go-
“ ing into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways
“ of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last
“ extremity; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often ex-
“ perience. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not
“ to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospita-
“ lity; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They
“ put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those
“ that live in it carry them in.

“ They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that
“ those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary: they lend their
“ corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another;

“ and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me
“ to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I
“ have mentioned. For instance, how they lend, and recover their loans;
“ whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the
“ strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine
“ all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what max-
“ ims they govern themselves: perhaps such a knowledge might be of some
“ use to us.

“ They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported
“ of bees: their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their
“ corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground, when
“ they are afraid of thieves. It is said, that some birds eat them; but I
“ never saw any instance of it. They are also infested with small worms;
“ but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they punished
“ those ants, which probably had been wanting to their duty: nay, some-
“ times they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three
“ or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn
“ in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly; from whence I in-
“ fer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so
“ good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no oc-
“ casion for any discipline.

“ Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is
“ common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of
“ which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole
“ in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own con-
“ cerns. The same may be said of all other animals: they frequently fight,
“ to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they
“ have nothing of their own: a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is
“ deposited in a common stock: it is not designed for her own use, but for
“ the whole community: there is no distinction between a private and a
“ common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

“ Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out
“ a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests,
“ they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it
“ is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabi-
“ tants; for, as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

“ I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that *Mercury* has hitherto proved a
“ mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying
“ those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will
“ hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to *Mercury*.

Friday,

N^o 158.

Friday, September 11.

*Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna:**Castigatque, auditque dolos: subigitque fateri**Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,**Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.*

Virg.

I Was yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of Being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on them*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a loss how to pass away their time*, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable Beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labors of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was *Lucian*, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

H h 2

I was

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of *Erebus*, on his right the keeper of *Elysium*. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, *What they had been doing?* Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country woman: Well Mistress, says *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years: and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. *Rhadamanthus* smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his care. And you, fair Lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The Lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning

demning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the filly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up in publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blessed by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifier*, longed to be in his hands, so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up *May dew*, inventing white-washes, mixing colors, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays——*Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of *Erebus*, her color faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that *Rhadamanthus* would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach, the noise grew so very great that it awaked me.

I lay some time reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of *leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.*

N^o 159.

Saturday, September 12.



*Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

Hor.

S I R,

“ HAVING read over your paper of *Tuesday* last, in which you recom-
“ mend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair
“ sex, who have much time lying upon their hands; and among other
“ motives make use of this, That several women, thus accomplished,
“ have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honor and for-
“ tune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many
“ now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter
“ of fact.

“ About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman,
“ who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live
“ very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter,
“ whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no
“ other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the in-
“ come of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their
“ ordinary

“ ordinary expences. Miss *Betty* had always the best sort of clothes, and was
“ hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that
“ it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked
“ upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daugh-
“ ter about Miss’s age, that could speak *French*, had read several books at
“ her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds
“ of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, wit-
“ ty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk
“ *French* with her and teach her to work, but Miss always treated her with
“ great contempt; and when *Molly* gave her any advice, rejected it with
“ scorn.

“ About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to
“ Miss *Betty*, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not
“ been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a
“ plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion
“ was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often dis-
“ couraging of Mr. T——’s Angel, for that was the name he always gave
“ her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent,
“ he being a younger brother, Mistress *Betty* rejected him with disdain:
“ inasmuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in
“ love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune,
“ and forget his Mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few
“ years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him
“ an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

“ Mean while days and years went on, Miss lived high and learnt but
“ little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising
“ to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at
“ a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave
“ *London*, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done.
“ Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had
“ left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not
“ learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could; and I
“ must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to
“ be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left en-
“ quiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I
“ was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led
“ into a parlor by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was
“ that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased
“ when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as
“ possible, looking upon, or speaking to me: Madam, said I, are not you
“ Mistress

“ Mistress such a one? at which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and
“ she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped
“ her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I re-
“ solved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not
“ well discern by her dress, which was genteel though not fine, whether she
“ was the Mistress of the house, or only a servant: but supposing her to be
“ the first, I am glad, Madam, said I, after having long enquired after you,
“ to have so happily met with you, and to find you Mistress of so fine a
“ place. These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such
“ a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as
“ soon as she was able to speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken; I am but a
“ servant. Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears.
“ I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and
“ said what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she, my condition is much
“ better than I deserve; I have the kindest and best of women for my Mi-
“ stress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You
“ know her very well, and have often seen her with me. To make my story
“ short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the bar-
“ ber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gen-
“ tleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with *Moll*, and being mas-
“ ter of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and
“ as much to his satisfaction, as he could desire. He treats her with all the
“ friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and
“ good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard
“ her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that
“ after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in
“ great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of
“ asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance; so that
“ they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially disco-
“ vered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favors upon
“ favors. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better
“ pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant. But being freed
“ by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she
“ now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a
“ servant.

“ I went home full of this strange adventure, and about a week after
“ chancing to be in company with Mr. *T.* the rejected lover whom I men-
“ tioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his
“ Angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion the usual plea-
“ sure of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of
“ the

“the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these
 “several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand,
 “and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst, which I took at
 “first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head I saw his
 “eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story,
 “and we parted.

“About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

Dear Sir,

“I Am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my Angel. I
 “I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was re-
 “duced to, a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed
 “that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that
 “I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and
 “sincere affection, which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

Yours, R. T.

N^o 160.

Monday, September 14.

Solventur rifu tabulae, tu missus abibis.

Hor.

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants, but to my great surprise, I find that some of my good Readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it, that my last *Thursday* and *Friday's* papers are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling ever since that ingenious person the *Examiner*, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *Expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all

that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could heartily wish that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by the members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my Reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

" I Have laid a wager, with a friend of mine, about the pigeons that used
 " to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these
 " pigeons you meant the *Palatines*. He will needs have it that they were
 " the *Dutch*. We both agree that the papers upon the strings which fright-
 " ed them away, were *Pamphlets*, *Examiners*, and the like. We beg you
 " will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable,
 " and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.

Old IRON,

" WHY so rusty? Will you never leave your innuendos? do you think
 " it hard to find out who is the Tulip in your last *Thursday's* paper?
 " or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the
 " plainest Reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? the blowing up of
 " the neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly
 " ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be ex-
 " plained as you imagine. *Dunkirk* is not yet demolished. Your ants are
 " enemies to rain, are they! Old *Birmingham*, no more of your ants, if you
 " do not intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

Will Wasp.

Dear GUARDIAN,

" CALLING in yesterday at a Coffee-house in the city, I saw a very
 " short corpulent angry man reading your paper about the ants. I
 " observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After
 " having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the
 " woman of the Coffee-house to him, and asked her, in a magisterial voice,
 " if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in
 " such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her
 " behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of danger-
 " ous import. Sir, said he, it is a republican paper from one end to the
 " other, and if the author had his deserts—He here grew so exceeding
 " choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; until after having recovered
 " himself,

“ himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with
 “ a very stern voice—*Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be*
 “ *conjurers: and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room.*
 “ *I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great*
 “ *way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more*
 “ *easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure,*
 “ *and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good*
 “ *for their nourishment.* Then throwing the paper upon the table; Sir, says
 “ he, these things are not to be suffered—I would engage out of this
 “ sentence to draw up an indictment that—He here lost his voice a se-
 “ cond time, in the extremity of his rage, and the whole company, who
 “ were all of them Tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down
 “ his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

“ This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what
 “ use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your
 “ paper with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or
 “ animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of
 “ understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides, that it
 “ highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several
 “ parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of in-
 “ stinct, as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species
 “ in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party con-
 “ cerned in speculations of this nature, which, instead of inflaming those un-
 “ natural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts,
 “ may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable
 “ creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your pur-
 “ pose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous
 “ science, to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I
 “ might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of those worlds of
 “ wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be ac-
 “ quainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes.
 “ To which I might farther add, that several are of opinion, there is no
 “ other use in many of these creatures than to furnish matter of contempla-
 “ tion and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only crea-
 “ tures that are capable of it.

I am, S I R, your constant reader and humble servant.

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all
 upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But

it has always been my maxim never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

Most venerable NESTOR,

“ AS you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the pro-
 “ motion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying
 “ to the town, what concerns the greatest good of life, *Health*. I do assure
 “ you, Sir, there is in a vault, under the *Exchange* in *Cornhill*, over-against
 “ *Pope’s-Head-Alley*, a parcel of *French* wines, full of the seeds of good hu-
 “ mor, chearfulness and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of
 “ our nation agree, there is no such thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I
 “ shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with
 “ integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In
 “ the mean time please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

I am, SIR, &c.

N^o 161.

Tuesday, September 15.

incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

Perf.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions, ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by *Honor*.

The sense of honor is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those, who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honor with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In

In the first place, true honor, tho' it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, tho' drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; Honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honor *scorns* to do an ill action. The one considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus *Seneca* speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honor, when he declares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honor in the part of young *Juba*.

*Honor's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with —*

Cato.

In the second place we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honor, and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honor, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honorable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honor in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honor, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honorable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honor.

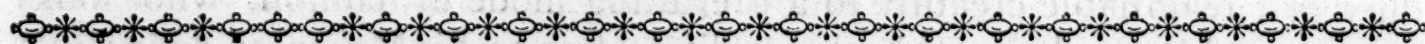
Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honor. *Timogenes* would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. *Timogenes* would have scorned to have betrayed a secret, that was entrusted with him, though

though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. *Timogenes* took away the life of a young fellow, in a duel, for having spoken ill of *Belinda*, a Lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, *Timogenes*, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honor, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honor.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honor, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honor with old *Syphax*, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in *Shakespeare's* phrase, *are worn and hackney'd in the ways of men*; whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of *Honor* by any other way than through that of *Virtue*.

N^o 162.

Wednesday, September 16.



Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, consiliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere.
Cicer.

I Was the other day in company at my Lady *Lizard's*, when there came in among us their cousin *Tom*, who is one of those country Squires that set up for plain honest Gentlemen who speak their minds. *Tom* is in short a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant

fant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. *Tom* had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the *Sparkler* if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady *Lizard*, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin *Thomas*, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty? I endeavoured to divert the discourse, when, without taking notice of what I said, Mr. *Ironside*, says he, you fill my cousins heads with your fine notions as you call them, can you teach them to make a pudding? I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic rallery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was *Plato's* advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a meer scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilised persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what *Shakespear* reckons among other evils under the sun)

— The poor man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

than

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently. I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance, which recommends more to the favor of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild *Arabian* tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honor and integrity.

“ *Schacabac* being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for
 “ two days together, made a visit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Persia*, who was
 “ very hospitable, but withal a great humorist. The *Barmecide* was sitting
 “ at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hear-
 “ ing *Schacabac*'s complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He
 “ then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup.
 “ *Schacabac*, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the *Bar-*
 “ *mecide* in all his humors, told him it was admirable, and at the same time,
 “ in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with
 “ great pleasure. The *Barmecide* then asked him, if he ever saw whiter
 “ bread? *Schacabac*, who saw neither bread nor meat, If I did not like it,
 “ you may be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily of it. You oblige
 “ me mightily, replied the *Barmecide*, pray let me help you to this leg of a
 “ goose. *Schacabac* reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with
 “ great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary
 “ goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the *Barmecide* desired him to
 “ keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb, fed with pistacho nuts,
 “ and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up,
 “ Here is a dish, says he, that you will see at no body's table but my own.
 “ *Schacabac* was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like
 “ nothing, says he, I ever eat before. Several other nice dishes were served
 “ up in idea, which both of them commended and feasted on after the same
 “ manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which de-
 “ lighted *Schacabac* so much as a certain lozenge, which the *Barmecide* told
 “ him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. *Schacabac* at length, being
 “ courteously reproached by the *Barmecide*, that he had no stomach, and
 “ that he eat nothing, and, at the same time, being tired with moving his
 “ jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really
 “ he

“ he was so full he could not eat a bit more. Come then, says the *Barmecide*, the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in *Persia*. He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. *Schacabac* would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the color, and afterwards the flavor. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the *Barmecide* a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, Sir, says he, I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink. The *Barmecide* could not but smile at the humor of his guest, and instead of being angry at him, I find, says he, thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou can’st accommodate thyself to my humor, we will now eat together in good earnest. Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose, the pistacho lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of *Persian* wines, were served up successively, one after another; and *Schacabac* was feasted in reality, with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.



N^o 163. *Thursday, September 17.*



— *miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ.* Juv.

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day’s rest, I order the *Lion* to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and physician to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, *Doctor Hicks*, and *Mr. Collier*, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused if they have carried the

point a little too high in favor of the chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance, in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for choosing, out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the *English* clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order, is as follows.

Mr. GUARDIAN,

" I Hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

" I have had the honor, many years, of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

" Whilst my old Lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young Lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly, with *prosperity to the Church* in my mouth. I declare solemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing, from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young Lord was seven times drunk at *Genoa*, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at *Venice*. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon, but, to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and shew all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, *I find, by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private*. I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at, since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old Lord's

“ Lord’s time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside
 “ my chair, when they set the sweetmeats on the table. I have been
 “ born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public
 “ sensible, that the Christian Priesthood was never thought in any age or
 “ country to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great
 “ services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will
 “ not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown
 “ servant,

G. W.

Venerable NESTOR,

“ I Was very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which
 “ you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality
 “ or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by
 “ the famous Sir *Thomas More*; it is inscribed to a friend of his, who was
 “ then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to overlook
 “ wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a
 “ woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow.

*Proculque stulta sit
 Parvis labellulis
 Semper loquacitas,
 Proculque rusticum
 Semper silentium.
 Sit illa vel modò
 Instrueta literis.
 Vel talis ut modò
 Sit apta literis.
 Felix, quibus bene
 Priscis ab omnibus
 Possit libellulis
 Vitam beantia
 Haurire dogmata.
 Armata cum quibus,
 Nec illa prosperis
 Superba turgeat,
 Nec illa turbidis
 Miscella lugeat
 Prostrata casibus.
 Jucunda sit erit
 Semper, nec unquam erit
 Gravis, molestave
 Vitæ comes tuæ,*

*Quæ docta parvulos
 Docebit et tuos
 Cum lacte literas
 Olim nepotulos.
 Jam te juvaverit
 Viros relinquere,
 Doctæque conjugis
 Sinu quiescere,
 Dum grata te fovet.
 Manûque mobili
 Dum plectra personat,
 Et voce (quâ nec est
 Prognæ sororculæ
 Tuæ suavior)
 Amæna cantillat
 Apollo quæ velit
 Audire carmina.
 Jam te juvaverit
 Sermone blandulo,
 Docto tamen dies
 Noctesque ducere.
 Notare verbula
 Mellita maximis
 Non absque gratiis*

*Ab ore melleo
 Semper fluentia,
 Quibus coerceat
 Si quando te levet
 Inane gaudium,
 Quibus levaverit
 Si quando deprimat
 Te mœror anxius.
 Certabit in quibus
 Summa eloquentia
 Jam cum omnium gravi
 Rerum scientia.
 Talem olim ego putem
 Et vatis Orphei
 Fuisse conjugem,
 Nec unquam ab inferis
 Curasset improbo
 Labore fœminam*

*Referre rusticam.
 Talemque credimus
 Nasonis inclytam,
 Quæ vel patrem queat
 AEquare carmine,
 Fuisse filiam,
 Talemque suspicor
 (Qua nulla charior
 Unquam fuit patri,
 Quo nemo doctior)
 Fuisse Tulliam:
 Talisque quæ tulit
 Gracchos duos fuit,
 Quæ quos tulit, bonis
 Instruxit artibus:
 Nec profuit minus
 Magistra quàm parens.*

The sense of this elegant description is as follows,

“ May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, nor al-
 “ ways prattling nonsense! May she be *learned*, if possible, or at least ca-
 “ pable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always
 “ drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of anti-
 “ quity. She will be *Herself* in all changes of fortune, neither blown up
 “ in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even
 “ chearful good humored friend, and an agreeable companion for life.
 “ She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from
 “ their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are
 “ engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from
 “ the society of *Men*, into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing and
 “ so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own composi-
 “ tions, her voice will sooth you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly
 “ in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure
 “ whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new
 “ beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual fere-
 “ nity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy
 “ from being painful.

“ Such was doubtless the wife of *Orpheus*; for who would have under-
 “ gone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daugh-
 “ ter of *Ovid*, who was his rival in poetry. Such was *Tullia*, as she is
 “ celebrated

“ celebrated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such
 “ was the mother of the two *Gracchi*, who is no less famous for having
 “ been their instructor than their parent.



N^o 165. Saturday, September 19.



Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile —

Hor.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dullness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female Readers, that a family may have a double chance for it, and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after their father, and see the daughters either familiarised to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlor. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his Lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power: but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which, though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

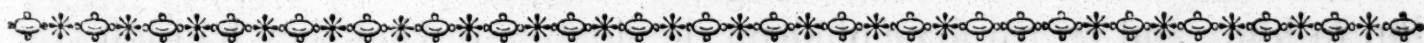
As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications of the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of *Pythagoras*, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence, which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times, as a prodigy of science. His wife *Theano* wrote several books; and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honor to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? *If it were her husband*, says she, *the next day; if a stranger, never.* *Pythagoras* had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, *Telauges* and *Mnesarchus*, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the *Pythagorean* school. *Arignote* was one of his daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired in the age of *Porphyrus*. *Damo* was another of his daughters, in whose hands *Pythagoras* left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not to obey the commands of her beloved father. *Mila* was the third of the daughters, whose

whose works and history were very famous in *Lucian's* time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the *Museum*. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of *Pythagoreans*. The names of these two servants were *Astræus* and *Zamolxes*. This single example sufficiently shews us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished; and which is more easy to lament than to reform.

N^o 166.

Monday, September 21.



———— aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.

Ovid. Met.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent, without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To

To give my Reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the Philosopher's Stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their enquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind, such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new *Indies* in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the *French* protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over against St. *Clement's* Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a *Memorandum* in my pocket book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the *Tweed*, and of making all the rivers in *England* navigable.

But the project I had most at heart, was the settling upon every man in *Great Britain* three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir *William Pettit's* observations, all the necessities of life) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of *Impropriations*; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: this made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full bottomed wig, for a sum of money which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, some body knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honor, as much as a Prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for, with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows.

S I R,

“AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare,
“I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded, you yourself can best tell.

Your humble servant to command,

Thomas White.

“I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

N^o 167.

Tuesday, September 22.

*Fata viam invenient* ———

Virg.

THE following story is lately translated out of an *Arabian* manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my Reader.

The name of *Helim* is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the *Persians*, even to this day, *Helim* the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of *Solomon* the son of *David*. *Helim* was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to *Alnarefchin* the great King of *Persia*.

Alnarefchin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel nature, having put to death upon very slight jealousies and surmises five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of *Caliphs* should be entirely lost, he one day sent for *Helim*, and spoke to him after this manner. *Helim*, said he, *I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble and unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive. The words of my Lord the King shall be obeyed, said Helim. After which he bowed, and went*

out

out of the King's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young Princes loved and respected *Helim* as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the *East*. The name of the eldest was *Ibrahim*, and of the youngest *Abdallah*. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like *Ibrahim* and *Abdallah*. *Helim* had an only child, who was a girl, of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. *Abdallah*, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved *Balsora*, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the King, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of *Helim* the sight of *Balsora* his fair daughter. The King was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for *Helim* the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompence him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter Queen of *Persia*. *Helim*, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which *Abdallah* bore his daughter, *Far be it*, said he, *from the King of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his Physician*. The King, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered *Balsora* to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honor which he designed her. *Balsora*, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the King, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the King's eye as one of the virgins of *Paradise*. But upon hearing the honor which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. *Helim* wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the King, that so unexpected an honor was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The

King bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. *Balsora* was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of *Abdallah* renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The King was informed of her condition by those that saw her. *Helim* finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the King she was dead. The King, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that *Balsora* died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honored as such after her death, and that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased Queens.

In the mean time *Abdallah*, who had heard of the King's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved *Balsora*. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the King was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of *Helim*. It shall suffice to acquaint my Reader, that *Helim*, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the Prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep *Balsora*.

It is the custom among the *Persians*, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the Royal Family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the *Caliphs*, or any way allied to them. The chief Physician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the color of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of *Abdallah* into the same place. *Balsora* watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. *Abdallah* was not acquainted with *Helim's* design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy,

joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear *Balsora*, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of *Mahomet*, in the company of his *Balsora*.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length *Helim* bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon, of the month *Tizpa*, was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the *Persians*, that the souls of those of the Royal Family, who are in a state of bliss, do on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of *Paradise*, in order to take their flight for that happy place. *Helim* therefore having made due preparations for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of *Persia*, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon *Abdallah's* head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on *Balsora's* a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of *Arabia*. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of *Paradise*, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odor that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon, by the King himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. *Helim* had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. He here met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount *Khacan*. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that *Helim* had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the King made him a present of the whole mountain,

mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived *Abdallah* and *Balsora*. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. *Abdallah* applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. *Helim* was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old King died, and was succeeded by his son *Ibrahim*, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the *Per-
sian* empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, *Helim* durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old King. *Ibrahim* was no sooner mounted on the throne, but *Helim* sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good natured and generous a Prince. It so happened, that before *Helim* found such an opportunity as he desired, the new King *Ibrahim*, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount *Khacan*; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to *Helim*'s house, demanded some refreshments. *Helim* was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the King the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had past. The King was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with *Balsora* in his hand, he leaped off from the *Sofa* on which he sat, and cried out, *It is he! it is my Abdallah!*—having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached *Helim* for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced *Balsora* with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other side the *Tygris*. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed
his

his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country so far as they could see from the top of mount *Khacàn*. *Abdallah* continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the Garden of *Persia*. This *Caliph*, *Ibrahim*, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by *Abdallah*, a son of *Abdallah* and *Balfora*. This was that King *Abdallah* who afterwards fixed the Imperial residence upon mount *Khacàn*, which continues at this time to be the favorite palace of the *Persian* empire.

The L O V E R.

N^o 10.

Thursday, March 18, 1714.

——— *Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I Have lately been very much teased with the thought of Mrs. *Anne Page*, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. *Anne* was in a particular manner very fond of *China* ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a *China* dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and *China*. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. *China* vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old Lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an *Indian* Mandarin, as her great granddaughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of clothes for this brittle ware. The potters of *China* have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast clothes and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch bowl, and a pair of breeches into a tea-pot. For this reason my friend *Tradewell* in the city calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with *China*, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, says he, are above twenty suits of clothes, and on that scrutoire above an hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many night-gowns, flays and mantuas, went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is, says he, a suit of clothes is not suffered to last its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in
reality

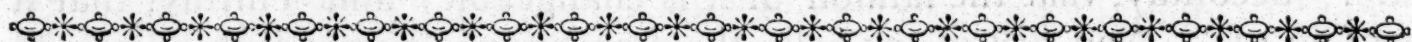
reality this is but a more dexterous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of *China*, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife. There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for *China*, namely, that it administers to them great matter of wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear country-women, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their servants wages in *China* fragments, which their carelessness has produced. *If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider, says Epictetus, that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass.* In order, therefore, to exempt my fair Readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a *China* cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: First, That all *China* ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and Thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first: the fragility of *China* is such as a reasonable Being ought by no means to set his heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with *Seneca* on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our Ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of *China* may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered, that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous Souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few *China* vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a hoghead. The fashion of the tea-cup

is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of color, shape and size.

But, in the last place, *China* ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of *China*? the furniture of a Lady's favorite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine sort of Porcelain, not to mention the several *Chinese* Ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our *British* potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions to be employed in services of the family, besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

N^o 39.

Tuesday, May 25.



Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres —————

Hor.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in love as well as myself.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my advice. *Will* is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the spleen. You may be sure a man of this humor makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and, by a very curious interpretation of his Mistress's behaviour, has in less than three months reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the en-

couragement

couragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still fours upon her hands. *Will* is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor *Will*, and makes him lie awake all night. — As I was going on with *Will Wormwood's* amour, I received a present from my Bookseller, which I found to be *The Characters of Theophrastus*, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, *A discontented temper*, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows.

C H A P. XVII. *A Discontented Temper.*

“ A discontented temper, is a frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, *What*, says he, *your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?* He complains of his Mistress at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, *I wish*, says he, *all this came from your heart*. In a dry season he grumbles for want of rain, and when a shower falls, mutters to himself, *Why could not this have come sooner?* If he happens to find a purse of money, *Had it been a pot of gold*, says he, *it would have been worth slooping for*. He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him, *I am sure*, says he, *thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap*. When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, *That is as much as to say, Friend, I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday*. Though he has gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains that his Council did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry, *How is that possible*, says he, *when I am to pay every one of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?*

The instances of a discontented temper which *Theophrastus* has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters,

are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humor. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse Reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the public with it, followed the rule which *Horace* has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the *French*, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of *Theophrastus* is all along explained, and the humor very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a *faithful interpreter*; but in works of wit and humor will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in *Theophrastus* where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the *Sloven*. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The Reader will see with how much *Delicacy* he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

C H A P. XIX. A S L O V E N.

“Slovenliness is such a neglect of a man’s person, as makes him offensive to other people. The sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to do so before him. However, that he may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at

“ a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the company.
 “ In drinking he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he
 “ goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his oil, and
 “ distinguish him when he is dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not
 “ stand upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a priest
 “ and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the most so-
 “ lemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a
 “ concert of music he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune
 “ to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the musicians, *Whether they will never*
 “ *have done?* He always spits at random, and if he is at an entertainment,
 “ it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him.

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent ob-
 servation of my Lord Roscommon's,

*None yet have been with Admiration read,
 But who (beside their Learning) were well-bred.*

Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated verse.

If after this the Reader can endure the filthy representation of the same
 figure exposed in its worst light, he may see how it looks in the former
English version, which was published some years since, and is done from
 the *French* of *Bruyere*.

Nastiness or Slovenliness.

“ Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person,
 “ whereby he becomes so fordid, as to be offensive to those about him.
 “ You will see him come into company when he is covered all over with a
 “ leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails, and says, those distempers
 “ were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him.
 “ He has ulcers in his thighs, and biles upon his hands, which he takes
 “ no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond re-
 “ medy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild
 “ beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that
 “ you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his nose
 “ and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full,
 “ and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as
 “ he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude
 “ into the best company in fordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his mother
 “ to the soothsayer's, he cannot then refrain from wicked and profane ex-
 “ pressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let
 “ the

“ the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some
 “ brave exploit. At the finest concert of music he cannot forbear clap-
 “ ping his hands, and making a rude noise: will pretend to sing along with
 “ them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits
 “ full upon the servants who waited there.

I cannot close this paper without observing, That if Gentlemen of leisure
 and genius would take the same pains upon some other *Greek* or *Roman* au-
 thor, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by
 our Bookfellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet.
 The world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference
 between putting an author into *English*, and *Translating* him.



THE PRESENT
STATE OF THE WAR,
AND

The Necessity of an Augmentation, considered.



STATE OF THE WAR

AND

The Necessity of an Augmentation, considered.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Essay has endeavoured to draw into one continued scheme, the whole state of the present war, and the methods that appear to him the most proper for bringing it to a happy conclusion.

After having considered that the French are the constant and most dangerous enemies to the British nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will still increase till their present union with Spain be broken, he sets forth the several advantages which this union has already given France, and taken from Great Britain, in relation to the West-Indies, the woollen manufacture, the trade of the Levant, and the naval power of the two nations.

He shews how these advantages will still rise higher after a peace, notwithstanding our present conquests, with new additions, should be confirmed to us; as well because the monarchy of Spain would not be weakened by such concessions, as because no Guarantee could be found sufficient to secure them to us. For which reasons he lays it down as a fixed rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire disunion of the French and Spanish monarchies.

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove from the progress we have already made towards it, and the successes we have purchased in the present war, which are very considerable if well pursued, but of no effect if we acquiesce in them.

In order to complete this disunion in which we have gone so far, he would not have us rely upon exhausting the French treasury, attempts on the Spanish Indies, descents on France, but chiefly upon out-numbering them in troops, France being already drained of her best supplies, and the confederates masters of much greater forces for multitude and strength, both in men and horse, and provided with Generals of greater fame and abilities.

He then considers the wrong measures we have hitherto taken in making too small levies after a successful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies forces, and hiring them of our confederates; shewing at the same time the inconveniences we suffer from such hired troops, and several advantages we might receive from employing those of our own nation.

P R E F A C E.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a standing body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impression on the enemy in the present posture of the war, and to secure ourselves against a Prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himself.

In the last place, he answers by several considerations those two popular objections, That we furnish more towards the war than the rest of the allies, and, That we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

These are the most material heads of the following Essay, in which there are many other subordinate reflections that naturally grow out of so copious a subject.

November, 1707.



T H E
P R E S E N T S T A T E of the W A R,
A N D T H E

Necessity of an Augmentation, considered.

THE *French* are certainly the most implacable, and the most dangerous enemies of the *British* nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealousy of the *British* power, as well as their prosecutions of commerce, and pursuits of universal Monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animosities and aversion towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of subverting our constitution, destroying our religion, ruining our trade, and sinking the figure which we make among the nations of *Europe*: not to mention the particular ties of honor that lie on their present King to impose on us a Prince, who must prove fatal to our country if he ever reigns over us.

As we are thus in a natural state of war, if I may so call it, with the *French* nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the most inveterate, but most formidable of our enemies; and have the greatest power, as well as the strongest inclination, to ruin us. No other state equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearness and convenience of their situation, and in the number of friends and well-wishers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For these reasons, our wars with *France* have always affected us in our most tender interests, and concerned us more than those we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to say, this kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of so great consequence, as that which now lies upon our hands. Our All is at stake, and irretrievably lost, if we fail of success. At other times, if a war ended in a dishonorable peace, or with equal loss, we could comfort ourselves with the hopes of a more favorable juncture, that might set the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had still the prospect of forming the same alliance, or perhaps strengthening it with

new confederacies, and by that means of trying our fortune a second time, in case the injustice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At present, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every *British* heart must tremble at the thought of. There are no second trials, no wars in reserve, no new schemes of alliance to which we can have recourse. Should the *French* King be able to bear down such an united force as now makes head against him, at a time when *Spain* affords him no greater assistance; what will he do when the trade of the *Levant* lies at his mercy; when the whole kingdom of *Spain* is supplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the *Indies* flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worse, when this additional strength must arise in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the States that now make war upon him? It is no wonder therefore that our late King of glorious memory, who, by the confession of his greatest enemies, was a Prince that perfectly understood the interests of *Europe*, should in his last speech recommend to his Parliament the declaring war against *France* in those memorable words: *You have yet an opportunity, by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient vigor of the English nation: but I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another.*

We have already a dreadful proof of the increase of power that accrues to *France* from its conjunction with *Spain*. So expensive a war as that which the *French* Monarchy hath been carrying on in so many and so remote parts at once, must long since have drained and exhausted all its substance, had there not been several secret springs, that swelled their treasury from time to time, in proportion as the war has sunk it. The King's coffers have been often reduced to the lowest ebb, but have still been seasonably refreshed by frequent and unexpected supplies from the *Spanish America*. We hear indeed of the arrival but of very few ships from those parts; but as in every vessel there is stowage for immense treasures, when the cargo is pure bullion, or merchandise of as great a value; so we find by experience they have had such prodigious sums of money conveyed to them by these secret channels, that they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies, than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is distressed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. During the last four years, by a modest computation, there have been brought into *Brest* above six millions of pounds sterling in bullion. What then shall we suppose would be the effect of this correspondence with *America*, might the wealth of those parts
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come to them on squadrons of men of war, and fleets of galleons? If these little by-currents, that creep into the country by stealth, have so great a force, how shall we stem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? and this certainly will be our case, unless we find a means to dissolve the union between *France* and *Spain*. I have dwelt the longer on this consideration, because the present war hath already furnished us with the experiment, and sensibly convinced us of the increase of power, which *France* has received from its intercourse with the *Spanish West-Indies*.

As there are many who look upon every thing which they do not actually see and feel, as bare probability and speculation, I shall only touch on those other reasons of which we have already had some experience, for our preventing this coalition of interests and designs in the two monarchies.

The Woollen manufacture is the *British* strength, the staple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and estates must sink together, and all the cash of the nation be consumed on foreign merchandise. The *French* at present gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and since the accession of the *Spanish* monarchy, supply with cloth, of their own making, the very best mart we had in *Europe*. And what a melancholy prospect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of *Spanish* wool, to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themselves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in those places where was the greatest consumption of our woollen works, and the most considerable gain for the *British* merchant? Notwithstanding our many seasonable recruits from *Portugal*, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and must at last be reduced to the greatest exigencies, if this great source be dried up, and our traffic with *Spain* continue under its present discouragement.

The trade of the *Levant* must likewise flourish or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the *Spanish* monarchy. The late conquest of *Naples* will very little alter the case, though *Sicily* should follow the fate of her sister kingdom. The *Strait's* mouth is the key of the *Levant*, and will be always in the possession of those who are Kings of *Spain*. We may only add, that the same causes which straiten the *British* commerce, will naturally enlarge the *French*; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languish in the same degree as their commerce gathers or loses strength. And if so powerful and populous a nation as that of *France* become superior to us by sea, our whole is lost, and we are no more a people. The consideration of so narrow a channel betwixt us, of such numbers of regular troops on the enemy's side, of so small a standing force on our own, and that too in a country destitute of all such forts and strong places as might
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stop the progress of a victorious army, hath something in it so terrifying, that one does not care for setting it in its proper light. Let it not therefore enter into the heart of any one that hath the least zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honor or safety of his country, or a well-wisher for his friends or posterity, to think of a peace with *France*, till the *Spanish* monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the house of *Bourbon* disabled from ever giving the law to *Europe*.

Let us suppose that the *French* King would grant us the most advantageous terms we can desire; without the separation of the two monarchies, they must infallibly end in our destruction. Should he secure to us all our present acquisitions; should he add two or three frontier towns to what we have already in *Flanders*; should he join the kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Sardinia* to *Milan* and *Naples*; should he leave King *Charles* in the peaceable possession of *Catalonia*; should he make over to *Great Britain* the town and harbor of *Cadiz*, as well as that of *Gibraltar*, and at the same time resign his conquests in *Portugal*: it would all be of no effect towards the common safety of *Europe*, while the bulk of the *Spanish* continent and the riches of *America* remain in the possession of the *Bourbon* family.

Boccalini when he weighs the States of *Europe* in his political balance, after having laid *France* in one scale, throws *Spain* into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counterpoise. The *Spaniards* upon this, says he, began to promise themselves the honor of the balance; reckoning that if *Spain* of itself weighed so well, they could not fail of success when the several parts of the monarchy were lumped in the same scale. Their surprise was very great, when, upon the throwing in of *Naples*, they saw the scale rise, and was greater still when they found that *Milan* and *Flanders* had the same effect. The truth of it is, these parts of the *Spanish* monarchy are rather for ornament than strength. They furnish out Vice-royalties for the *Grande*s, and posts of honor for the noble families; but in a time of war are incumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and exposed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we therefore continue in the possession of what we have already made ourselves masters, with such additions as have been mentioned, we should have little more than the excrescences of the *Spanish* monarchy. The strength of it will still join itself to *France*, and grow the closer to it by its disunion from the rest. And in this case the advantages which must arise to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the *Spanish* dominions, would in a very few years not only repair all the damages they have sustained in the present war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its most flourishing periods.

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The *French* King hath often entered on several expensive projects, on purpose to dissipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immense sums on architecture, gardening, water-works, painting, statuary, and the like, to distribute his treasures among his people, as well as to humor his pleasures and his ambition; but if he once engrosses the commerce of the *Spanish Indies*, whatever quantities of gold and silver stagnate in his private coffers, there will be still enough to carry on the circulation among his subjects. By this means in a short space of time he may heap up greater wealth than all the Princes of *Europe* joined together; and in the present constitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the same thing. Let us therefore suppose that after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring state; to revive the pretensions of *Spain* upon *Portugal*, or attempt the taking those places which were granted us for our security; what resistance, what opposition can we make to so formidable an enemy? Should the same alliance rise against him that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the states engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy, who is now able to keep them at a stand, will have received so many new accessions of strength?

But I think it is not to be imagined, that in such a conjuncture as we here suppose, the same confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down so exorbitant a power. Some might be brought into his interests by money, others drawn over by fear, and those that are liable to neither of these impressions, might not think their own interest so much concerned as in the present war; or if any appeared in a disposition to enter into such a confederacy, they might be crushed separately before they could concert measures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the present alliance can be ascribed to nothing else but the clear and evident conviction which every member of it is under, that if it should once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing by all the joint efforts of such an union. Let us therefore agree on this as a fixed rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms against *France*, till we have utterly disjoined her from the *Spanish* monarchy. Let this be the first step of a public treaty, the basis of a general peace.

Had the present war indeed run against us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of phrensy, or a mixture of obstinacy and despair, to be determined on so impracticable an undertaking. But on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and
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are come within view of the end that we have been so long driving at. We remain victorious in all the seats of war. In *Flanders* we have got into our hands several open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, dispossessed him of his strong holds, and ruined his allies in *Germany*. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but possessed ourselves of the kingdom of *Naples*, the dutchy of *Milan*, and the avenue of *France* in *Italy*. The *Spanish* war hath given us a haven for our ships, and the most populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In short, we have taken all the outlying parts of the *Spanish* monarchy, and made impressions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the *French* from all their advanced posts in *Europe*, and driven them into their last intrenchments. One vigorous push on all sides, one general assault will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and surrender themselves at discretion. Another *Blenheim* or *Ramillies* will make the confederates masters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithstanding the advantages already gained are very considerable if we pursue them, they will be of no effect unless we improve them towards the carrying of our main point. The enemy staggers; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet; but if you allow him respite, he will recover his strength, and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him several repeated wounds that have enfeebled him, and brought him low; but they are such as time will heal, unless you take advantage from his present weakness to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in *Cæsar's* character, and what comes home to our present purpose, that he thought nothing at all was done, while any thing remained undone. In short, we have been tugging a great while against the stream, and have almost weathered our point; a stretch or two more will do the work; but if instead of that we slacken our arms, and drop our oars, we shall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence we first set out.

After having seen the necessity of an entire separation of the kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*, our subject naturally leads us into the consideration of the most proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered ourselves with the prospect of reducing *France* to our own terms by the want of money among the people, and the exigencies of the public treasury; but have been still disappointed by the great sums imported from *America*, and the many new expedients which the court hath found out for its relief. A long consumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance, than disable *France* from maintaining sufficient armies to oppose it. An arbitrary government will never want money, so long as the people have it; and so active a people will always have it, whilst they

they can send what merchandises they please to *Mexico* and *Peru*. The *French* since their alliance with *Spain* keep thirty ships in constant motion between the western ports of *France* and the south seas of *America*. The King himself is an adventurer in this traffic, and besides the share that he receives out of the gains of his subjects, has immense sums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may further consider, that the *French* since their abandoning *Bavaria* and *Italy* have very much retrenched the expence of the war, and lay out among themselves all the money that is consumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the most probable way of bringing *France* to reason would be by the making an attempt upon the *Spanish West-Indies*, and by that means to cut off all communication with this great source of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This I must confess carries so promising an appearance, that I would by no means discourage the attempt: but at the same time I think it should be a collateral project, rather than our principal design. Such an undertaking (if well concerted, and put into good hands) would be of infinite advantage to the common cause: but certainly an enterprize that carries in it the fate of *Europe*, should not turn upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befall a naval expedition.

Others there are that have long deceived themselves with the hopes of an insurrection in *France*, and are therefore for laying out all our strength on a descent. These, I think, do not enough consider the natural love which the gross of mankind have for the constitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflection, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been used from his infancy, as of cold climates or barren countries, in which he hath been born and bred. Besides, there is a kind of sluggish resignation, as well as poorness and degeneracy of spirit, in a state of slavery, that we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themselves out of it; as we find in history instances of persons who after their prisons have been flung open, and their fetters struck off, have chosen rather to languish in their dungeons, than stake their miserable lives and fortunes upon the success of a revolution. I need not instance the general fate of descents, the difficulty of supplying men and provisions by sea against an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which it is impossible to secure those conquests that are often made in the first onsets of an invasion. For these and other reasons, I can never approve the nursing up commotions and insurrections in the enemy's country, which for want of the necessary support are likely to end in the massacre of our friends and the ruin of their families.

The only means therefore for bringing *France* to our conditions, and what appears to me, in all human probability, a sure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert itself as much to annoy the enemy, as they themselves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and in one summer overset the whole power of *France*.

The *French* monarchy is already exhausted of its best and bravest Subjects. The flower of the nation is consumed in its wars: the strength of their armies consists at present of such as have saved themselves by flight from some or other of the victorious confederates; and the only proper persons to recruit them are but the refuse of those who have been already picked out for the service. Mareschal *de Vauban*, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of *France*, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions less at the peace of *Ryfwick*, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath as yet lasted but six, yet considering that their armies are more strong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the present war; and that their losses sustained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a moderate computation, suppose that the present war hath not been less prejudicial than the foregoing one in the ravage which it has made among the people. There is in *France* so great a disproportion between the number of males and females; and among the former, between those who are capable of bearing arms, and such as are too young, sickly, or decrepit for the service; and at the same time such vast numbers of Ecclesiastics, secular and religious, who live upon the labors of others, that when the several trades and professions are supplied, you will find most of those that are proper for war absolutely necessary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their superfluous hands, and every new levy they make must be at the expence of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand Alliance have innumerable sources of recruits, not only in *Britain* and *Ireland*, the *United Provinces*, and *Flanders*; but in all the populous parts of *Germany* that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants. We may add, that the *French* have only *Switzerland*, besides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a single regiment: whereas the Allies have not only the same resource, but may be supplied for money from *Denmark* and other neutral States. In short, the Confederates may bring to the field what forces they please, if they will be at the charge of them:

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The *French* are still in greater straits for supplies of horse than men. The breed of their country is neither so good nor numerous as what are to be found in most of the countries of the Allies. They had last summer about threescore thousand in their several armies, and could not perhaps bring into the field thirty thousand more, if they were disposed to make such an augmentation.

The *French* horse are not only few, but weak in comparison of ours. Their cavalry in the battle of *Blenheim* could not sustain the shock of the *British* horse. For this reason our late way of attacking their troops sword in hand is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robust, and our horses of a stronger make than the *French*; and in such attacks it is the weight of the forces, supposing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The *English* strength turned very much to account in our wars against the *French* of old, when we used to gall them with our long bows, at a greater distance than they could shoot their arrows: this advantage we lost upon the invention of fire-arms, but by the present method our strength as well as bravery may again be of use to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to send what numbers we are able into the field, because our Generals at present are such as are likely to make the best use of them, without throwing them away on any fresh attempts or ill-concerted projects. The Confederate armies have the happiness of being commanded by persons who are esteemed the greatest leaders of the present age, and are perhaps equal to any that have preceded them. There is a sort of resemblance in their characters; a particular sedateness in their conversation and behaviour, that qualifies them for council, with a great intrepidity and resolution that fits them for action. They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noise and heat in the ordinary circumstances of life; but shews itself sufficiently in all great enterprises that require it. It is true, the General upon the *Rhine* hath not had the same occasions as the others to signalise himself; but if we consider the great vigilance, activity and courage, with the consummate prudence, and the nice sense of honor which appears in that Prince's character, we have great reason to hope, that as he purchased the first success in the present war, by forcing into the service of the Confederates an army that was raised against them in the very heart of the Empire, he will give one of the finishing strokes to it, and help to conclude the great work which he so happily begun. The sudden check that he gave to the *French* army the last campaign, and the good order he established in that of the *Germans*, look like the happy pre-

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sages of what we may expect from his conduct. I shall not pretend to give any character of the Generals on the enemies side; but I think we may say this, that in the eyes of their own nation they are inferior to several that have formerly commanded the *French* armies. If then we have greater numbers than the *French*, and at the same time better Generals, it must be our own fault if we will not reap the fruit of such advantages.

It would be loss of time to explain any further our superiority to the enemy in numbers of men and horse. We see plainly that we have the means in our hands, and that nothing but the application of them is wanting. Let us only consider what use the enemy would make of the advantage we have mentioned, if it fell on their side; and is it not very strange that we should not be as active and industrious for our security, as they would certainly be for our destruction? But before we consider more distinctly the method we ought to take in the prosecution of the war, under this particular view, let us reflect a little upon those we have already taken in the course of it for these six years past.

The Allies after a successful summer are too apt, upon the strength of it, to neglect their preparations for the ensuing campaign, while the *French* leave no art nor stratagem untried to fill up the empty spaces of their armies, and swell them to an equal bulk with those of the Confederates. By this means our advantage is lost, and the fate of *Europe* brought to a second decision. It is now become an observation, that we are to expect a very indifferent year after a very successful one. *Blenheim* was followed by a summer that makes no noise in the war. *Ramillies*, *Turin*, and *Barcelona*, were the parents of our last campaign. So many dreadful blows alarmed the enemy, and raised their whole country up in arms. Had we on our side made proportionable preparations, the war by this time had been brought to a happy issue. If after having gained the great victories of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, we had made the same efforts as we should have done had we lost them, the power of *France* could not have withstood us.

In the beginning of the winter we usually get what intelligence we can of the force which the enemy intends to employ in the campaigns of the succeeding year, and immediately cast about for a sufficient number of troops to face them in the field of battle. This, I must confess, would be a good method if we were engaged in a defensive war. We might maintain our ground with an equal number of forces; but our business is not only to secure what we are already in possession of; we are to wrest the whole *Spanish* Monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country by dint of arms. We should therefore put forth all our strength, and without having an eye to his preparations, make the

the greatest push that we are able on our own side. We are told that the enemy at present thinks of raising threescore thousand men for the next summer: if we regulate our levies in that view, we do nothing; let us perform our utmost, as they do, and we shall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power to be at least four times as strong as the *French*; but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their superiority?

It seems therefore to be the business of the Confederates to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horse; and by that means to outnumber the enemy in all rencounters and engagements. For the same reason it must be for the interest of the Allies to seek all opportunities of battle, because all losses on the opposite side are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; besides that the *French* do their business by lying still, and have no other concern in the war than to hold fast what they have already got into their hands.

The miscarriage of the noblest project that ever was formed in *Europe*, can be ascribed to nothing else but our want of numbers in the several quarters of the war. If our armies on all sides had begun to busy and insult the enemy, at the same time that the forces marched out of *Piemont*, *Toulon* had been at present in the hands of the Duke of *Savoy*. But could that Prince ever have imagined that the *French* would have been at liberty to detach whole armies against him? or will it appear credible to posterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force of so many populous and powerful nations, *France* could send so great a part of its troops to one seat of the war, without suffering in any of the rest? Whereas it is well known, that if the Duke of *Savoy* had continued before *Toulon* eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of sixty thousand men, which was more than double the number of his own; and yet the enemy was strong enough every where else to prevent the Confederates from making any impression upon them. However, let us fall into the right measures, and we may hope that the stroke is only deferred. The Duke of *Savoy* hath secured a passage into *Dauphiny*, and if the Allies make such efforts in all parts, as we may reasonably expect from them, that Prince may still make himself Master of the *French* dominions on the other side of the *Rhone*.

There is another part of our conduct which may perhaps deserve to be considered. As soon as we have agreed with the States-General upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negotiate with some or other of the *German* Princes, who are in the same confederacy, to furnish out our quota in Mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance; First, as it may have an ill influence on the resolutions of those Princes in
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the Diet of the Empire, who may be willing to settle as small a quota as they can for themselves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have settled. This actually happened in the last campaign, when we are told the *Germans* excused themselves for their want of troops upon the *Rhine*, as having already put most of their forces into the *British* and *Dutch* service. Such an excuse, indeed, is very unjust, but it would be better to give them no occasion of making it; and on such occasions to consider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reason.

It might therefore be for our advantage that all the foreign troops in the *British* pay should be raised in neutral countries. *Switzerland* in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great use to us; not only in respect of the reinforcements, which we might draw from thence, but because such a draught of forces would lessen the number of those that might otherwise be employed in the *French* service. The bulk of our levies should nevertheless be raised in our own country, it being impossible for neutral States to furnish both the *British* and *Dutch* with a sufficient number of effective men; besides that the *British* soldiers will be more at the disposal of their General, and act with greater vigor under the conduct of one for whom they have so just a value, and whom they do not consider only as their leader, but as their country-man. We may likewise suppose that the soldiers of a neutral state, who are not animated by any national interest, cannot fight for pay with the same ardor and alacrity, as men that fight for their Prince and country, their wives and children.

It may likewise be worth while to consider whether the military Genius of the *English* nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring states, if it hath no occasion to exert itself. Minds that are altogether set on trade and profit, often contract a certain narrowness of temper, and at length become incapable of great and generous resolutions. Should the *French* ever make an unexpected descent upon us, we might want soldiers of our own growth to rise up in our defence; and might not have time to draw a sufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of *Germany*. It is generally said, that if King *Charles II.* had made war upon *France* in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it by the many veterans which were scattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to service in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we shall never have such another nursery of soldiers; but if the present war gives a more military turn to all other nations of *Europe*, than to our own, it is to be feared we may lose in strength, what we gain in number. We may apply the same consideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in *Scotland* or *Ireland*, may not those two parts of the *British* monarchy, after the
disbanding

disbanding of the present army, be too powerful for the rest, in case of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at present. However, as these considerations do not concern the more essential part of our design, it is sufficient to have mentioned them.

The sparing of ourselves in so important a conjuncture, when we have but this single opportunity left for the preserving every thing that is precious amongst us, is the worst sort of management that we can possibly fall into. The good husbandry of one age may intail an endless expence upon all posterity. We must venture the sacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at present, if we will effectually secure both for the future. The *British* kingdom is so well stocked with people, and so much abounds in horse, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmost use of it, to humble *France*, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more disagreeable thought to the people of *Great Britain* than that of a standing army. But if a peace be made before the disunion of *France* and *Spain*, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a settled body of numerous forces indispensable for the safety of our country. We have it therefore in our choice to raise such a strong reinforcement of troops as at present may be sufficient, in conjunction with those of the allies, for breaking the strength of the enemy; or when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot such an army as will be necessary for preventing his attempts upon us.

It is to be hoped that those who would be the most zealous against keeping up a constant body of regular troops after a general peace, will the most distinguish themselves for the promoting an augmentation of those which are now on foot; and by that means take care that we shall not stand in need of such an expedient.

We are indeed obliged by the present situation of our affairs to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the *French* are retired within their lines, and have collected all their strength into a narrow compass, we must have greater numbers to charge them in their entrenchments, and force them to a battle. We saw the last campaign, that an army of fourscore thousand of the best troops in *Europe*, with the Duke of *Marlborough* at the head of them, could do nothing against an enemy that were too numerous to be assaulted in their camps, or attacked in their strong holds.

There is another consideration which deserves our utmost attention. We know very well, that there is a Prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war, in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to side with either party. I cannot presume to guess how far our ministers may be informed of his designs: but unless they have very strong assurances
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of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not opposing it; they cannot be too circumspect and speedy in taking their precautions against any contrary resolution. We shall be unpardonable, if after such an expence of blood and treasure, we leave it in the power of any single Prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the posture of our affairs in the last campaign, this Prince could have turned the balance on either side; but it is to be hoped the liberties of *Europe* will not depend any more on the determination of one man's will. I do not speak this because I think there is any appearance of that Prince's uniting himself to *France*. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great sentiments of honor, I think it is not improbable we should draw him over to the confederacy, if we press him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his sense of glory, will both have their effect on a Prince who hath already distinguished himself by being a patron of protestants, and guarantee of the *Westphalian* treaty. And if his interest hath any part in his actions, the allies may make him greater offers than the *French* King can do in the present conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the Empire; doubtful successions, to which the King of *Sweden* seems to have very just pretensions; and at the same time a great title not yet disposed of, and a seat of war on the *Moselle*, where none of our generals have signalised themselves. It would be presumption to be particular in any proposals on such an occasion; it is enough to have shewn in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wisdom of the confederates may make use.

Common sense will direct us, when we see so warlike a Prince at the head of so great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendship, or secure ourselves against the force of his arms. We are sure, whatever numbers of troops we raise, we shall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain, that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may spare us the expence of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parsimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is still a great popular objection, which will be made to every thing that can be urged on this subject. And indeed it is such an one as falls so much in with the prejudices and little passions of the multitude, that when it is turned and set off to advantage by ill-designing men, it throws a damp on the public spirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous resolutions for

for its honor and safety. In short, we are to be told, that *England* contributes much more than any other of the Allies, and that therefore it is not reasonable she should make any addition to her present efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not see any tolerable color for such a conclusion. Supposing among a multitude embarked in the same vessel, there are several that in the fury of a tempest will rather perish than work for their preservation; would it not be madness in the rest to stand idle, and rather choose to sink together than do more than comes to their share? Since we are engaged in a work so absolutely necessary for our welfare, the remissness of our Allies should be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than slacken them. If we must govern ourselves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity of the common enemy, than the supineness and negligence of our friends.

We have indeed a much greater share in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The *French* King makes at us directly, keeps a King by him to set over us, and hath very lately augmented the salary of his court, to let us see how much he hath that design at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, should they ever fall into his hands, would lose their religion or form of government, or interfere at present with him in matters of commerce. The *Dutch*, who are likely to be the greatest losers after the *Britons*, have but little trade to the *Levant* in comparison with ours, have no considerable plantations or commerce in the *West-Indies*, or any woollen-manufactures for *Spain*; not to mention the strong barrier they have already purchased between *France* and their own country.

But after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the same complaint, and fancies itself the greatest sufferer by the war. Indeed in so common a pressure, let the weight be never so equally distributed, every one will be most sensible of that part which lies on his own shoulders. We furnish, without dispute, more than any other branch of the alliance: but the question is, whether others do not exert themselves in proportion according to their respective strength. The Emperor, the King of *Prussia*, the Elector of *Hanover*, as well as the States of *Holland* and the Duke of *Savoy*, seem at least to come up to us. The greatest powers in *Germany* are borrowing money where they can get it, in order to maintain their stated Quota's, and go through their part of the expence; and if any of the Circles have been negligent, they have paid for it much more in their late contributions, than what would have furnished out their shares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furnishing greater supplies to the war than it doth

at present. To this we might answer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it should be an argument for enforcing rather than diminishing our present efforts against *France*. The sinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occasion far greater impositions, than those which are now laid upon us. Whereas the seasonable expence of part of our riches, will not only preserve the rest; but by the right use of them procure vast additions to our present stock. It may be necessary for a person languishing under an ill habit of body to lose several ounces of blood, notwithstanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining mass, and draw up into it fresh supplies.

But we can by no means make this concession, to those who so industriously publish the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the same extent in *Europe*. *France*, notwithstanding the goodness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbors both for the *Ocean* and *Mediterranean*, and its present correspondence with the *West-Indies*, is not to compare with *Great Britain* in this particular. I shall transcribe word for word the passage of a late celebrated *French* Author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the Reader to make the counter-part of the parallel between the two nations.

“ According to all the inquiries that I have been able to make during several years, in which I have applied myself to this sort of remarks, I have observed, that about a tenth part of the people of this kingdom are reduced to beggary, and are actual beggars. That among the nine other parts, five are not in a condition to give alms or relief to those aforementioned, being very near reduced themselves to the same miserable condition. Of the four other remaining parts, three are very uneasy in their circumstances, and embarrassed with debts and law-suits. In the tenth part, I reckon the Soldiers, Lawyers, Ecclesiastics, Merchants and substantial Citizens, which cannot make up more than a hundred thousand families. And I believe I should not be mistaken, if I should say, that there are not above ten thousand of these families, who are very much at their ease: and if out of these ten thousand we should take the men that are employed in public business, with their dependents and adherents, as also those whom the King supports by his bounty, with a few Merchants, the number of those who remain will be surprisngly little. *Dixme Royale*.

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people; for so many the Author reckons in that kingdom. How can we see such a multitude of souls cast under so many subdivisions of misery, without reflecting on

on the absurdity of a form of government that sacrifices the ease and happiness of so many reasonable Beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at present.

If we run over the other nations of *Europe* that have any part in the present war, we shall only pass through so many different scenes of poverty. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and *Savoy* are reduced to great extremities. *Germany* is exhausted to the last degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all she had left. *Holland* indeed flourishes above the rest in wealth and plenty: but if we consider the infinite industry and penuriousness of that people, the coarseness of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleasure and excess, it is no wonder that notwithstanding they furnish as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not so many over-grown estates as in monarchies; the wealth of the country is so equally distributed, that most of the community are at their ease, though few are placed in extraordinary points of splendor and magnificence. But notwithstanding these circumstances may very much contribute to the seeming prosperity of the *United Provinces*, we know they are indebted many millions more than their whole republic is worth, and if we consider the variety of taxes and impositions they groan under at a time when their private dissensions run high, and some of the wealthiest parts of the government refuse to bear their share in the public expence, we shall not think the condition of that people so much to be envied as some amongst us would willingly represent it.

Nor is *Great Britain* only rich as she stands in comparison with other States, but is really so in her own intrinsic wealth. She had never more ships at sea, greater quantities of merchandise in her warehouses, larger receipts of customs, or more numerous commodities rising out of her manufactures, than she has at present. In short, she sits in the midst of a mighty affluence of all the necessaries and conveniences of life. If our silver and gold diminishes, our public credit continues unimpaired, and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to supply ourselves. The old *Roman General*, when he heard his army complain of thirst, shewed them the springs and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own case: the rout of a *Spanish* army would make us masters of the *Indies*.

If Prince *Eugene* takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in *Catalonia*, and meets with that support from the alliance which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair prospect of reducing *Spain* to the entire obedience of the house of *Austria*. The *Silesian* fund (to the immortal reputation of those generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that

Prince to make a conquest of *Italy*, at a time when our affairs were more desperate there, than they are at present in the kingdom of *Spain*.

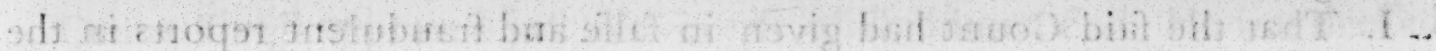
When our Parliament has done their utmost, another public-spirited project of the same nature, which the common enemy could not foresee nor prepare against, might in all probability set King *Charles* upon the throne for which he hath so long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the *Spanish* continent.

Let us therefore exert the united strength of our whole Island, and by that means put a new life and spirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or increase their preparations according to the example that is set them. We see the necessity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reason, or rescue our country from the miseries that may befall it; and we find ourselves in a condition of making such an augmentation as, by the blessing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorously, we shall gain for ourselves and our posterity a long, a glorious, and a lasting peace; but if we neglect so fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treasures, when it will be too late; and shall be tormented with one of the most melancholy reflections of an afflicted heart, That it was once in our power to have made ourselves and our children happy.



THE LATE
TRIAL *and* CONVICTION
OF
COUNT *TARIFF.*





the person and character of the said Plaintiff Goodman *Fact*.

cause.

The

The charge he exhibited against Count *Tariff* was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the Plaintiff.

II. That the said Count had tampered with the said Plaintiff, and made use of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the said Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said Plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly-devised speeches, as a person in the *French* interest.

IV. That the said Count had averred in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the Plaintiff speak in derogation of the *Portuguese*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Hollanders*, and others, who were the persons whom the said Plaintiff had always favored in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favor.

V. That the said Count had given a very disadvantageous relation of the three great farms, which had long flourished under the care and superintendency of the Plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labor from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers. That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these and many other wicked devices he would have starved many honest day-labourers: have impoverished the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, &c.

VII. That the said Count had either sunk or mislaid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the Plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars Goodman *Faët* was very short, but pithy: for, as I said before, he was a plain home-spun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther so much of the Quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed, that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the Plaintiff all the while he was speaking: but though he was not so impudent as the Count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to speak, old *Faët* so stared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often struck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion to attest Goodman *Faët*'s veracity, than ever were seen in a court of justice. His cause was pleaded by the ablest

ablest men in the kingdom: among whom was a Gentleman of *Suffolk*, who did him signal service.

Count *Tariff* appeared just the reverse of Goodman *Faët*. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistcoat, curiously embroidered with Flower-de-luces. He wore also a broad-brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, and a pair of silver-clocked stockings. His speeches were accompanied with much gesture and grimace. He abounded in empty phrases, superficial florishes, violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* assurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would most certainly have carried his cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in the world besides Goodman *Faët*.

The Count being called upon to answer to the charge which had been made against him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, viz. by railing and calling names.

He in the first place accused his adversary of *Scandalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his superiors with sauciness and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at Court, he was a little startled at this accusation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impossible for any of his family to be either saucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the Court, that is, *To speak the Truth and nothing but the Truth*.

The Count in the next place assured the Court, that his antagonist had taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not *Faët*, but *Faction*. The Count was so pleased with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every sentence; calling his antagonist's assertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the sons of faction; the testimonies of his witnesses, the dictates of faction: nay, with such a degree of impudence did he push this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a starving multitude, the *Clamors of Faction*.

As soon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the Court that *Faët* was not an *Englishman* by birth, but that he was of *Dutch* extraction, and born in *Holland*. In consequence of this assertion he began to rally the poor Plaintiff, under the title of *Mynheer Van Faët*; which took pretty well with the simpletons of his party, but the men of sense did not think the jest worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finished his speech, he desired leave to call in his witnesses, which was granted; when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in such a manner that it was impossible

to see his face. He spoke in the spirit, nay in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his assertions. Being asked his name; he said the world called him *Mercator*: but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reasons he was obliged to conceal. The Court found him such a false, shuffling, prevaricating rascal, that they set him aside as a person unqualified to give his testimony in a Court of Justice; advising him at the same time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering such notorious falsehoods as he had then published. The witness however persisted in his contumacy, telling them he was very sorry to find, that notwithstanding what he had said, they were resolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witness, who spoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff*. This was a tall, black, blustering person, dressed in a *Spanish* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Golillio* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* sticking out by his side: his garments were so covered with tinsel and spangles, that at a distance he seemed to be made up of silver and gold. He called himself *Don Affiento*, and mentioned several nations that had sought his friendship; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into these parts to enrich every one that heard him. The Court was at first very well pleased with his figure, and the promises he made them; but upon examination found him a true *Spaniard*: nothing but shew and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithstanding the boasts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon casting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his estate, he was worse than nothing.

There appeared another witness in favor of the Count, who spoke with so much violence and warmth, that the Court began to listen to him very attentively; till upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the post, being kept in pay, to give his testimony on all occasions where it was wanted. This was the *Examiner*; a person who had abused almost every man in *England*, that deserved well of his country. He called Goodman *Faël* a liar, a seditious person, a traitor, and a rebel; and so much incensed the honest man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that so foul-mouthed a witness never appeared in any cause. Seeing several persons of great eminence, who had maintained the cause of Goodman *Faël*, he called them ideots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheists, apostates, fiends, and devils: never did man shew so much eloquence in ribaldry. The Court was at length so justly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who spared

no age, nor sex, nor profession, which had shewn any friendship or inclination for the Plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, it was high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness over-hearing the word *Pillory* repeated twice or thrice, slunk away privately, and hid himself among the people.

After a full hearing on both sides, Count *Tariff* was cast, and Goodman *Faët* got his cause; but the Court sitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him costs, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time when the Count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman *Faët*'s success created in the city of *London*; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

no age, nor sex, nor profession, which had been ever friendly or neutral, now for the Plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, in way high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness over-hearing the word "Punishment" repeated twice or thrice, shut away privately, and his friends among the people.

After a full hearing on both sides, Count Tarrif was called, and Goodman Tarrif got his case; but the Court, finding later, did not think it proper that time to give him counsel, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time when the Court should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman Tarrif's success created in the city of London; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

Count Tarrif, who had just returned from his journey, was informed of the success of his friends, and was much surprised at the manner in which they had received the news.

He then went to the city, and was met by a great number of people, who were all glad to see him, and to hear of his success.

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T H E

W H I G - E X A M I N E R .





WHIG EXAMINER.



The WHIG - EXAMINER.

N^o 1.

Thursday, September 14, 1710.

*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit —————*

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the *Examiner*. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner*: at least his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critic that has discovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor, than the criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. Garth's Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the first: Did ever an advocate for a party open with such an unfortunate assertion? *The collective body of the Whigs have already engrossed our riches*: That is, in plain English, the Whigs are possessed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for these six weeks? Is there any thing more reasonable, than that those who have all the riches of the nation in their possession, or if he likes his own phrase better, as indeed I think it is stronger, that those who have already *engrossed* our riches, should have the management of our public treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: *Their representative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a Monopoly of our sense.*
Well,

Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing, it is this, That to prevent such a Monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity both in his ralleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follows.

The R I D D L E.

S P H I N X *was a monster that would eat*

Whatever stranger she could get;

Unless his ready Wit disclos'd

The subtle riddle she propos'd.

Oedipus was resolv'd to go,

And try what strength of parts could do:

Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate;

Tell me what animal is that,

Which has four feet at morning bright?

Has two at noon, and three at night?

'Tis man, said he, who, weak by nature,

At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,

Upon all four: as years accrue,

With sturdy steps he walks on two:

In age, at length, grown weak and sick,

For his third leg adopts the stick.

Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,

You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,

What stranger creature yet is he,

Who has four legs, then two, then three;

Then loses one, then gets two more,

And runs away at last on four.

The first part of this little mystical Poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himself the trouble of explaining it; but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years; and
not

not according to *Rabelais*, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: What creature, says he, is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs? Were I disposed to be splenetic, I should ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles *so wild, so childish, or so flat*: But though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the Author has stolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and snatched away one leg; up started two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This Enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously with my Reader than the above-mentioned Enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it; one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant maid, three legs is a joint stool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the Author's words:

*What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?*

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was proposed by *Oedipus* to the Sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the Sphinx had proposed to him. This *Oedipus*, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a King of *Thebes*, and bore a particular grudge to the Tre——r of that Kingdom, which made him so bitter upon *H. L.* in this Enigma.

*What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?*

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being *weak by nature*, as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen *Jocasta's* court, which the Author calls

his third leg. Now it so happened that the Treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, *Then loses one*—Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

*What stranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?
Then loses one—*

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I must confess has kept me awake for these three nights;

*—Then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.*

I at last thought the treasurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature consideration do find that the words (*Then gets two more*) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall therefore restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

Oedipus speaks:

*Now in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gains two more,
And rides away at last on four?*

I must now inform the Reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a *British* Statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it in an open boat; for to say of an *Englishman* in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the *Hague*.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the Author for the future to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known subject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syrisca's* ladle was lost in one hole, and *Hans Carvel's* finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one,

one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker satires than ever *Persius* did. After this cursory view of the *Examiner's* performance, let us consider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of rallery which he passes upon the Doctor's considering the Treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any Poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diversity of thoughts and allusions: and tho' it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with the *Examiner*, upon the phrases of *passions being poised*, and of the *retrieving merit from dependence*, which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the same caviling spirit that finds fault with that expression of the *pomp of peace among the woes of war*, as well as of *offering unasked*. As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author should deprive us of those particular Similes for the future. The next Criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason but to mention Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an Ox:

———*Non si te ruperis, inquit,*
Par eris———

The allusion to the victim may be a Gallimatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true *English* spirit. And as for the *Examiner's* remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain itself) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon this line, *Ingratitude's a weed of every clime*. Here he is very much out of humor with the Doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which *Dryden* only terms the *growth*, of every Clime. But, for God's sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude?

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: and I do not question but the same, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Dispensary* was no Poet, will very suddenly undertake to shew, that he who gained the battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

N^o 2.

Thursday, September 21.

— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares —

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarles* have passed through several editions, and please as many Readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotson*: The *Examiner* had not written two half sheets of paper, before he met with one that was astonished at the force he was master of, and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State-subjects, as encroaching on the province that belonged to him, and treating of things that deserved to pass under his Pen. The same humble Author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furnish mankind with an *Antidote* to the poison that is scattered through the nation. This crying up of the *Examiner's* Antidote, puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the streets of *Paris*. A little boy walked before him, publishing with a shrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes sortes de maladies, My father cures all sorts of distempers*: To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai, The child says true*.

That the Reader may see what party the Author of this Letter is of, I shall shew how he speaks of the *French* King and the Duke of *Anjou*, and how of our greatest Allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. In the mean while the *French* King has withdrawn his troops from *Spain*, and has put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The Duke of *Anjou* has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the *Spanish* nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining *Spain*, we shall find the Duke of *Anjou* in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld. What expressions of tenderness, duty, and submission! the Panegyric on the Duke of *Anjou*, is by much the best written part of this whole Letter; the Apology for the *French* King is indeed the same which the *Post-boy* has often made, but worded with greater deference and

and respect to that great Prince. There are many strokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in several parts of this notable Epistle; I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expressed for the Ministry, by their humble applications to Her Majesty, in these words.

Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be represented as inseparable from that of the Ministers.

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam est;
Flectere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the Court of Vienna, are called in as confederates to the Ministry. This, in the mildest *English* it will bear, runs thus. *They are resolved to look for help where-ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it; that is, to the members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the Court of Vienna.* The French King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning *Englishman*; but I am very much surpris'd to see the Bank, the Dutch, and the Court of Vienna, in such company. We may still see this Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country: speaking of the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J——to, which every one knows comprehends the Whigs, in their utmost extent; he adds, in opposition to them, *For the Queen and the whole body of the British nation,——*

Nos numerus sumus.

In *English*,

We are cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the *British* nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an Author can be so disrespectful to her Majesty, as to separate Her in so saucy a manner from that part of her people, who, according to the *Examiner* himself, *have engrossed the riches of the nation*; and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of *We*; that is, *WE Queen and Tories* are cyphers. *Nos numerus sumus*, is a scrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal Woolsey's *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the same particle *WE*, used with great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this Letter: *But nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to Toulon, which WE suffered to be defeated before it began.* Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed several

ral stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we shall now consider his performance, under the three heads of Wit, Language, and Argument. The first lash of his Satire falls upon the *Censor* of *Great Britain*, who, says he, resembles the famous *Censor* of *Rome*, in nothing but espousing the *cause of the vanquished*. Our Letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in *Lucan*,

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The Gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished. The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of Cato the *Censor*, but of Cato of *Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, who has written in favor of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger Cato, who was not a *Roman Censor*, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say therefore, that the *Censor* of *Great Britain* resembles that famous *Censor* of *Rome* in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished; is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths and secret histories that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of these new Revelations, resembles the ancient Author of the Revelations in nothing but venturing his head. Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, should he thus mistake one St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the Evangelist, which relates to St. John the Baptist, who died many years before him.

Another smart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry; and instead of writing a letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: *Paint, Sir, with that force which you are master of, the present state of the war abroad; and expose to the public view those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, so different from those upon which it was originally entered into. Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her Majesty, and of those unnatural struggles which have betrayed the weakness of a shattered constitution.* By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *English* prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? and this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems the chief design

design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those imitable lines which immediately follow: *And when this is done, D——n shall blush in his grave among the dead, W——le among the living, and even Vol——e shall feel some remorse.* Was there ever any thing, I will not say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in Satire. But we see a master-piece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a Dutches of Great Britain, a Princess of the Empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her Royal Mistress, he calls a great Lady *an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague*; and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon *Alecto*. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled, *An essay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.* This Author is so full of Satire, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the Queen's singing men, who it seems did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an Anthem; as you may see in that passage: *Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the Stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of S——m has deafened his audience from the pulpit.* Thus you see how like a true son of the High-Church he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some men as a Confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promised in the next place to consider the Language of this excellent Author, who I find takes himself for an Orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they *profusely scatter* through the nation; that is, in plain *English*, for *squandering away their poison*. In the second he talks of *carrying probability through the thread of a fable*; and in the third, of *laying an odium at a man's door*. In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that *the G——l, the quondam T——r, and the J—to, are the only objects of the confidence of the Allies, and of the fears of the enemies.* I would advise this Author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign Minister should address her Majesty in the following manner, (for certainly it is her Majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are the
object

object of the confidence of the Allies; or, Madam, your Majesty is the only object of the fears of the enemies. Would a man think that he had learned *English*? I would have the Author try, by the same rule, some of the other phrases, as *Page 7*, where he tells us, *That the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious.* What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his *scales were precarious*; and mean by it, that they were *not fixed*? In the thirteenth page he speaks of certain *profligate wretches, who having usurped the Royal Seat, resolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it.* A plain-spoken man would have left the *Chariot* out of the sentence, and so have made it good *English*. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the Chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this Gentleman, in the next edition of his Letter, to change the *Chariot* of government into the *Chaise* of government, which will sound as well, and serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this Letter-writer very much excels. This is called by some an *Anti-Climax*, an instance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her, *That she has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to Holland, and a jest to the whole world.* I never met with so sudden a downfall in so promising a sentence; *a jest to the whole world*, gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surpris'd to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. Dryden.

*Not only London echoes with thy fame,
But also Iffington has heard the same.*

The other are in *French*.

*Allez vous, luy dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laissé votre honneur et vos gans.*

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. *Mankind remains convinced, that a Queen possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, or make a private family happy, sits on the throne.* Is this Panegyric or Burlesque? To see so glorious a Queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every good subject a secret indignation; and looks like *Scarron's* character of the great Queen *Semiramis*,

miramis, who, says that Author, “ was the Founder of *Babylon*, Conqueror of “ the *East*, and an excellent Housewife.

The third subject being the argumentative part of this Letter, I shall leave till another occasion.



N^o 3. *Thursday, September 28.*



—— *Non defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.* ——

Virg.

I Was once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately re-assumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, *but, Sir, as I was telling you.* The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote*, who inserts several novels in his works, and after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. *Hudibras* has broke off the *Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle.* The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the course of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the *Examiner*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of *the Letter to the Examiner* to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a Letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

“ *Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up in the school of *Socrates*; and one of the best Orators of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a “ time when learning was at its highest pitch: he was likewise very famous “ for his military exploits, having gained great conquests over the *Lacedæmo-* “ *nians*, who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen against “ the great King of *Persia*, but were at that time in alliance with the *Persians*. “ He had been once so far misrepresented and traduced by the malice “ of his enemies, that the Priests cursed him. But after the great ser-

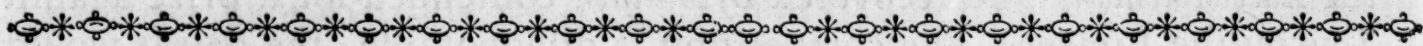
“ vices which he had done for his country, they publicly repealed their
 “ curses, and changed them into applauses and benedictions.

“ *Plutarch* tells us, in the life of *Alcibiades*, that one *Taureas*, an obscure
 “ man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be conferred
 “ by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommended himself to
 “ the *Athenians* by an oration. The speech which *Alcibiades* made on that
 “ occasion, has been lately discovered among the Manuscripts of *King's*
 “ *College in Cambridge*; and communicated to me by my learned friend
 “ *Dr. B——ley*; who tells me, that by a marginal note, it appears, that this
 “ *Taureas*, or as the Doctor rather chuses to call him, *Toryas*, was an *Athe-*
 “ *nian Brewer*. This speech I have translated literally, changing very little
 “ in it, except where it was absolutely necessary to make it understood by
 “ an *English Reader*. It is as follows.

“ **I** S it then possible, O ye *Athenians*, that I who hitherto have had none
 “ but Generals to oppose me, must now have an artisan for my antago-
 “ nist? That I who have overthrown the Princes of *Lacedæmon*, must now see
 “ myself in danger of being defeated by a Brewer? What will the world
 “ say of the Goddess that presides over you, should they suppose you fol-
 “ low her dictates? would they think she acted like herself, like the great
 “ *Minerva*? would they now say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or
 “ would they not rather say, she has a second time chosen owls for her fa-
 “ vorites? But O ye men of *Athens*, what has this man done to deserve
 “ your voices? You say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore he shall
 “ brew for me. You say he is assiduous in his calling: and is he not grown
 “ rich by it? let him have your custom, but not your votes: you are now
 “ to cast your eyes on those who can detect the artifices of the common
 “ enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in Council, and your open
 “ ones in the field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has been tap-
 “ ping his liquors, while I have been spilling my blood; that he has been
 “ gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping laurels. Have I
 “ not born the dust and heat of the day, while he has been sweating at the
 “ furnace? behold these scars, behold this wound which still bleeds in your
 “ service; what can *Taureas* shew you of this nature? What are his marks
 “ of honor? Has he any other wound about him, except the accidental
 “ scaldings of his wort, or bruises from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O
 “ *Athenians*, let it not be said, that your Generals have conquered them-
 “ selves into your displeasure, and lost your favor by gaining you victo-
 “ ries. Shall those achievements that have redeemed the present age from
 “ slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the benefits of them? Shall
 “ those

“ those names that have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be
 “ mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will not your posterity
 “ blush at their forefathers, when they shall read in the annals of their
 “ country, that *Alcibiades* in the goth Olympiad, after having conquered
 “ the *Lacedæmonians*, and recovered *Byzantium*, contended for a prize against
 “ *Taureas* the Brewer? The competition is dishonorable, the defeat would
 “ be shameful. I shall not however slacken my endeavours for the security
 “ of my country. If she is ungrateful, she is still *Athens*. On the contrary,
 “ as she will stand more in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a
 “ people; I will pursue my victories, till such time as it shall be out of your
 “ power to hurt yourselves, and that you may be in safety even under your
 “ present leaders. But oh! thou genius of *Athens*, whither art thou fled?
 “ Where is now the race of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle
 “ of *Thermopylæ*, and fought upon the plains of *Marathon*? Are you weary of
 “ conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which you took at *Agraulos*,
 “ That you would look upon the bounds of *Attica* to be those soils only which are inca-
 “ pable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives? Consider your enemies the
 “ *Lacedæmonians*; did you ever hear that they preferred a Coffee-man to *A-*
 “ *gesilaus*? No; though their Generals have been unfortunate, though they
 “ have lost several battles, though they have not been able to cope with the
 “ troops of *Athens*, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condo-
 “ led, nay celebrated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their Gene-
 “ rals have been received with honor after their defeat, yours with ignomi-
 “ ny after conquest. Are there not men of *Taureas*’s temper and character,
 “ who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great King of *Persia*? who
 “ have been against entering into a war with him, or for making a peace
 “ upon base conditions? that have grudged those contributions which have
 “ set our country at the head of all the governments of *Greece*? that would
 “ dishonor those who have raised her to such a pitch of glory? that would
 “ betray those liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchased or re-
 “ covered with their blood? and would prosecute your fellow-citizens with
 “ as much rigor and fury, as of late years we have attacked the common e-
 “ nemy? I shall trouble you no more, O ye men of *Athens*; you know my
 “ actions, let my antagonist relate what he has done for you. Let him pro-
 “ duce his vatts and tubs, in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards
 “ which were employed against you, and which I have wrested out of the
 “ hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into
 “ the field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can finish my conquest
 “ sooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O
 “ ye Gods! let not the King of *Persia* laugh at the fall of *Alcibiades*! Let him

“ not say, *the Athenians have avenged me upon their own Generals*; or let me be
 “ rather struck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian*, than disgraced by the
 “ voices of my fellow-citizens.

N^o 4.

Thursday, October 5.

*Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.*

Sal.

HUDIBRAS has defined nonsense (as Cowley does wit) by negatives. Nonsense (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favor an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colors in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense: you may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school-divinity.

After this short panegyric upon nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader, as *Erasmus's Encomium of folly*: I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favor with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner*: I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute, to state the whole nature of nonsense; and because 'tis a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz.* high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor dispirited stile creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A

writer

writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper, et est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise, it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonsense* in the play called *The nest of fools*. In a word, your high nonsense has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like *Esop's* ass cloathed in a lion's skin.

When *Aristotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in his school, two of his scholars being Candidates for it; he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the stile and writing of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*; I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small beer*.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonsense in every *Grub-street* production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. S——l in divinity, and the Author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the letter to the Examiner. — This is when an Author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not indeed at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which in some places he seems to have aimed at, as I found

found upon my nearer perusal of it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The System of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestic: As to the first, he tells us, that *the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous; so that the Ministry is cleared as to that particular.* These motives he tells us, *were to restore the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives, he says, was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.* So that the Ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. *The restoring the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria,* he tells us, *remained still in its full force; and we were told, says he, that though the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade of Britain and the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious: Spain therefore must be conquered.* He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: but what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to shew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the Spanish monarchy; *that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where France is best able to keep us at bay; that the French King has made it impossible for himself to give up Spain, and that the Duke of Anjou has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: Nay, that instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the Duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the Grand-father in his declining years, by whose arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.* He then intimates to us, that the Dutch and the Emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of Bourbon in the quiet possession of the Spanish Monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by General Stanhope, that if the Author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the French King or the Duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding *the little care the Emperor takes to support King Charles,* notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them, that victorious General at the head of
English

English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the Emperor, has wrested *Spain* out of the hands of the house of *Bourbon*; and added the conquest of *Navarre*, *Arragon*, and *Castile*, to those of *Catalonia*, *Bavaria*, *Flanders*, *Mantua*, *Milan*, *Naples*, *Sicily*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, and *Sardinia*. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude, which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: they puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling Author of this letter say, that the Ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of *Spain*, when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The Letter-writer says, that the Dutch had gained a good barrier after the battle of *Ramillies* in the year 1706. But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Brussels*, *Ghent* and *Bruges*, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great General on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. But, says the Letter-writer, the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place: but if the laying the stress of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole strength of *France*; if it weakened *Spain*, and left it exposed to an equal force; if *France*, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as *England* could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The Author of this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humor with our chief Allies, the Emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, they hoped *England* would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for *Holland*: As if *England* were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for *Holland*; which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. Waller expresses it, our outguard on the continent; and which if it had fallen into the hands of the *French*, would have made *France* more strong by sea than all *Europe* besides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders*, by opening our trade into the *Levant*, by securing ports for us in *Gibraltar*, *Minorca* and *Naples*, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England* than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last Parliament,

and

and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this Author's aspersions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of State. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest *Scotchman*, who as he was walking along the streets of *London*, heard one calling out after him, *Scot, Scot*, and casting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language against that ancient nation: *Sawny* turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused him was a saucy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, were he a man as he was a green-goose, he would have run him through the wemb.

The next head our Politician goes upon, relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at: all that I can gather from him is, that *the Queen had grieved her Subjects* in making choice of such men for her Ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

N^o 5.

Thursday, October 12.

Parere jam non scelus est.

Martial.

WE live in a nation where at present there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politics. The whole Island is peopled with Statesmen, and not unlike *Trinculo's* Kingdom of Vice-roys. Every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which, as an Englishman, I lay in my claim to be a Politician; I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of *Great-Britain*, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws

laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to *passive-obedience* and *non-resistance*. For I must observe, that the Advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: and we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. *Passive-obedience* and *non-resistance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: they have respect but to one side of the relation between the Sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquility, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colors that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the People: the question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our Prince; but whether the English form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our constitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical.

It is impossible to state the measures of *Obedience*, without settling the extent of *Power*; or to describe the *Subject*, without defining the *King*. An arbitrary Prince is in justice and equity the master of a non-resisting people; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Passive-obedience* and *non-resistance* are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the will of a *Grand Signior* or a *Mogul*. The same power which those Princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controlled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our Prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, What dost thou?

If therefore we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our Sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the *English* nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive;

may, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of Non-resistance set in its just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late Addresses. I would fain know what Free-holder in *England* would have subscribed the following address, had it been offered to him; or whether Her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the sense of many Addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

Madam,

“ **I** T is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear a set of men daily
 “ preaching up among us, that pernicious and damnable doctrine of
 “ self-preservation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public writings,
 “ as their private discourses, that it is lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up
 “ arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror
 “ and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your peo-
 “ ple to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a
 “ wicked Prince shall make use of his Royal authority to subvert them. We
 “ are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who un-
 “ der the reign of the best of Sovereigns, would avow such dangerous te-
 “ nets as may secure them under the worst. We are resolved to beat down
 “ and discountenance these seditious notions, as being altogether republi-
 “ can, jesuitical, and conformable to the practice of our rebellious forefa-
 “ thers; who in all ages, at an infinite expence of blood and treasure, af-
 “ fected their rights and properties, and consulted the good of their poste-
 “ rity by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great trouble and dis-
 “ quiet of their lawful Prince. We do therefore in the most humble and
 “ dutiful manner solemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist a
 “ Sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our *Magna Charta*, or invade those
 “ rights and liberties which those traitors procured for us; but will ven-
 “ ture our lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects who think
 “ they may stand up in defence of them.

It happens very unluckily that there is something so supple and insinuating in this absurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear: for which reason the publishers of it have always been the favorites of
 weak

weak Kings. Even those who have *no inclination* to do hurt to others, says the famous satirist, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleased. Honest men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they shall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the last in the Royal favor. Nor indeed would that be unreasonable, if the professors of Non-resistance and Passive-obedience would stand to their principle: but instead of that we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late Revolution rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honor, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the *Church-Memorial*, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of Passive-obedience and Non-resistance, for that *nature might rebel against principles*? Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise Non-resistance to a Prince that pleases them, and Passive-obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the Prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells him, Why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, *but it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's master*. This is in effect the language of the Church in the above mentioned memorial. Men of these soft peaceable dispositions in times of prosperity, put me in mind of *Kirke's Lambs*; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons that had signalised themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of *Thales the wise Milesian*, *That of all wild beasts a tyrant is the worst, and of all tame beasts a flatterer*. They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a Prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead

and ufeless by him. An arbitrary power has something fo great in it, that he muft be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This confequence of the doctrine I have been fpeaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no lefs destructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very vifibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the affurances of his people, that they would never refift him upon any pretence whatfoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the restraint of laws, by difpenfing with them, and taking on him that power which was vefted in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of fuch a proceeding? It is too freft in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the profefors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The fame perfons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the punifhment. They affure him they will never refift, but retain their obedience under the utmoft fufferings: he tries them in a few inftances, and is depofed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James's* reign the Quakers prefented an addrefs, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of thofe times. But notwithstanding the uncourtlinefs of their phrafes, the fenfe was very honeft. The addrefs was as follows, to the beft of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may ferve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

“ **T**H E S E are to tellify to thee our sorrow for our friend *Charles*, whom
“ we hope thou wilt follow in every thing that is good.

“ We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land any more than we,
“ and therefore may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us the fame liberty that thou takeft thyfelf.

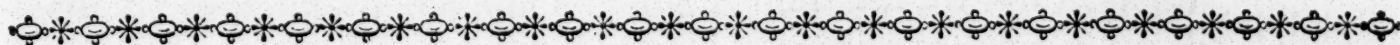
“ We hope that in this and all things elfe thou wilt promote the good
“ of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be
“ long and prosperous.

Had all King *James's* fubjects addreffed him with the fame integrity; he had, in all probability, fat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.



T H E

F R E E - H O L D E R .



The F R E E - H O L D E R.

N^o 1.

Friday, December 23, 1715.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.

Tacit.

THE arguments of an Author lose a great deal of their weight, when we are persuaded that he only writes for argument's sake, and has no real concern in the cause which he espouses. This is the case of one, who draws his pen in the defence of property, without having any; except, perhaps, in the copy of a libel, or a ballad. One is apt to suspect, that the passion for liberty, which appears in a grub-street patriot, arises only from his apprehensions of a goal; and that, whatever he may pretend, he does not write to secure, but to get something of his own. Should the Government be overturned, he has nothing to lose but an old standish.

I question not but the Reader will conceive a respect for the Author of this paper, from the title of it; since, he may be sure, I am so considerable a man, that I cannot have less than forty shillings a year.

I have rather chosen this title than any other, because it is what I most glory in, and what most effectually calls to my mind the happiness of that Government under which I live. As a *British* Free-holder, I should not scruple taking place of a *French* Marquis; and when I see one of my countrymen amusing himself in his little cabbage-garden, I naturally look upon him as a greater person than the owner of the richest vineyard in *Champagne*.

The House of Commons is the representative of men in my condition. I consider myself as one who give my consent to every law which passes: a Free-holder in our Government being of the nature of a Citizen of *Rome* in that

that famous common-wealth; who, by the election of a Tribune, had a kind of remote voice in every law that was enacted. So that a Free-holder is but one remove from a Legislator, and for that reason ought to stand up in the defence of those laws, which are in some degree of his own making. For such is the nature of our happy constitution, that the bulk of the people virtually give their approbation to every thing they are bound to obey, and prescribe to themselves those rules by which they are to walk.

At the same time that I declare I am a Free-holder, I do not exclude myself from any other title. A Free-holder may be either a Voter, or a Knight of the shire; a Wit, or a Fox-hunter; a Scholar, or a Soldier; an Alderman, or a Courtier; a Patriot, or a Stock-jobber. But I choose to be distinguished by this denomination, as the Free-holder is the basis of all other titles. Dignities may be grafted upon it; but this is the substantial stock, that conveys to them their life, taste, and beauty; and without which they are no more than blossoms, that would fall away with every shake of wind.

And here I cannot but take occasion to congratulate my country upon the increase of this happy tribe of men, since, by the wisdom of the present Parliament, I find the race of Free-holders spreading into the remotest corners of the Island. I mean that act which passed in the late Session for the encouragement of loyalty in Scotland: by which it is provided, *That all and every Vassal and Vassals in Scotland, who shall continue peaceable, and in dutiful allegiance to his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, holding lands or tenements of any offender (guilty of High-Treason) who holds such lands or tenements immediately of the Crown, shall be vested and seised, and are hereby enacted and ordained to hold the said lands or tenements of his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, in fee and heritage for ever, by such manner of holding, as any such offender held such lands or tenements of the Crown, &c.*

By this means it will be in the power of a Highlander to be at all times a good tenant, without being a rebel; and to deserve the character of a faithful servant, without thinking himself obliged to follow his Master to the gallows.

How can we sufficiently extol the goodness of his present Majesty, who is not willing to have a single slave in his dominions! or enough rejoice in the exercise of that loyalty, which, instead of betraying a man into the most ignominious servitude, (as it does in some of our neighbouring kingdoms) entitles him to the highest privileges of freedom and property! It is now to be hoped, that we shall have few Vassals, but to the laws of our country.

When these men have a taste of property, they will naturally love that constitution from which they derive so great a blessing. There is an unspeakable pleasure in calling any thing one's own. A Free-hold, though it be

be but in ice and snow, will make the owner pleased in the possession, and stout in the defence of it; and is a very proper reward for our allegiance to our present King, who (by an unparalleled instance of goodness in a Sovereign, and infatuation in subjects) contends for the freedom of his people against themselves; and will not suffer many of them to fall into a state of slavery, which they are bent upon with so much eagerness and obstinacy.

A Free-holder of *Great Britain* is bred with an aversion to every thing that tends to bring him under a subjection to the arbitrary will of another. Of this we find frequent instances in all our histories; where the persons, whose characters are the most amiable, and strike us with the highest veneration, are those who stood up manfully against the invasions of civil liberty, and the complicated tyranny which Popery imposes upon our bodies, our fortunes, and our minds. What a despicable figure then must the present mock-patriots make in the eyes of posterity, who venture to be hanged, drawn and quartered, for the ruin of those civil rights, which their ancestors, rather than part with, chose to be cut to pieces in the field of battle? And what an opinion will after-ages entertain of their religion, who bid fair for a gibbet, by endeavouring to bring in a superstition, which their forefathers perished in flames to keep out?

But how instructive soever the folly of these men may prove to future times, it will be my business more immediately to consult the happiness of the age in which I live. And since so many profligate writers have endeavoured to varnish over a bad cause, I shall do all in my power to recommend a good one, which indeed requires no more than barely to explain what it is. While many of my gallant countrymen are employed in pursuing rebels half discomfited through the consciousness of their guilt, I shall labor to improve those victories to the good of my fellow-subjects; by carrying on our successes over the minds of men, and by reconciling them to the cause of their King, their Country, and their Religion.

To this end, I shall in the course of this paper (to be published every *Monday* and *Friday*) endeavour to open the eyes of my countrymen to their own interest, to shew them the privileges of an *English* Free-holder, which they enjoy in common with myself, and to make them sensible how these blessings are secured to us by his Majesty's title, his administration, and his personal character.

I have only one request to make to my Readers, that they will peruse these papers with the same candor and impartiality in which they are written; and shall hope for no other prepossession in favor of them, than what one would think should be natural to every man, a desire to be happy, and a good will towards those, who are the instruments of making them so.

N^o 2.

Monday, December 26.

Non de domino, sed de parente loquimur. Intelligamus ergo bona nostra, dignosque nos illius usu probemus; atque identidem cogitemus, si majus principibus præstemus obsequium, qui servitute civium, quam qui libertate lætantur.

Plin.

HAVING in my first paper set forth the happiness of my station as a Free-holder of Great Britain, and the nature of that property which is secured to me by the laws of my country; I cannot forbear considering, in the next place, that person who is entrusted with the guardianship and execution of those laws. I have lived in one reign, when the Prince, instead of invigorating the laws of our country, or giving them their proper course, assumed a power of dispensing with them: and in another, when the Sovereign was flattered by a set of men into a persuasion, that the regal Authority was unlimited and uncircumscribed. In either of these cases, good laws are at best but a dead letter; and by shewing the people how happy they ought to be, only serve to aggravate the sense of their oppressions.

We have the pleasure at this time to see a King upon the throne, who hath too much goodness to wish for any power, that does not enable him to promote the welfare of his subjects; and too much wisdom to look upon those as his friends, who would make their court to him by the profession of an obedience, which they never practised, and which has always proved fatal to those Princes, who have put it to the trial. His Majesty gave a proof of his sovereign virtues, before he came to the exercise of them in this kingdom. His inclination to justice led him to rule his German subjects in the same manner, that our constitution directs him to govern the English. He regarded those which are our civil liberties, as the natural rights of mankind; and therefore indulged them to a people, who pleaded no other claim to them than from his known goodness and humanity. This experience of a good Prince, before we had the happiness to enjoy him, must give great satisfaction to every thinking man, who considers how apt Sovereignty is to deprave human nature; and how many of our own Princes made very ill figures upon the Throne, who, before they ascended it, were the favorites of the people.

What

What gives us the greatest security in the conduct of so excellent a Prince, is, That consistency of behaviour, whereby he inflexibly pursues those measures which appear the most just and equitable. As he hath the character of being the most prudent in laying proper schemes; he is no less remarkable for being steady in accomplishing what he has once concerted. Indeed, if we look into the history of his present Majesty, and reflect upon that wonderful series of successes which have attended him, I think they cannot be ascribed to any thing so much as to his uniformity and firmness of mind, which has always discovered itself in his proceedings. It was by this that he surmounted those many difficulties which lay in the way to his succession; and by which, we have reason to hope, he will daily make all opposition fall before him. The fickle and unsteady politics of our late *British* Monarchs, have been the perpetual source of those dissensions and animosities which have made the nation unhappy: whereas the constant and unshaken temper of his present Majesty, must have a natural tendency to the peace of his government, and the unanimity of his people.

Whilst I am enumerating the public virtues of our Sovereign, which are so conducive to the advantage of those who are to obey him, I cannot but take notice, that his Majesty was bred up from his infancy with a love to this our nation, under a Princess, who was the most accomplished woman of her age, and particularly famous for her affection to the *English*. Our countrymen were dear to him, before there was any prospect of their being his subjects; and every one knows, that nothing recommended a man so much to the distinguishing civilities of his Court, as the being born in *Great Britain*.

To the fame of his Majesty's civil virtues, we may add the reputation he has acquired by his martial achievements. It is observed by Sir *William Temple*, that the *English* are particularly fond of a King who is valiant: upon which account his Majesty has a title to all the esteem that can be paid the most warlike Prince; though at the same time, for the good of his subjects, he studies to decline all occasions of military glory; and chooses rather to be distinguished as the Father, than as the Captain of his people. I am glad his rebellious subjects are too inconsiderable to put him upon exerting that courage and conduct, which raised him so great a reputation in *Hungary* and the *Morea*, when he fought against the enemies of Christianity; and in *Germany* and *Flanders*, where he commanded against the great disturber of the peace of *Europe*. One would think there was reason for the opinion of those, who make personal courage to be an hereditary virtue, when we see so many instances of it in the line of *Brunswic*. To go no farther back than the time of our present King, where can we find, among the sovereign houses of

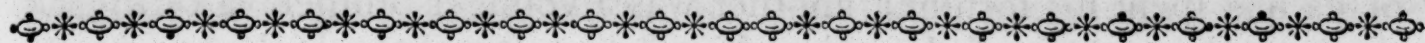
Europe, any other family, that has furnished so many persons of distinguished fortitude? Three of his Majesty's brothers have fallen gloriously in the field, fighting against the enemies of their native country: and the bravery of his royal highness the Prince of *Wales*, is still fresh in our memory, who fought, with the spirit of his father, at the battle of *Audenarde*, when the children of *France*, and the Pretender, fled before him.

I might here take notice of his Majesty's more private virtues, but have rather chosen to remind my countrymen of the public parts of his character, which are supported by such incontestable facts as are universally known and acknowledged.

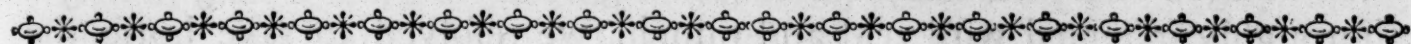
Having thus far considered our happiness in his Majesty's civil and military character, I cannot forbear pleasing myself with regarding him in the view of one, who has been always fortunate. *Cicero* recommends *Pompey* under this particular head to the *Romans*, with whom the character of being fortunate was so popular, that several of their Emperors gave it a place among their titles. Good fortune is often the reward of virtue, and as often the effect of prudence. And whether it proceeds from either of these, or from both together, or whatever may be the cause of it, every one is naturally pleased to see his interests conducted by a person who is used to good success. The establishment of the Electoral dignity in his Majesty's family, was a work reserved for him finally to accomplish. A large accession of dominion fell to him, by his succeeding to the Dukedom of *Zell*, whereby he became one of the greatest Princes of *Germany*; and one of the most powerful persons, that ever stood next heir to the throne of *Great Britain*. The Dutchy of *Bremen*, and the Bishopric of *Osnaburg*, have considerably strengthened his interests in the Empire, and given a great additional weight to the Protestant cause. But the most remarkable interpositions of Providence, in favor of him, have appeared in removing those seemingly invincible obstacles to his succession; in taking away, at so critical a juncture, the person who might have proved a dangerous enemy; in confounding the secret and open attempts of his traiterous subjects, and in giving him the delightful prospect of transmitting his power through a numerous and still encreasing progeny.

Upon the whole, it is not to be doubted but every wise and honest subject will concur with Providence, in promoting the glory and happiness of his present Majesty, who is endowed with all those Royal virtues, that will naturally secure to us the national blessings, which ought to be dear and valuable to a free people.

Friday,

N^o 3.

Friday, December 30.



Quibus otio vel magnifice, vel molliter vivere copia erat, incerta pro certis, bellum quam pacem, malebant. Sal.

EVERY one knows that it is usual for a *French* officer, who can write and read, to set down all the occurrences of a campaign, in which he pretends to have been personally concerned; and to publish them under the title of his *Memoirs*, when most of his fellow-soldiers are dead that might have contradicted any of his matters of fact. Many a gallant young fellow has been killed in battle before he came to the third page of his secret history; when several, who have taken more care of their persons, have lived to fill a whole volume with their military performances, and to astonish the world with such instances of their bravery, as had escaped the notice of every body else. One of our late *Preston* heroes had, it seems, resolved upon this method of doing himself justice: and, had he not been nipped in the bud, might have made a very formidable figure in his own works, among posterity. A friend of mine, who had the pillage of his pockets, has made me a present of the following *Memoirs*, which he desires me to accept as a part of the spoils of the Rebels. I have omitted the introduction, as more proper for the inspection of a Secretary of State; and shall only set down so much of the *Memoirs* as seems to be a faithful narrative of that wonderful expedition, which drew upon it the eyes of all *Europe*.

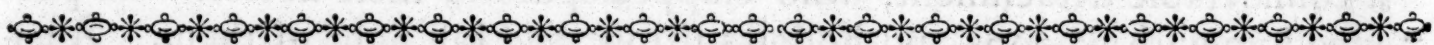
“ HAVING thus concerted measures for a rising, we had a general meeting over a bowl of punch. It was here proposed by one of the wisest among us, to draw up a Manifesto, setting forth the grounds and motives of our taking arms; for, as he observed, there had never yet been an insurrection in *England*, where the Leaders had not thought themselves obliged to give some reasons for it. To this end we laid our heads together to consider what grievances the nation had suffered under the reign of King *George*. After having spent some hours upon this subject, without being able to discover any, we unanimously agreed to rebel first, and to find out reasons for it afterwards. It was indeed easy to guess at several grievances of a private nature, which influenced particular persons. One
“ of

“ of us had spent his fortune: another was a younger brother: a third had
“ the incumbrance of a father upon his estate. But that which principally
“ disposed us in favor of the Chevalier was, that most of the company had
“ been obliged to take the abjuration oath against their will. Being at length
“ thoroughly inflamed with zeal and punch, we resolved to take horse the
“ next morning; which we did accordingly, having been joined by a confi-
“ derable reinforcement of *Roman Catholics*, whom we could rely upon, as
“ knowing them to be the best *Tories* in the nation, and avowed enemies to
“ *Presbyterianism*. We were likewise joined by a very useful Associate, who
“ was a fidler by profession, and brought in with him a body of lusty young
“ fellows, whom he had tweedled into the service. About the third day of
“ our march I was made a colonel; though I must needs say, I gained my
“ commission by my horse's virtues, not my own; having leaped over a fix-
“ bar gate at the head of the cavalry. My General, who is a discerning man,
“ hereupon gave me a Regiment; telling me, *He did not question but I would*
“ *do the like when I came to the enemies palisadoes*. We pursued our march with
“ much intrepidity through two or three open towns, to the great terror of
“ the market-people, and the miscarriage of half a dozen big-bellied wo-
“ men. Notwithstanding the Magistracy was generally against us, we could
“ discover many friends among our spectators; particularly in two or three
“ balconies, which were filled with several tawdry females, who are known
“ by the ancient name of *Harlots*. This sort of Ladies received us every
“ where with great demonstrations of joy, and promised to assist us with
“ their prayers. After these signal successes in the North of *England*, it was
“ thought advisable by our General to proceed towards our *Scotch* confede-
“ rates. During our first days march I amused myself with considering what
“ post I should accept of under *James* the third, when we had put him in
“ possession of the *British* dominions. Being a great lover of country sports,
“ I absolutely determined not to be a Minister of State, nor to be fobbed
“ off with a garter; until at length passing by a noble country-seat which
“ belongs to a *Whig*, I resolved to beg it; and pleased myself the remainder
“ of the day with several alterations I intended to make in it: for though
“ the situation was very delightful, I neither liked the front of the house,
“ nor the avenues that led to it. We were indeed so confident of success,
“ that I found most of my fellow-soldiers were taken up with imagina-
“ tions of the same nature. There had like to have been a duel between
“ two of our subalterns, upon a dispute which of them should be Gover-
“ nor of *Portsmouth*. A *Popish* priest about the same time gave great offence
“ to a *Northumberland* Squire, whom he threatened to excommunicate, if
“ he did not give up to him the Church-lands, which his family had
“ usurped

“ usurped ever since the Reformation. In short, every man had cut out
“ a place for himself in his own thoughts; so that I could reckon up in our
“ little army, two or three Lord-treasurers, half a dozen Secretaries of State,
“ and at least a score of Lords-justices in Eyre for each side of *Trent*. We
“ pursued our march through several villages, which we drank dry, making
“ proclamation at our entrance, in the name of *James* the third, against all
“ concealments of ale or brandy. Being very much fatigued with the action
“ of a whole week, it was agreed to rest on *Sunday*, when we heard a most
“ excellent sermon. Our Chaplain insisted principally upon two heads.
“ Under the first he proved to us, that the breach of public oaths is no per-
“ jury; and under the second expounded to us the nature of Non-resistance;
“ which might be interpreted from the *Hebrew*, to signify either loyalty or
“ rebellion, according as the Sovereign bestowed his favors and prefer-
“ ments. He concluded with exhorting us, in a most pathetic manner, to
“ purge the land by wholesome severities, and to propagate sound princi-
“ ples by fire and sword. We set forward the next day towards our friends
“ at *Kelfo*; but by the way had like to have lost our General, and some of
“ our most active officers: for a Fox unluckily crossing the road, drew off
“ a considerable detachment, who clapped spurs to their horses, and pur-
“ sued him with whoops and hollows till we had lost sight of them. A co-
“ vey of partridges springing in our front, put our infantry into disorder
“ on the same day. It was not long after this that we were joined by our
“ friends from the other side of the *Frith*. Upon the junction of the two
“ corps our spies brought us word, that they discovered a great cloud of
“ dust at some distance; upon which we sent out a party to reconnoitre.
“ They returned to us with intelligence, that the dust was raised by a great
“ drove of black cattle. This news was not a little welcome to us, the army
“ of both nations being very hungry. We quickly formed ourselves, and
“ received orders for the attack, with positive instructions to give no quar-
“ ter. Every thing was executed with so much good order, that we made
“ a very plentiful supper. We had, three days after, the same success
“ against a flock of sheep, which we were forced to eat with great precipi-
“ tation, having received advice of General *Carpenter*'s march as we were at
“ dinner. Upon this alarm we made incredible stretches towards the South,
“ with a design to gain the Fastnesses of *Preston*. We did little remarkable
“ in our way, except setting fire to a few houses, and frightening an old wo-
“ man into fits. We had now got a long day's march of the enemy; and
“ meeting with a considerable refreshment of *October*, all the Officers assem-
“ bled over it, among whom were several *Popish* Lords and Gentlemen, who
“ toasted many loyal healths and confusions, and wept very plentifully for
“ the

“ the danger of the Church. We sat till midnight, and at our parting re-
 “ solved to give the enemy battle; but the next morning changed our re-
 “ solutions, and prosecuted our march with indefatigable speed. We were
 “ no sooner arrived upon the frontiers of *Cumberland*, but we saw a great
 “ body of militia drawn up in array against us. Orders were given to halt;
 “ and a council of war was immediately called, wherein we agreed, with
 “ that great unanimity which was so remarkable among us on these occa-
 “ sions, to make a retreat. But before we could give the word, the train-
 “ bands, taking advantage of our delay, fled first. We arrived at *Preston*
 “ without any memorable adventure; where, after having formed many
 “ barricades, and prepared for a vigorous resistance, upon the approach of
 “ the King’s troops under General *Wills*, who was used to the outlandish
 “ way of making war, we thought it high time to put in practice that Pas-
 “ sive-obedience, in which our party so much glories, and which I would
 “ advise them to stick to for the future.

Such was the end of this rebellion; which, in all probability, will not
 only tend to the safety of our constitution, but the preservation of the game.

N^o 4.

Monday, January 2, 1716.



*Ne se mulier extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque bellorum casus putet, ipsis incipien-
 tis matrimonii auspiciis admonetur, venire se laborum periculorumque sociam, idem
 in pace, idem in prælio passuram ausuramque. Sic vivendum, sic pereundum.*

Tacit.

IT is with great satisfaction I observe, that the women of our Island, who
 are the most eminent for virtue and good sense, are in the interest of
 the present government. As the fair sex very much recommend the cause
 they are engaged in, it would be no small misfortune to a Sovereign, though
 he had all the male part of the nation on his side, if he did not find himself
 King of the most beautiful half of his subjects. Ladies are always of great
 use to the party they espouse, and never fail to win over numbers to it.
 Lovers, according to Sir *William Petty*’s computation, make at least the third
 part of the sensible men of the *British* nation; and it has been an uncontro-
 verted maxim in all ages, that though a husband is sometimes a stubborn
 sort of a creature, a lover is always at the devotion of his Mistress. By this
 means

means it lies in the power of every fine woman, to secure at least half a dozen able-bodied men to his Majesty's service. The female world are likewise indispensably necessary in the best causes to manage the controversial part of them, in which no man of tolerable breeding is ever able to refute them. Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.

It is indeed remarkable that the inferior tribe of common women, who are a dishonor to their sex, have, in most reigns, been the professed sticklers for such as have acted in opposition to the true interest of the nation. The most numerous converts in King *James's* reign, were particularly noted to be of this kind. I can give no other reason for such a behaviour, unless it be, that it is not for the advantage of these female adventurers the laws of the land should take place, and that they know *Bridewell* is a part of our constitution.

There are many reasons why the women of *Great Britain* should be on the side of the Free-holder, and enemies to the person who would bring in arbitrary government and Popery. As there are several of our Ladies who amuse themselves in the reading of Travels, they cannot but take notice what uncomfortable lives those of their own sex lead, where Passive-obedience is professed and practised in its utmost perfection. In those countries the men have no property but in their wives, who are the slaves to slaves: every married woman being subject to a domestic tyrant, that requires from her the same vassalage which he pays to his Sultan. If the Ladies would seriously consider the evil consequences of arbitrary power, they would find, that it spoils the shape of the foot in *China*, where the barbarous politics of the men so diminish the basis of the female figure, as to unqualify a woman for an evening walk or country dance. In the *East-Indies*, a widow, who has any regard to her character, throws herself into the flames of her husband's funeral pile, to shew, forsooth, that she is faithful and loyal to the memory of her deceased Lord. In *Persia*, the daughters of *Eve*, as they call them, are reckoned in the inventory of their goods and chattels: and it is a usual thing when a man sells a bale of silk, or a drove of camels, to toss half a dozen women into the bargain. Through all the dominions of the Great *Turk*, a woman thinks herself happy if she can get but the twelfth share of a husband, and is thought of no manner of use in the creation, but to keep up a proper number of slaves for the commander of the faithful. I need not set forth the ill usage which the fair ones meet with in those despotic governments that lie nearer us. Every one hath heard of the several ways of locking up women in *Spain* and *Italy*; where, if there is any power lodged in any of the sex, it is not among the young and the beautiful, whom nature seems to have formed for it, but among the old and withered ma-

trons, known by the frightful name of *Gouvernantes* and *Diennas*. If any should alledge the freedoms indulged to the *French* Ladies, he must own that these are owing to the natural gallantry of the people, not to their form of government, which excludes by its very constitution every female from power, as naturally unfit to hold the sceptre of that kingdom.

Women ought in reason to be no less averse to popery than to arbitrary power. Some merry Authors have pretended to demonstrate, that the *Roman Catholic* religion could never spread in a nation, where women would have more modesty than to expose their innocent liberties to a Confessor. Others of the same turn, have assured us, that the fine *British* complexion, which is so peculiar to our Ladies, would suffer very much from a fish diet: and that a whole *Lent* would give such a fallowness to the celebrated beauties of this Island, as would scarce make them distinguishable from those of *France*. I shall only leave to the serious consideration of my country-women the danger any of them might have been in, (had popery been our national religion) of being forced by their Relations to a state of perpetual virginity. The most blooming Toast in the Island might have been a Nun; and many a Lady, who is now a mother of fine children, condemned to a condition of life, disagreeable to herself, and unprofitable to the world. To this I might add the melancholy objects, they would be daily entertained with, of several sightly men delivered over to an inviolable celibacy. Let a young Lady imagine to herself the brisk embroidered Officer, who now makes love to her with so agreeable an air, converted into a Monk; or the Beau, who now addresses himself to her in a full-bottomed wig, distinguished by a little bald pate covered with a black leather skull-cap. I forbear to mention many other objections, which the Ladies, who are no strangers to the doctrines of Popery, will easily recollect: though I do not in the least doubt, but those I have already suggested, will be sufficient to persuade my fair Readers to be zealous in the Protestant cause.

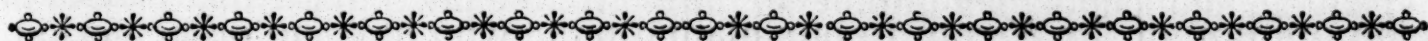
The freedom and happiness of our *British* Ladies is so singular, that it is a common saying in foreign countries, *If a bridge were built cross the seas, all the women in Europe would flock into England*. It has been observed, that the laws relating to them are so favorable, that one would think they themselves had given votes in enacting them. All the honors and indulgencies of society are due to them by our customs; and, by our constitution, they have all the privileges of *English* born subjects, without the burdens. I need not acquaint my fair Fellow-free-holders, that every man, who is anxious for our sacred and civil rights, is a champion in their cause; since we enjoy in common a religion agreeable to that reasonable nature, of which we equally partake; and since, in point of property, our law makes no distinction of sexes.

We

We may therefore justly expect from them, that they will act in concert with us for the preservation of our laws and religion, which cannot subsist, but under the government of his present Majesty; and would necessarily be subverted, under that of a person bred up in the most violent principles of popery and arbitrary power. Thus may the fair sex contribute to fix the peace of a brave and generous people, who for many ages have disdained to bear any tyranny but theirs; and be as famous in history, as those illustrious matrons, who in the infancy of *Rome*, reconciled the *Romans* and *Sabines*, and united the two contending parties under their new King.

N^o 5.

Friday, January 6.



Omnium Societatum nulla est gravior, nulla carior, quam ea quæ cum republica est unicuique nostrum: Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est: Pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus?
Cic.

THERE is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. This generous and public-spirited passion has been observed of late years to languish and grow cold in this our Island; where a party of men have made it their business to represent it as chimerical and romantic, to destroy in the minds of the people the sense of national glory, and to turn into ridicule our natural and ancient Allies, who are united to us by the common interests both of religion and policy. It may not therefore be unseasonable to recommend to this present generation the practice of that virtue, for which their ancestors were particularly famous, and which is called *The love of one's country*. This love to our country, as a moral virtue, is a fixed disposition of mind to promote the safety, welfare, and reputation of the community in which we are born, and of the constitution under which we are protected. Our obligation to this great duty, may appear to us from several considerations.

In the first place we may observe, that we are directed to it by one of those secret suggestions of nature, which go under the name of *Instinct*, and which are never given in vain. As self-love is an instinct planted in us for the good and safety of each particular person, the love of our country is im-

pressed on our minds for the happiness and preservation of the community. This instinct is so remarkable, that we find examples of it in those who are born in the most uncomfortable climates, or the worst of governments. We read of an inhabitant of *Nova Zembla*, who, after having lived some time in *Denmark*, where he was clothed and treated with the utmost indulgence, took the first opportunity of making his escape, though with the hazard of his life, into his native regions of cold, poverty and nakedness. We have an instance of the same nature among the very *Hottentots*. One of these savages was brought into *England*, taught our language, and in a great measure polished out of his natural barbarity: but upon being carried back to the Cape of *Good Hope* (where it was thought he might have been of advantage to our *English* traders) he mixed in a kind of transport with his countrymen, brutalised with them in their habit and manners, and would never again return to his foreign acquaintance. I need not mention the common opinion of the *Negroes* in our plantations, who have no other notion of a future state of happiness, than that, after death, they shall be conveyed back to their native country. The *Swiss* are so remarkable for this passion, that it often turns to a disease among them; for which there is a particular name in the *German* language, and which the *French* call *The distemper of the country*: for nothing is more usual than for several of their common soldiers, who are lifted into a foreign service, to have such violent hankerings after their home, as to pine away even to death, unless they have a permission to return; which, on such an occasion, is generally granted them. I shall only add under this head, that since the love of one's country is natural to every man, any particular nation, who, by false politics, shall endeavour to stifle or restrain it, will not be upon a level with others.

As this love of our country is natural to every man, so it is likewise very *reasonable*; and that, in the first place, because it inclines us to be beneficial to those, who are and ought to be dearer to us than any others. It takes in our families, relations, friends and acquaintance, and, in short, all whose welfare and security we are obliged to consult, more than that of those who are strangers to us. For this reason it is the most sublime and extensive of all social virtues: especially if we consider that it does not only promote the well-being of those who are our contemporaries, but likewise of their children and their posterity. Hence it is that all casuists are unanimous in determining, that when the good of the country interferes even with the life of the most beloved relation, dearest friend, or greatest benefactor, it is to be preferred without exception.

Farther, though there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can question but a superior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife, or a child.

In

In the same manner, though our love should reach to the whole species, a greater proportion of it should exert itself towards that community in which providence has placed us. This is our proper sphere of action, the province allotted to us for the exercise of all our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expressing our good-will to mankind. I could not but be pleased, in the accounts of the late *Persian* embassy into *France*, with a particular ceremony of the Embassador; who every morning, before he went abroad, religiously saluted a turf of earth dug out of his own native soil, to remind him, that in all the transactions of the day he was to think of his country, and pursue its advantages. If, in the several districts and divisions of the world, men would thus study the welfare of those respective communities, to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reasonable creatures would be happy, as far as the benefits of society can make them so. At least, we find so many blessings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that, in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a prosperous and flourishing people.

It may be yet a farther recommendation of this particular virtue, if we consider, that no nation was ever famous for its morals, which was not at the same time remarkable for its public spirit. Patriots naturally rise out of a *Spartan* or *Roman* virtue: and there is no remark more common among the ancient historians, than that when the State was corrupted with avarice and luxury, it was in danger of being betrayed, or sold.

To the foregoing reasons for the love which every good man owes to his country, we may add, that the actions, which are most celebrated in history, and which are read with the greatest admiration, are such as proceed from this principle. The establishing of good laws, the detecting of conspiracies, the crushing of seditions and rebellions, the falling in battle, or the devoting of a man's self to certain death for the safety of fellow-citizens, are actions that always warm the Reader, and endear to him persons of the remotest ages, and the most distant countries.

And as actions, that proceed from the love of one's country, are more illustrious than any others in the records of time; so we find that those persons who have been eminent in other virtues, have been particularly distinguished by this. It would be endless to produce examples of this kind, out of *Greek* and *Roman* Authors. To confine myself therefore in so wide and beaten a field, I shall choose some instances from Holy Writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature, as much as any other history whatsoever. And this I do the more willingly, because in some books lately written, I find it objected against revealed religion, that it does not inspire the love of one's country. Here I must premise, that as the sacred Author
of

of our religion chiefly inculcated to the *Jews* those parts of their duty wherein they were most defective, so there was no need of insisting upon this: the *Jews* being remarkable for an attachment to their own country, even to the exclusion of all common humanity to strangers. We see in the behaviour of this divine person, the practice of this virtue in conjunction with all others. He deferred working a miracle in the behalf of a *Syro-Phœnician* woman, until he had declared his superior good-will to his own nation; and was prevailed upon to heal the daughter of a *Roman* Centurion, by hearing from the *Jews*, that he was one who loved their nation, and had built them a Synagogue. But, to look out for no other instance, what was ever more moving, than his lamentation over *Jerusalem*, at his first approach to it, notwithstanding he had foretold the cruel and unjust treatment he was to meet with in that city! for he foresaw the destruction which in a few years was to fall upon that people; a destruction not to be paralleled in any nation from the beginning of the world to this day; and in the view of it melted into tears. His followers have in many places expressed the like sentiments of affection for their countrymen, among which none is more extraordinary than that of the great Convert, who wished he himself might be made a curse, provided it might turn to the happiness of his nation; or as he words it, *of his brethren and kinsmen, who are Israelites*. This instance naturally brings to mind the same heroic temper of soul in the great *Jewish* Lawgiver, who would have devoted himself in the same manner rather than see his people perish. It would indeed be difficult to find out any man of extraordinary piety in the sacred writings, in whom this virtue is not highly conspicuous. The Reader however will excuse me, if I take notice of one passage, because it is a very fine one, and wants only a place in some polite Author of *Greece* or *Rome*, to have been admired and celebrated. The King of *Syria* lying sick upon his bed, sent *Hafael* one of his great officers to the Prophet *Elisha*, to enquire of him whether he should recover. The Prophet looked so attentively on this messenger, that it put him into some confusion; or to quote this beautiful circumstance, and the whole narrative, in the pathetic language of Scripture, *Elisha settled his countenance stedfastly upon him, until he was ashamed: and Hafael said, Why weepeth my Lord? And he said, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strong holds wilt thou set on fire, and their men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child. And Hafael said, But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? And Elisha answered, The Lord hath shewed me, that thou shalt be King over Syria.*

I might enforce these reasons for the love of our country, by considerations adapted to my Readers as they are *Englishmen*, and as by that means they

they enjoy a purer religion, and a more excellent form of government, than any other nation under Heaven. But being persuaded that every one must look upon himself as indispensably obliged to the practice of a duty, which is recommended to him by so many arguments and examples, I shall only desire the honest, well-meaning Reader, when he turns his thoughts towards the public, rather to consider what opportunities he has of doing good to his native country, than to throw away his time in deciding the rights of Princes, or the like speculations, which are so far beyond his reach. Let us leave these great points to the wisdom of our Legislature, and to the determination of those, who are the proper judges of our Constitution. We shall otherwise be liable to the just reproach, which is cast upon such christians, as waste their lives in the subtle and intricate disputes of religion, when they should be practising the doctrine which it teaches. If there be any right upon earth, any relying on the judgment of our most eminent Lawyers and Divines, or indeed any certainty in human reason, our present Sovereign has an undoubted title to our duty and obedience. But supposing for argument's sake, that this right were doubtful, and that an *Englishman* could be divided in his opinion, as to the person to whom he should pay his allegiance: in this case, there is no question, but the love of his country ought to cast the balance, and to determine him on that side, which is most conducive to the welfare of his community. To bring this to our present case. A man must be destitute of common sense, who is capable of imagining that the Protestant religion could flourish under the government of a bigoted *Roman Catholic*, or that our civil rights could be protected by one who has been trained up in the politics of the most arbitrary Prince in *Europe*, and who could not acknowledge his gratitude to his benefactor, by any remarkable instance, which would not be detrimental to the *British* nation. And are these such desirable blessings, that an honest man would endeavour to arrive at them, through the confusions of a civil war, and the blood of many thousands of his fellow-subjects? On the contrary, the arguments for our steady, loyal, and affectionate adherence to King *George*, are so evident from this single topic, that if every *Briton*, instead of aspiring after private wealth or power, would sincerely desire to make his country happy, his present Majesty would not have a single Malecontent in his whole dominions.

Monday,

N^o 6.

Monday, January 9.

Fraus enim astringit, non dissolvit perjurium.

Cic.

AT a time when so many of the King's subjects present themselves before their respective Magistrates to take the oaths required by law, it may not be improper to awaken in the minds of my Readers a due sense of the engagement under which they lay themselves. It is a melancholy consideration, that there should be several among us so hardened and deluded, as to think an oath a proper subject for a jest; and to make this, which is one of the most solemn acts of religion, an occasion of mirth. Yet such is the depravation of our manners at present, that nothing is more frequent than to hear profligate men ridiculing, to the best of their abilities, these sacred pledges of their duty and allegiance; and endeavouring to be witty upon themselves, for daring to prevaricate with God and man. A poor conceit of their own, or a quotation out of *Hudibras*, shall make them treat with levity an obligation wherein their safety and welfare are concerned both as to this world and the next. Rallery of this nature, is enough to make the hearer tremble. As these miscreants seem to glory in the profession of their impiety, there is no man who has any regard to his duty, or even to his reputation, that can appear in their defence. But if there are others of a more serious turn, who join with us deliberately in these religious professions of loyalty to our Sovereign, with any private salvos or evasions, they would do well to consider those maxims, in which all casuists are agreed, who have gained any esteem for their learning, judgment, or morality. These have unanimously determined that an oath is always to be taken in the sense of that authority which imposes it: and that those, whose hearts do not concur with their lips in the form of these public protestations; or who have any mental reserves, or who take an oath against their consciences, upon any motive whatsoever; or with a design to break it, or repent of it, are guilty of perjury. Any of these, or the like circumstances, instead of alleviating the crime, make it more heinous, as they are premeditated frauds (which it is the chief design of an oath to prevent) and the most flagrant instances of insincerity to men, and irreverence to their Maker. For this reason, the perjury of a man, who takes an oath, with an intention to keep it, and is afterwards

afterwards seduced to the violation of it, (though a crime not to be thought of, without the greatest horror) is yet, in some respects, not quite so black as the perjury above-mentioned. It is indeed a very unhappy token of the great corruption of our manners, that there should be any so inconsiderate among us, as to sacrifice the standing and essential duties of morality, to the views of politics; and that, as in my last paper, it was not unseasonable to prove the love of our country to be a virtue, so in this there should be any occasion to shew that perjury is a sin. But it is our misfortune to live in an age when such wild and unnatural doctrines have prevailed among some of our fellow-subjects, that if one looks into their schemes of government, they seem according as they are in the humor, to believe that a Sovereign is not to be restrained by his coronation oath, or his people by their oaths of allegiance: or to represent them in a plainer light, in some reigns they are for a power and an obedience that is unlimited, and in others are for retrenching within the narrowest bounds, both the authority of the Prince, and the allegiance of the subject.

Now the guilt of perjury is so self-evident, that it was always reckoned among the greatest crimes, by those who were only governed by the light of reason: the inviolable observing of an oath, like the other practical duties of christianity, is a part of natural religion. As reason is common to all mankind, the dictates of it are the same through the whole species: and since every man's own heart will tell him, that there can be no greater affront to the Deity, whom he worships, than to appeal to him with an intention to deceive; nor a greater injustice to men, than to betray them by false assurances; it is no wonder that pagans and christians, infidels and believers, should concur in a point wherein the honor of the supreme Being, and the welfare of society, are so highly concerned. For this reason, *Pythagoras* to his first precept of honoring the immortal Gods, immediately subjoins that of paying veneration to an oath. We may see the reverence which the heathens shewed to these sacred and solemn engagements from the inconveniences which they often suffered, rather than break through them. We have frequent instances of this kind in the *Roman* commonwealth; which, as it has been observed by several *Pagan* writers, very much excelled all other *Pagan* governments in the practice of virtue. How far they exceeded, in this particular, those great corrupters of Christianity, and indeed of natural religion, the Jesuits, may appear from their abhorrence of every thing that looked like a fraudulent or mental evasion. Of this I shall only produce the following instance. Several *Romans* who had been taken prisoners by *Hannibal*, were released, upon obliging themselves by an oath to return again to his camp. Among these there was one, who

thinking to elude the oath, went the same day back to the camp on pretence of having forgot something. But this prevarication was so shocking to the *Roman* Senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended, and delivered up to *Hannibal*.

We may farther see the just sense the heathens had of the crime of perjury, from the penalties which they inflicted on the persons guilty of it. Perjury among the *Scythians* was a capital crime; and among the *Egyptians* also was punished with death, as *Diodorus Siculus* relates, who observes that an offender of this kind is guilty of those two crimes (wherein the malignity of perjury truly consists) a failing in his respect to the Divinity, and in his faith towards men. 'Tis unnecessary to multiply instances of this nature, which may be found in almost every author who has written on this subject.

If men, who had no other guide but their reason, considered an oath to be of such a tremendous nature, and the violation of it to be so great a crime; it ought to make a much deeper impression upon minds enlightened by revealed religion, as they have more exalted notions of the Divinity. A supposed heathen Deity might be so poor in his attributes, so stinted in his knowledge, goodness, or power, that a pagan might hope to conceal his perjury from his notice, or not to provoke him, should he be discovered; or should he provoke him, not to be punished by him. Nay, he might have produced examples of falsehood and perjury in the Gods themselves, to whom he appealed. But as revealed religion has given us a more just and clear idea of the Divine nature, He, whom we appeal to, is Truth itself, the great searcher of hearts, who will not let fraud and falsehood go unpunished, or *hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain*. And as with regard to the Deity, so likewise with regard to man, the obligation of an oath is stronger upon Christians than upon any other part of mankind; and that because charity, truth, mutual confidence, and all other social duties are carried to greater heights, and enforced with stronger motives, by the principles of our religion.

Perjury, with relation to the oaths which are at present required by us, has in it all the aggravating circumstances, which can attend that crime. We take them before the Magistrates of public justice; are reminded by the ceremony, that it is a part of that obedience which we learn from the gospel; expressly disavow all evasions and mental reservations whatsoever; appeal to Almighty God for the integrity of our hearts, and only desire him to be our helper, as we fulfil the oath we there take in his presence. I mention these circumstances, to which several other might be added, because it is a received doctrine among those, who have treated of the nature of an oath, that the greater the solemnities are which attend it, the more they aggravate

vate the violation of it. And here what must be the success that a man can hope for who turns a Rebel, after having disclaimed the divine assistance, but upon condition of being a faithful and loyal subject? He first of all desires that God may help him, as he shall keep his oath, and afterwards hopes to prosper in an enterprise which is the direct breach of it.

Since therefore perjury, by the common sense of mankind, the reason of the thing, and from the whole tenor of Christianity, is a crime of so flagitious a nature, we cannot be too careful in avoiding every approach towards it.

The virtue of the ancient *Athenians* is very remarkable, in the case of *Euripides*. This great tragic poet, tho' famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, *I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart*. The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made *Socrates* (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation; and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous Heathens of any the smallest hint, that might open a way to perjury.

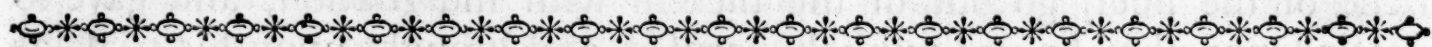
And here it highly imports us to consider, that we do not only break our oath of allegiance by actual rebellion, but by all those other methods which have a natural and manifest tendency to it. The guilt may lie upon a man, where the penalty cannot take hold of him. Those who speak irreverently of the person to whom they have sworn allegiance; who endeavour to alienate from him the hearts of his subjects; or to inspire the people with disaffection to his government, cannot be thought to be true to the oath they have taken. And as for those, who by concerted falsehoods and defamations endeavour to blemish his character, or weaken his authority; they incur the complicated guilt both of slander and perjury. The moral crime is completed in such offenders, and there are only accidental circumstances wanting, to work it up for the cognizance of the law.

Nor is it sufficient for a man, who has given these solemn assurances to his Prince, to forbear the doing him any evil, unless at the same time he do him all the good he can in his proper station of life.

Loyalty is of an active nature, and ought to discover itself in all the instances of zeal and affection to our Sovereign: and if we carefully examine the duty of that allegiance which we pledge to his Majesty, by the oaths that are tendered to us, we shall find that *We do not only renounce, refuse, and abjure any allegiance or obedience to the Pretender, but, Swear to defend King George to the utmost of our power, against all traiterous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever,*

and to disclose and make known to his Majesty, all treasons and traiterous conspiracies, which we shall know to be against him.

To conclude, as among those who have bound themselves by these sacred obligations, the actual traitor or rebel is guilty of perjury in the eye of the law; the secret promoter, or well-wisher of the cause, is so before the tribunal of conscience. And though I should be unwilling to pronounce the man who is indolent, or indifferent in the cause of his Prince, to be absolutely perjured; I may venture to affirm, that he falls very short of that allegiance to which he is obliged by oath. Upon the whole we may be assured, that in a nation which is tied down by such religious and solemn engagements, the people's loyalty will keep pace with their morality; and that in proportion as they are sincere christians, they will be faithful subjects.

N^o 7.

Friday, January 13.



Veritas pluribus modis infracta: Primum in scitiâ reipublicæ, ut alienæ; mox libidine assentandi, aut rursus odio adversus dominantes. Obtrusio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur: quippe adulationi sædum crimen servitutis, malignitati falsa species libertatis inest. Tacit.

THERE is no greater sign of a bad cause, than when the patrons of it are reduced to the necessity of making use of the most wicked artifices to support it. Of this kind are the falsehoods and calumnies which are invented and spread abroad by the enemies to our King and country. This spirit of malice and slander does not discover itself in any instances so ridiculous, as in those, by which seditious men endeavour to depreciate his Majesty's person and family, without considering, that his court at *Hanover* was always allowed to be one of the politest in *Europe*, and that, before he became our King, he was reckoned among the greatest Princes of *Christendom*.

But the most glorious of his Majesty's predecessors was treated after the same manner. Upon that Prince's first arrival, the inconsiderable party, who then labored to make him odious to the people, gave out, That he brought with him twenty thousand *Laplanders*, clothed in the skins of bears, all of their own killing; and that they mutinied because they had not been regaled

led with a bloody battle within two days after their landing. He was no sooner on the throne, than those, who had contributed to place him there, finding that he had made some changes at court which were not to their humor, endeavoured to render him unpopular by misrepresentations of his person, his character, and his actions. They found that his nose had a resemblance to that of *Oliver Cromwell*, and clapped him on a huge pair of *Mustachoes* to frighten his people with: his mercy was fear; his justice was cruelty; his temperance, œconomy, prudent behaviour, and application to business, were *Dutch* virtues, and such as we had not been used to in our *English* Kings. He did not fight a battle, in which the *Tories* did not slay double the number of what he had lost in the field; nor ever raised a siege or gained a victory, which did not cost more than it was worth. In short, he was contriving the ruin of his kingdom; and in order to it advanced *Dr. Tillotson* to the highest station of the Church, my Lord *Somers* of the Law, *Mr. Mountague* of the Treasury, and the Admiral at *la Hogue* of the Fleet. Such were the calumnies of the party in those times, which we see so faithfully copied out by men of the same principles under the reign of his present Majesty.

As the schemes of these Gentlemen are the most absurd and contradictory to common sense, the means by which they are promoted must be of the same nature. Nothing but weakness and folly can dispose *Englishmen* and *Protestants* to the interests of a *Popish Pretender*: and the same abilities of mind will naturally qualify his adherents to swallow the most palpable and notorious falsehoods. Their self-interested and designing leaders cannot desire a more ductile and easy people to work upon. How long was it before many of this simple deluded tribe were brought to believe that the *Highlanders* were a generation of men that could be conquered! The rabble of the party were instructed to look upon them as so many *Giants* and *Saracens*; and were very much surpris'd to find, that every one of them had not with his broad sword mowed down at least a squadron of the King's forces. There were not only public rejoicings in the camp at *Perth*, but likewise many private congratulations nearer us, among these well-wishers to their country, upon the victories of their friends at *Preston*; which continued till the Rebels made their solemn cavalcade from *Highgate*. Nay there were then some of these wise partisans, who concluded, the government had hired two or three hundred hale men, who looked like Fox-hunters, to be bound and pinioned, if not to be executed, as representatives of the pretended captives. Their victories in *Scotland* have been innumerable; and no longer ago than last week, they gained a very remarkable one, in which the *Highlanders* cut off all the *Dutch* forces to a man; and afterwards disguising themselves in their habits, came
up

up as friends to the King's troops, and put them all to the sword. This story had a great run for a day or two; and I believe one might still find out a whisper among their secret intelligence, that the Duke of *Mar* is actually upon the road to *London*, if not within two days march of the town. I need not take notice, that their successes in the battle of *Dumblain* are magnified among some of them to this day; though a *Tory* may very well say with King *Phyrrhus*, *That such another victory would undo them.*

But the most fruitful source of falsehood and calumny, is that which, one would think, should be the least apt to produce them; I mean a pretended concern for the safety of our established religion. Were these people as anxious for the doctrines, which are essential to the Church of *England*, as they are for the nominal distinction of adhering to its interests, they would know, that the sincere observation of public oaths, allegiance to their King, submission to their Bishops, zeal against Popery, and abhorrence of Rebellion, are the great points that adorn the character of the Church of *England*, and in which the authors of the reformed religion in this nation have always gloried. We justly reproach the *Jesuits*, who have adapted all christianity to temporal and political views, for maintaining a position so repugnant to the laws of nature, morality and religion, That an evil may be committed, for the sake of good, which may arise from it. But we cannot suppose even this principle, (as bad a one as it is) should influence those persons, who, by so many absurd and monstrous falsehoods, endeavour to delude men into a belief of the danger of the Church. If there be any relying on the solemn declarations of a Prince, famed for keeping his word, constant in the public exercises of our religion, and determined in the maintenance of our laws, we have all the assurances that can be given us, for the security of the established Church under his government. When a leading man therefore begins to grow apprehensive for the Church, you may be sure, that he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one. It is pleasant on these occasions, to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for his religion, and converting his spleen into zeal. These narrow and selfish views have so great an influence in this city, that, among those who call themselves the landed interest, there are several of my fellow Free-holders, who always fancy the Church in danger upon the rising of Bank-stock. But the standing absurdities, without the belief of which no man is reckoned a staunch Churchman, are, That there is a Calves-head club; for which, (by the way) some pious *Tory* has made suitable hymns and devotions: that there is a confederacy among the greatest part of the Prelates to destroy Episcopacy; and that all, who talk against *Popery*, are *Presbyterians* in their hearts. The emissaries of the party are so diligent in spreading ridiculous
fictions

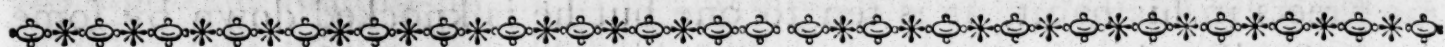
fiction of this kind, that at present, if we may credit common report, there are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the Churches in *London* are shut up; and that if any Clergyman walks the streets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by some sturdy Schismatic.

We may observe upon this occasion, that there are many particular falsehoods suited to the particular climates and latitudes in which they are published, according as the situation of the place makes them less liable to discovery: there is many a lie, that will not thrive within a hundred miles of *London*: nay, we often find a lie born in *Southwark*, that dies the same day on this side the water: and several produced in the loyal ward of *Port-foken* of so feeble a make, as not to bear carriage to the *Royal-Exchange*. However, as the mints of calumny are perpetually at work, there are a great number of curious inventions issued out from time to time, which grow current among the party, and circulate through the whole kingdom.

As the design of this paper is not to exasperate, but to undeceive my countrymen, let me desire them to consider the many inconveniences they bring upon themselves by these mutual intercourses of credulity and falsehood. I shall only remind the credulous of the strong delusion they have by this means been led into the greatest part of their lives. Their hopes have been kept up by a succession of lies for near thirty years. How many persons have starved in expectation of those profitable employments, which were promised them by the authors of these forgeries! how many of them have died with great regret, when they thought they were within a month of enjoying the inestimable blessings of a popish and arbitrary reign!

I would therefore advise this blinded set of men, not to give credit to those persons, by whom they have been so often fooled and imposed upon; but on the contrary, to think it an affront to their parts, when they hear from any of them such accounts, as they would not dare to tell them, but upon the presumption that they are idiots. Or if their zeal for the cause shall dispose them to be credulous in any points that are favorable to it, I would beg of them not to venture wagers upon the truth of them: and in this present conjuncture, by no means to sell out of the stocks upon any news they shall hear from their good friends at *Perth*. As these party fictions are the proper subjects of mirth and laughter, their deluded believers are only to be treated with pity or contempt. But as for those incendiaries of figure and distinction, who are the inventors and publishers of such gross falsehoods and calumnies, they cannot be regarded by others, but with the utmost detestation and abhorrence; nor, one would think, by themselves, without the greatest remorse and compunction of heart; when they consider,
that

that in order to give a spirit to a desperate cause, they have, by their false and treacherous insinuations and reports, betrayed so many of their friends into their destruction.

N^o 8.

Monday, January 16.



*Adveniet qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redarguerit.*

Virg.

I Have heard that several Ladies of distinction, upon the reading of my fourth paper, are studying methods how to make themselves useful to the public. One has a design of keeping an open tea-table, where every man shall be welcome that is a friend to King George. Another is for setting up an assembly for basset, where none shall be admitted to *punt*, that have not taken the oaths. A third is upon an invention of a dress which will put every *Tory* Lady out of countenance: I am not informed of the particulars, but am told in general, that she has contrived to shew her principles by the setting of her commode; so that it will be impossible for any woman, that is *disaffected*, to be in the fashion. Some of them are of opinion that the Fan may be made use of with good success, against Popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the Church of *Rome* in various figures; and that their abhorrence of the superstitious use of beads, may be very aptly expressed in the make of a pearl Neck-lace. As for the civil part of our constitution, it is unanimously agreed among the leaders of the sex, that there is no glory in making a man their slave, who has not naturally a passion for liberty; and to disallow of all professions of Passive-obedience, but from a lover to his mistress.

It happens very luckily for the interest of the *Whigs*, that their very enemies acknowledge the finest women of *Great Britain* to be of that party. The *Tories* are forced to borrow their toasts from their antagonists; and can scarce find beauties enough of their own side to supply a single round of *October*. One may, indeed, sometimes discover among the malignants of the sex, a face that seems to have been naturally designed for a *Whig* Lady: but then it is so often flushed with rage, or soured with disappointments, that one cannot but be troubled to see it thrown away upon the owner. Would the pretty malecontent be persuaded to love her King and country, it would diffuse a cheerfulness through all her features, and give her quite another air. I would therefore advise these my gentle Readers, as they consult the
good

good of their faces, to forbear frowning upon loyalists, and pouting at the government. In the mean time, what may we not hope from a cause, which is recommended by all the allurements of beauty, and the force of truth! It is therefore to be hoped that every fine woman will make this laudable use of her charms; and that she may not want to be frequently reminded of this great duty, I will only desire her to think of her country every time she looks in her glass. But because it is impossible to prescribe such rules, as shall be suitable to the sex in general, I shall consider them under their several divisions of Maids, Wives and Widows.

As for Virgins, who are unexperienced in the wiles of men, they would do well to consider how little they are to rely on the faith of lovers, who in less than a year have broken their allegiance to their lawful Sovereign; and what credit is to be given to the vows and protestations of such as shew themselves so little afraid of perjury. Besides, what would an innocent young Lady think, should she marry a man without examining his principles, and afterwards find herself got with child by a rebel?

In the next place, every Wife ought to answer for her man. If the husband be engaged in a seditious club, or drinks mysterious healths, or be frugal of his candles on a rejoicing night, let her look to him, and keep him out of harms way; or the world will be apt to say, she has a mind to be a widow before her time. She ought in such cases to exert the authority of the curtain lecture; and if she finds him of a rebellious disposition, to tame him, as they do birds of prey, by dinning him in the ears all night long.

Widows may be supposed women of too good sense not to discountenance all practices, that have a tendency to the destruction of mankind. Besides, they have a greater interest in property than either maids or wives, and do not hold their jointures by the precarious tenure of portions or pin-money. So that it is as unnatural for a Dowager, as a Free-holder, to be an enemy to our constitution.

As nothing is more instructive than examples, I would recommend to the perusal of our *British* virgins the story of *Clelia* a *Roman* spinster, whose behaviour is represented by all the historians, as one of the chief motives that discouraged the *Tarquins* from prosecuting their attempt to regain the throne, from whence they had been expelled. Let the married women reflect upon the glory acquired by the wife of *Coriolanus*, who, when her husband, after long exile, was returning into his country with fire and sword, diverted him from so cruel and unnatural an enterprise. And let those who have outlived their husbands, never forget their country-woman *Boadicea*, who headed her troops in person against the invasion of a *Roman* army, and encouraged them with this memorable saying, *I, who am a woman, am resolved upon victory*

or death: but as for you who are men, you may, if you please, choose life and slavery.

But I do not propose to our *British Ladies* that they should turn *Amazons* in the service of their Sovereign, nor so much as let their nails grow for the defence of their country. The men will take the work of the field off their hands, and shew the world, that *English* valor cannot be matched, when it is animated by *English* beauty. I do not however disapprove the project which is now on foot for a *Female Association*; and, since I hear the fair confederates cannot agree among themselves upon a form, shall presume to lay before them the following rough draught, to be corrected or improved as they in their wisdom shall think fit.

“ **W**E the Comforts, Relicts, and Spinsters of the Isle of *Great Britain*,
 “ whose names are under-written, being most passionately offended
 “ at the falsehood and perfidiousness of certain faithless men, and at the
 “ lukewarmth and indifference of others, have entered into a voluntary
 “ Association for the good and safety of our constitution. And we do hereby
 “ engage ourselves to raise and arm our vassals for the service of his Ma-
 “ jesty King *George*, and him to defend with our tongues and hearts, our eyes,
 “ eye-lashes, favorites, lips, dimples, and every other feature, whether natu-
 “ ral or acquired. We promise publicly and openly to avow the loyalty
 “ of our principles in every word we shall utter, and every patch we shall
 “ stick on. We do farther promise, to annoy the enemy with all the flames,
 “ darts and arrows with which nature has armed us; never to correspond
 “ with them by sigh, ogle, or billet-doux; not to have any intercourse with
 “ them either in snuff or tea; nor to accept the civility of any man’s hand,
 “ who is not ready to use it in the defence of his country. We are deter-
 “ mined in so good a cause to endure the greatest hardships and severities,
 “ if there should be occasion; and even to wear the manufacture of our
 “ country, rather than appear the friends of a foreign interest in the richest
 “ *French* brocade. And forgetting all private feuds, jealousies and animos-
 “ ities, we do unanimously oblige ourselves, by this our Association, to
 “ stand and fall by one another, as loyal and faithful sisters and fellow-
 “ subjects.

N. B. This Association will be lodged at Mr. *Motteux’s*, where attendance will be given to the subscribers, who are to be ranged in their respective columns, as maids, wives, and widows.

Friday,

N^o 9.

Friday, January 20.

*Confilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
Et perdunt operam, et deridentur turpiter.*

Phædr.

THOUGH I have already seen, in *The Town-Talk*, a Letter from a celebrated *Englishman* to the Pretender, which is indeed an excellent answer to his Declaration, the title of this paper obliges me to publish the following piece, which considers it in different lights.

The Declaration of the Free-holders of Great Britain, in answer to that of the Pretender.

WE, by the Mercy of God, Free-holders of *Great Britain*, to the popish Pretender, who styles himself King of *Scotland* and *England*, and Defender of our Faith, DEFIANCE. Having seen a libel, which you have lately published against the King and people of these realms, under the title of a DECLARATION, We, in justice to the sentiments of our own hearts, have thought fit to return you the following answer; wherein we shall endeavour to reduce to method the several particulars, which you have contrived to throw together with much malice, and no less confusion.

We believe you sincere in the first part of your declaration, where you own it would be a great satisfaction to you to be placed upon the throne by our endeavours: but you discourage us from making use of them, by declaring it to be your right both by the laws of God and man. As for the laws of God, we should think ourselves great transgressors of them, should we for your sake rebel against a Prince, who, under God, is the most powerful defender of that religion which we think the most pleasing to him; and as for the laws of man, we conceive those to be of that kind, which have been enacted from time to time for near thirty years past, against you and your pretensions, by the Legislature of this kingdom.

You afterwards proceed to invectives against the Royal Family: which we do assure you is a very unpopular topic, except to your few deluded friends among the rabble.

You call them *Aliens to our country*, not considering that King George has lived above a year longer in *England* than ever you did. You say they are

distant in blood, whereas no body ever doubted that King George is great grandson to King James the First, though many believe that you are not son to King James the Second. Besides, all the world acknowledges he is the nearest to our Crown of Protestant blood, of which you cannot have one drop in your veins, unless you derive it from such parents as you do not care for owning.

Your next argument against the Royal Family, is, that they are *strangers to our language*: but they must be strangers to the *British* Court who told you so. However you must know, that we plain men should prefer a King who was a stranger to our language, before one who is a stranger to our laws and religion; for we could never endure *French* sentiments, though delivered in our native dialect; and should abhor an arbitrary Prince, though he tyrannised over us in the finest *English* that ever was spoken. For these reasons, Sir, we cannot bear the thought of hearing a man, that has been bred up in the politics of Lewis the Fourteenth, talk intelligibly from the *British* throne; especially when we consider, however he may boast of his speaking *English*, he says his prayers in an unknown tongue.

We come now to the grievances, for which, in your opinion, we ought to take up arms against our present Sovereign. The greatest you seem to insist upon, and which is most in the mouths of your party, is the Union of the two kingdoms; for which his Majesty ought most certainly to be deposed, because it was made under the reign of her, whom you call your *Dear sister of glorious memory*. Other grievances which you hint at under his Majesty's administration, are, the Murder of King Charles the First, who was beheaded before King George was born; and the Sufferings of King Charles the Second, which perhaps his present Majesty cannot wholly clear himself of, because he came into the world a day before his Restoration.

As on the one side you arraign his present Majesty by this most extraordinary retrospect, on the other hand you condemn his government by what we may call the spirit of Second Sight. You are not content to draw into his reign those mischiefs that were done a hundred years ago, unless you anticipate those that may happen a hundred years hence. So that the keenest of your arrows either fall short of him, or fly over his head. We take it for a certain sign that you are at a loss for present grievances, when you are thus forced to have recourse to your *future prospects, and future miseries*. Now, Sir, you must know, that we Free-holders have a natural aversion to hanging, and do not know how to answer it to our wives and families, if we should venture our necks upon the truth of your prophecies. In our ordinary way of judging, we guess at the King's future conduct by what
we

we have seen already; and therefore beg you will excuse us if for the present we defer entering into a rebellion, to which you so graciously invite us. When we have as bad a prospect of our King *George's* reign, as we should have of yours, then will be your time to date another declaration from your Court at *Commerci*: which, if we may be allowed to prophecy in our turn, cannot possibly happen before the hundred and fiftieth year of your reign.

Having considered the past and future grievances mentioned in your declaration, we come now to the present; all of which are founded upon this supposition, That whatever is done by his Majesty or his Ministers to keep you out of the *British* throne, is a grievance. These, Sir, may be grievances to you, but they are none to us. On the contrary, we look upon them as the greatest instances of his Majesty's care and tenderness for his people. To take them in order: the first relates to the Ministry; who are chosen, as you observe very rightly, out of the worst, and not the best of *your* subjects. Now, Sir, can you in conscience think us to be such fools as to rebel against the King, for having employed those who are his most eminent friends, and were the greatest sufferers in his cause before he came to the crown; and for having removed a General who is now actually in arms against him, and two Secretaries of State, both of whom have lifted themselves in your service; or because he chose to substitute in their places such men who had distinguished themselves by their zeal against you, in the most famous battles, negotiations, and debates.

The second grievance you mention, is, that the glory of the late Queen has suffered, who, you insinuate, *had secured to you the enjoyment of that inheritance out of which you had been so long kept*. This may indeed be a reason why her memory should be precious with you: but you may be sure we shall think never the better of her, for her having your good word. For the same reason it makes us stare, when we hear it objected to his present Majesty, *That he is not kind to Her faithful servants*; since, if we can believe what you yourself say, it is impossible they should be *His faithful servants*. And by the way, many of your private friends here wish you would forbear babbling at that rate: for, to tell you a secret, we are very apt to suspect that any *Englishman*, who deserves your praise, deserves to be hanged.

The next grievance, which you have a mighty mind to redress among us, is the Parliament of *Great Britain*, against whom you bring a stale accusation which has been used by every minority in the memory of man; namely, that it was procured by unwarrantable influences and corruptions. We cannot indeed blame you for being angry at those who have set such a round price upon your head. Your accusation of our High Court of Parliament

liament puts us in mind of a story, often told among us *Free-holders*, concerning a rattle-brained young fellow, who being indicted for two or three pranks upon the highway, told the Judge he would swear the peace against him, for putting him in fear of his life.

The next grievance is such a one, that we are amazed how it could come into your head. Your words are as follow. *Whilst the principal powers engaged in the late wars do enjoy the blessings of peace, and are attentive to discharge their debts, and ease their people, Great Britain in the midst of peace, feels all the load of war. New debts are contracted, new armies are raised at home, Dutch forces are brought into these kingdoms.* What in the name of wonder do you mean? Are you in earnest, or do you design to banter us? Whom is the nation obliged to for all this load of war that it feels? Had you been wise enough to have slept at *Bar-le-duc* in a whole skin, we should not have contracted new debts, raised new armies, or brought over *Dutch* forces to make an example of you.

The most pleasant grievance is still behind, and indeed a most proper one to close up this article. *King George has taken possession of the Dutchy of Bremen, whereby a door is opened to let in an inundation of foreigners from abroad, and to reduce these nations to the state of a Province to one of the most inconsiderable Provinces of the Empire.* And do you then really believe the mob story, that *King George* designs to make a bridge of boats from *Hanover* to *Wapping*? We would have you know that some of us read *Baker's Chronicle*, and do not find that *William* the Conqueror ever thought of making *England* a province to his native Dutchy of *Normandy*, notwithstanding it lay so much more convenient for that purpose: nor that *King James* the First had ever any thoughts of reducing this nation to the state of a province to his ancient kingdom of *Scotland*, though it lies upon the same continent. But pray how comes it to pass that the Electorate of *Hanover* is become all of a sudden one of the most inconsiderable provinces of the Empire? If you undervalue it upon the account of its religion, you have some reason for what you say; though you should not think we are such strangers to maps, and live so much out of the world, as to be ignorant that it is for power and extent the second Protestant state in *Germany*; and whether you know it or no, the Protestant religion in the Empire, is looked upon as a sufficient balance against popery. Besides, you should have considered that in your declaration upon the King's coming to the throne of *Great Britain*, you endeavoured to terrify us from receiving him, by representing him as a powerful foreign Prince, supported by a numerous army of his own subjects. Be that as it will; we are no more afraid of being a province to *Hanover*, than the *Hanoverians* are apprehensive of being a province to *Bremen*.

We

We have now taken notice of those great evils which you are come to rescue us from: but as they are such as we have neither felt or seen, we desire you will put yourself to no farther trouble for our sakes.

You afterwards begin a kind of *Te Deum*, before the time, in that remarkable sentence, *We adore the wisdom of the Divine Providence, which has opened a way to our Restoration, by the success of those very measures that were laid to disappoint us for ever.* We are at a loss to know what you mean by this devout jargon: but by what goes before and follows, we suppose it to be this: that the coming of King George to the Crown, has made many malecontents, and by that means opened a way to your restoration; whereas you should consider, that if he had not come to the Crown, the way had been open of itself. In the same pious paragraph, *You most earnestly conjure us to pursue those methods for your Restoration, which the finger of God seems to point out to us.* Now the only methods which we can make use of for that end, are civil war, rapine, bloodshed, treason and perjury; methods which we Protestants do humbly conceive, can never be pointed out to us by the finger of God.

The rest of your declaration contains the encouragements you give us to rebel. First, you promise to share with us *all dangers and difficulties* which we shall meet with in this worthy enterprise. You are very much in the right of it: you have nothing to lose, and hope to get a Crown: we do not hope for any new Free-holds, and only desire to keep what we have. As therefore you are in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to make yourself our master, we shall think ourselves as much in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to hinder you from being so.

Secondly, You promise to *refer your and our interest to a Scotch Parliament*, which you are resolved to call immediately. We suppose you mean if the frost holds. But, Sir, we are certainly informed there is a Parliament now sitting at *Westminster*, that are busy at present in taking care both of the *Scotch* and *English* interest, and have actually done every thing which you would *let* be done by our Representatives in the Highlands.

Thirdly, You promise that if we will rebel for you against our present Sovereign, you will remit and discharge all crimes of high-treason, misprision, and all other crimes and offences whatsoever, done or committed against you or your father. But will you answer in this case that King George will forgive us? Otherwise we beseech you to consider what poor comfort it would be for a *British* Free-holder to be conveyed up *Holborn* with your pardon in his pocket. And here we cannot but remark, that the conditions of your general pardon are so stinted, as to shew that you are very cautious lest your good-nature should carry you too far. You exclude from the benefit of it, all those who do not *from the time*
of

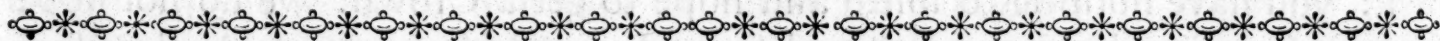
of your landing lay hold on mercy, and return to their duty and allegiance. By this means all neuters and lookers-on are to be executed of course: and by the studied ambiguity in which you couch the terms of your gracious pardon, you still leave room to gratify yourself in all the pleasures of tyranny and revenge.

Upon the whole, we have so bad an opinion of rebellion, as well as of your motives to it, and rewards for it, that you may rest satisfied, there are few Free-holders on this side the *Forth* who will engage in it: and we verily believe that you will suddenly take a resolution in your cabinet of *Highlanders* to scamper off with your new crown, which we are told the Ladies of those parts have so generously clubbed for. And you may assure yourself that it is the only one you are like to get by this notable expedition. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Dated Jan. 19, in the second year of our
public happiness.

N^o 10.

Monday, January 23.



Potior visa est periculosa libertas quieto servitio.

Sall.

ONE may venture to affirm, that all honest and disinterested *Britons* of what party soever, if they understood one another, are of the same opinion in points of government: and that the grofs of the people, who are imposed upon by terms which they do not comprehend, are *Whigs* in their hearts. They are made to believe, that passive-obedience and non-resistance, unlimited power and indefeasible right, have something of a venerable and religious meaning in them; whereas in reality they only imply, that a King of *Great Britain* has a right to be a Tyrant, and that his subjects are obliged in conscience to be slaves. Were the case truly and fairly laid before them, they would know, that when they make a profession of such principles, they renounce their legal claim to liberty and property, and unwarily submit to what they really abhor.

It is our happiness, under the present reign, to hear our King from the throne exhorting us to be *zealous assertors of the liberties of our country*; which exclude all pretensions to an arbitrary, tyrannic, or despotic power. Those, who have the misfortune to live under such a power, have no other
law

law but the will of their Prince, and consequently no privileges, but what are pernicious. For though in some arbitrary governments there may be a body of laws observed in the ordinary forms of justice, they are not sufficient to secure any rights to the people; because they may be dispensed with, or laid aside at the pleasure of the Sovereign.

And here it very much imports us to consider, that arbitrary power naturally tends to make a man a bad Sovereign, who might possibly have been a good one, had he been invested with an authority limited and circumscribed by laws. None can doubt of this tendency in arbitrary power, who consider, that it fills the mind of man with great and unreasonable conceits of himself; raises him into a belief, that he is of a superior species to his subjects; extinguishes in him the principle of fear, which is one of the greatest motives to all duties; and creates an ambition of magnifying himself, by the exertion of such a power in all its instances. So great is the danger, that when a Sovereign can do what he will, he will do what he can.

One of the most arbitrary Princes in our age was *Muley Ishmael*, Emperor of *Morocco*, who, after a long reign, died about a twelvemonth ago. This Prince was a man of much wit and natural sense, of an active temper, undaunted courage, and great application. He was a descendent of *Mahomet*; and so exemplary for his adherence to the law of his Prophet, that he abstained all his life from the taste of wine; began the annual fast, or *Lent* of *Ramadan*, two months before his subjects; was frequent in his prayers; and that he might not want opportunities of kneeling, had fixed in all the spacious courts of his palace large consecrated stones pointing towards the east, for any occasional exercise of his devotion. What might not have been hoped from a prince of these endowments, had they not been all rendered useless and ineffectual to the good of his people by the notion of that power which they ascribed to him! This will appear, if we consider how he exercised it towards his subjects in those three great points which are the chief ends of government, the preservation of their lives, the security of their fortunes, and the determinations of justice between man and man.

Foreign Envoys, who have given an account of their audiences, describe this holy man mounted on horseback in an open court, with several of his *Alciads*, or governors of provinces about him, standing barefoot, trembling, bowing to the earth, and at every word he spoke, breaking out into passionate exclamations of praise, as, *Great is the Wisdom of our Lord the King; our Lord the King speaks as an angel from Heaven.* Happy was the man among them, who was so much a favorite as to be sent on an errand to the most remote street in his capital; which he performed with the greatest alacrity, ran through every puddle that lay in his way, and took care to return out

of breath and covered with dirt, that he might shew himself a diligent and faithful Minister. His Majesty at the same time, to exhibit the greatness of his power, and shew his horsemanship, seldom dismissed the foreigner from his presence, till he had entertained him with the slaughter of two or three of his liege subjects, whom he very dexterously put to death with the tilt of his lance. St. Olon, the *French* Envoy, tells us, that when he had his last audience of him, he received him in robes just stained with an execution; and that he was blooded up to his elbows by a couple of *Moors*, whom he had been butchering with his own imperial hands. By the calculation of that author, and many others, who have since given an account of his exploits, we may reckon that by his own arm he killed above forty thousand of his people. To render himself the more awful, he chose to wear a garb of a particular color when he was bent upon executions; so that when he appeared in yellow, his great men hid themselves in corners, and durst not pay their court to him, till he had satiated his thirst of blood by the death of some of his loyal commoners, or of such unwary officers of state as chanced to come in his way. Upon this account we are told, that the first news enquired after every morning at *Mequinez*, was, Whether the Emperor was stirring, and in a good or bad humor? As this Prince was a great admirer of architecture, and employed many thousands in works of that kind, if he did not approve the plan of the performance, it was usual for him to shew the delicacy of his taste by demolishing the building, and putting to death all that had a hand in it. I have heard but of one instance of his mercy; which was shewn to the master of an *English* vessel. This our countryman presented him with a curious hatchet, which he received very graciously; and asking him whether it had a good edge, tried it upon the donor, who slipping aside from the blow, escaped with the loss only of his right ear; for old *Muley*, upon second thoughts, considering that it was not one of his own subjects, stopped his hand, and would not send him to Paradise. I cannot quit this article of his tenderness for the lives of his people, without mentioning one of his Queens, whom he was remarkably fond of; as also a favorite prime Minister, who was very dear to him. The first died by a kick of her Lord the King, when she was big with child, for having gathered a flower as she was walking with him in his pleasure garden. The other was bastinadoed to death by his Majesty; who, repenting of the drubs he had given him when it was too late, to manifest his esteem for the memory of so worthy a man, executed the surgeon that could not cure him.

This absolute Monarch was as notable a guardian of the fortunes, as of the lives of his subjects. When any man among his people grew rich, in order to keep him from being dangerous to the State, he used to send for all his

his goods and chattels. His governors of towns and provinces, who formed themselves upon the example of their *Grand Monarque*, practised rapine, violence, extortion, and all the arts of despotic government in their respective districts, that they might be the better enabled to make him their yearly presents. For the greatest of his Viceroys could only propose to himself a comfortable subsistence out of the plunder of his province, and was in certain danger of being recalled or hanged, if he did not remit the bulk of it to his dread Sovereign. That he might make a right use of these prodigious treasures, which flowed in to him from all the parts of his wide Empire, he took care to bury them under ground, by the hands of his most trusty slaves, and then cut their throats, as the most effectual method to keep them from making discoveries. These were his *Ways* and *Means* for raising money, by which he weakened the hands of the factious, and in any case of emergency, could employ the whole wealth of his empire, which he had thus amassed together in his subterraneous exchequer.

As there is no such thing as property under an arbitrary government, you may learn what was *Muley Ishmael's* notion of it from the following story. Being upon the road, amidst his life-guards, a little before the time of the *Ram-feast*, he met one of his *Alcaids* at the head of his servants, who were driving a great flock of sheep to market. The Emperor asked whose they were: the *Alcaid* answered with profound submission, *They are mine, O Ishmael, Son of Elcherif, of the line of Hassan. Thine! thou son of a cuckold*, said this *Servant of the Lord; I thought I had been the only proprietor in this country*; upon which he run him through the body with his lance, and very piously distributed the sheep among his guards, for the celebration of the feast.

His determinations of justice between man and man, were indeed very summary and decisive, and generally put an end to the vexations of a lawsuit, by the ruin both of plaintiff and defendant. Travellers have recorded some samples of this kind, which may give us an idea of the blessings of his Administration. One of his *Alcaids* complaining to him of a wife, whom he had received from his Majesty's hands, and therefore could not divorce her, that she used to pull him by the beard; the Emperor to redress this grievance, ordered his beard to be plucked up by the roots, that he might not be liable to any more such affronts. A country farmer having accused some of his Negro guards for robbing him of a drove of oxen, the Emperor readily shot the offenders: but afterwards demanding reparation of the accuser, for the loss of so many brave fellows, and finding him insolvent, compounded the matter with him by taking away his life. There are many other instances of the same kind. I must observe however under this head,

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that

that the only good thing he is celebrated for, during his whole reign, was the clearing of the roads and highways of robbers, with which they used to be very much infested. But his method was to slay man, woman and child, who lived within a certain distance from the place where the robbery was committed. This extraordinary piece of justice could not but have its effect, by making every road in his empire unsafe for the profession of a free-booter.

I must not omit this Emperor's reply to Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, who had taken several of his subjects by way of reprisal for the *English* captives that were detained in his dominions. Upon the Admiral's offering to exchange them on very advantageous terms, this good Emperor sent him word, The subjects he had taken were poor men, not worth the ransoming; and that he might throw them overboard, or destroy them otherwise as he pleased.

Such was the government of *Muley Ishmael, the servant of God, the Emperor of the faithful, who was courageous in the way of the Lord, the noble, the good.*

To conclude this account, which is extracted from the best authorities, I shall only observe that he was a great admirer of his late most Christian Majesty. In a letter to him, he compliments him with the title of *Sovereign Arbiter of the actions and wills of his people*. And in a book published by a *Frenchman*, who was sent to him as an Ambassador, is the following passage. *He is absolute in his States, and often compares himself to the Emperor of France, who he says is the only person that knows how to reign like himself, and to make his will the law.*

This was that Emperor of *France* to whom the person who has a great mind to be King of these realms owed his education, and from whom he learned his notions of government. What should hinder one, whose mind is so well seasoned with such prepossessions, from attempting to copy after his patron, in the exercise of such a power; especially considering that the party who espouse his interest, never fail to compliment a Prince that distributes all his places among them, with unlimited power on his part, and unconditional obedience on that of his subjects.

N^o II.

Friday, January 27.



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

BY our latest advices, both from town and country, it appears, that the Ladies of *Great Britain*, who are *able to bear arms*, that is, to smile or frown to any purpose, have already begun to commit hostilities upon the men of each opposite party. To this end we are assured, that many of them on both sides *exercise* before their glasses every morning; that they have already cashiered several of their followers as mutineers, who have contradicted them in some political conversations; and that the *Whig* Ladies in particular design very soon to have a general review of their forces, at a play bespoke by one of their leaders. This set of Ladies, indeed, as they daily do duty at court, are much more expert in the use of their airs and graces than their female antagonists, who are most of them bred in the country: so that the sisterhood of loyalists, in respect of the fair malecontents, are like an army of regular forces, compared with a raw undisciplined militia.

It is to this misfortune in their education that we may ascribe the rude and opprobrious language with which the disaffected part of the sex treat the present Royal Family. A little lively rustic, who hath been trained up in ignorance and prejudice, will prattle treason a whole winter's evening, and string together a parcel of silly seditious stories, that are equally void of decency and truth. Nay, you sometimes meet with a zealous matron who sets up for the pattern of a parish, uttering such invectives as are highly misbecoming her, both as a woman and a subject. In answer therefore to such disloyal termagants, I shall repeat to them a speech of the honest and blunt Duke *du Sully* to an assembly of *Popish* Ladies, who were railing very bitterly against *Henry the Fourth*, at his accession to the *French* throne; *Ladies*, said he, *you have a very good King, if you know when you are well. However set your hearts at rest, for he is not a man to be scolded or scratched out of his kingdom.*

But as I never care to speak of the fair sex, unless I have an occasion to praise them, I shall take my leave of these ungentle damsels; and only beg of them, not to make themselves less amiable than nature designed them, by being rebels to the best of their abilities, and endeavouring to bring their
country

country into bloodshed and confusion. Let me therefore recommend to them the example of those beautiful associates, whom I mentioned in my eighth paper, as I have received the particulars of their behaviour from the person with whom I lodged their association.

This association being written at length in a large roll of the finest vellum, with three distinct columns for the maids, wives, and widows, was opened for the subscribers near a fortnight ago. Never was a subscription for a *Raffling* or an *Opera* more crowded. There is scarce a celebrated beauty about town that you may not find in one of the three lists; infomuch, that if a man, who did not know the design, should read only the names of the subscribers, he would fancy every column to be a catalogue of toasts. Mr. *Motteux* has been heard to say more than once, that if he had the portraits of all the associates, they would make a finer auction of pictures, than he or any body else had ever exhibited.

Several of these Ladies indeed criticised upon the form of the association. One of them, after the perusal of it, wondered that among the features to be used in defence of their country, there was no mention made of *Teeth*; upon which she smiled very charmingly and discovered as fine a set as ever eye beheld. Another, who was a tall lovely Prude, holding up her head in a most majestic manner, said, with some disdain, she thought a good *Neck* might have done his Majesty as much service as smiles or dimples. A third looked upon the association as defective, because so necessary a word as *Hands* was omitted; and by her manner of taking up the pen, it was easy to guess the reason of her objection.

Most of the persons who associated, have done much more than by the letter of the association they were obliged to; having not only set their names to it, but subscribed their several aids and subsidies for the carrying on so good a cause. In the virgin column is one who subscribes fifteen lovers, all of them good men and true. There is another who subscribes five admirers, with one tall handsome black man fit to be a Colonel. In short, there is scarce one in this list who does not engage herself to supply a quota of brisk young fellows, many of them already equipped with hats and feathers. Among the rest, was a pretty sprightly coquette, with sparkling eyes, who subscribed two quivers of arrows.

In the column of wives, the first that took pen in hand, writ her own name and one vassal, meaning her husband. Another subscribes her husband and three sons. Another her husband and six coach-horses. Most in this catalogue paired themselves with their respective mates, answering for them as men of honest principles, and fit for the service.

N. B.

N. B. There were two in this column that wore association ribbons; the first of them subscribed her husband, and her husband's friend; the second a husband and five lovers; but upon enquiry into their characters, they are both of them found to be *Tories*, who hung out false colors to be spies upon the association, or to insinuate to the world by their subscriptions, as if a Lady of *Whig* principles could love any man besides her husband.

The widows column is headed by a fine woman who calls herself *Boadicea*, and subscribes six hundred tenants. It was indeed observed that the strength of the association lay most in this column; every widow, in proportion to her jointure, having a great number of admirers, and most of them distinguished as able men. Those who have examined this list, compute that there may be three regiments raised out of it, in which there shall not be one man under six foot high.

I must not conclude this account, without taking notice of the *Association-Ribbon*, by which these beautiful confederates have agreed to distinguish themselves. It is indeed so very pretty an ornament, that I wonder any *English* woman will be without it. A *Lady of the Association* who bears this badge of allegiance upon her breast, naturally produces a desire in every male beholder, of gaining a place in a heart which carries on it such a visible mark of its fidelity. When the beauties of our Island are thus industrious to shew their principles as well as their charms, they raise the sentiments of their countrymen, and inspire them at the same time both with loyalty and love. What numbers of profelytes may we not expect, when the most amiable of the *Britons* thus exhibit to their admirers the only terms upon which they are to hope for any correspondence or alliance with them! It is well known that the greatest blow the *French* nation ever received, was the dropping of a fine Lady's garter, in the reign of King *Edward* the Third. The most remarkable battles which have been since gained over that nation, were fought under the auspices of a blue *Ribbon*. As our *British* Ladies have still the same faces, and our men the same hearts, why may we not hope for the same glorious achievements from the influence of this beautiful breast-knot?

Monday,

N^o 12.

Monday, January 30.

Quapropter, de summâ salute vestrâ, P. C. de vestris conjugibus ac liberis, de aris ac focis, de fanis ac templis, de totius urbis tectis ac sedibus, de imperio, de libertate, de salute patriæ, deque universâ republicâ decernite diligenter, ut instituitis, ac fortiter.
Cic.

THIS day being set apart by public authority to raise in us an abhorrence to the *Great Rebellion*, which involved this nation in so many calamities and ended in the murder of their Sovereign; it may not be unreasonable to shew the guilt of rebellion in general, and of that rebellion in particular which is stirred up against his present Majesty.

That rebellion is one of the most heinous crimes which it is in the power of man to commit, may appear from several considerations. *First*, as it destroys the end of all government, and the benefits of civil society. Government was instituted for maintaining the peace, safety, and happiness of a people. These great ends are brought about by a general conformity and submission to that frame of laws which is established in every community, for the protection of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty. As on the one side men are secured in the quiet possession of their lives, properties, and every thing they have a right to: so on the other side, those who offer them any injury in these particulars, are subject to penalties proportioned to their respective offences. Government therefore mitigates the inequality of power among particular persons, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightiest of his fellow-subjects; since he has the force of the whole community on his side, which is able to control the insolence or injustice of any private oppressor. Now rebellion disappoints all these ends and benefits of government, by raising a power in opposition to that authority which has been established among a people for their mutual welfare and defence. So that rebellion is as great an evil to society, as government itself is a blessing.

In the next place, rebellion is a violation of all those engagements, which every government exacts from such persons as live under it; and consequently, the most base and pernicious instance of treachery and perfidiousness. The guilt of rebellion increases in proportion as these engagements are more solemn

solemn and obligatory. Thus if a man makes his way to rebellion through perjury, he gives additional horrors to that crime, which is in itself of the blackest nature.

We may likewise consider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedness than any other crime we can commit. It is big with rapine, sacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildest effects, as it impoverishes the public; ruins particular families; begets and perpetuates hatreds among fellow-subjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the seat of war and desolation; and exposes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In short, as it is impossible for it to take effect, or to make the smallest progress, but through a continued course of violence and bloodshed; a robber or a murderer looks like an innocent man, when we compare him with a rebel.

I shall only add, that as in the subordination of a government the King is offended by any insults or oppositions to an inferior Magistrate; so the sovereign Ruler of the universe is affronted by a breach of allegiance to those whom he has set over us; Providence having delegated to the supreme Magistrate in every country the same power for the good of men, which that supreme Magistrate transfers to those several officers and substitutes who act under him, for the preserving of order and justice.

Now if we take a view of the present rebellion which is formed against his Majesty, we shall find in it all the guilt that is naturally inherent in this crime, without any single circumstance to alleviate it. Insurrections among a people to rescue themselves from the most violent and illegal oppressions; to throw off a tyranny that makes property precarious, and life painful; to preserve their laws and their religion to themselves and their posterity; are excused from the necessity of such an undertaking, when no other means are left for the security of every thing that is dear and valuable to reasonable creatures. By the frame of our constitution, the duties of protection and allegiance are reciprocal; and as the safety of a community is the ultimate end and design of government, when this, instead of being preserved, is manifestly destroyed, civil societies are excusable before God and man, if they endeavour to recover themselves out of so miserable a condition. For in such a case government becomes an evil instead of a blessing, and is not at all preferable to a state of anarchy and mutual independence. For these reasons, we have scarce ever yet heard of an insurrection that was not either colored with grievances of the highest kind, or countenanced by one or more branches of the legislature. But the present rebellion is formed against a King, whose right has been established by frequent parliaments of all parties, and recognised by the most solemn oaths; who has not been charged with one illegal proceeding; who acts in perfect concert with the

Lords and Commons of the realm; who is famed for his equity and goodness, and has already very much advanced the reputation and interest of our country. The guilt therefore of this rebellion has in it all the most aggravating circumstances; which will still appear more plainly, if we consider in the first place the real motives to it.

The rebellion, which was one of the most flagitious in itself, and described with the most horror by historians, is that of *Catiline* and his associates. The motives to it are displayed at large by the *Roman* writers, in order to inspire the Reader with the utmost detestation of it. *Catiline*, the chief of the rebellion, had been disappointed in his competition for one of the first offices in the government, and had involved himself in such private debts and difficulties, as nothing could extricate him out of, but the ruin of an administration that would not entrust him with posts of honor or profit. His principal accomplices were men of the same character, and animated by the same incentives. They complained that power was lodged in the hands of the worst, to the oppression of the best; and that places were conferred on unworthy men, to the exclusion of themselves and their friends. Many of them were afraid of public justice for past crimes, and some of them stood actually condemned as traitors to their country. These were joined by men of desperate fortunes, who hoped to find their account in the confusions of their country, were applauded by the meanest of the rabble, who always delighted in change, and privately abetted by persons of a considerable figure, who aimed at those honors and preferments which were in the possession of their rivals. These are the motives with which *Catiline's* rebellion is branded in history, and which are expressly mentioned by *Salust*. I shall leave it to every unprejudiced Reader to compare them with the motives which have kindled the present rebellion in his Majesty's dominions.

As this Rebellion is of the most criminal nature from its motives, so it is likewise if we consider its consequences. Should it succeed, (a supposition which, God be thanked, is very extravagant) what must be the natural effects of it upon our religion! What could we expect from an army, blessed by the Pope, headed by a zealous *Roman Catholic*, encouraged by the most bigoted Princes of the Church of *Rome*, supported by contributions not only from those several potentates, but from the wealthiest of their convents, and officered by *Irish* Papists and outlaws! Can we imagine that the *Roman Catholics* of our own nation would so heartily embark in an enterprise, to the visible hazard of their lives and fortunes, did they only hope to enjoy their religion under those laws which are now in force? In short, the danger

ger to the protestant cause is so manifest, that it would be an affront to the understanding of the Reader to endeavour farther to prove it.

Arbitrary power is so interwoven with popery, and so necessary to introduce it, so agreeable to the education of the pretender, so conformable to the principles of his adherents, and so natural to the insolence of conquerors, that should our invader gain the sovereign power by violence, there is no doubt but he would preserve it by tyranny. I shall leave to the Reader's own consideration, the change of property in general, and the utter extinction of it in our national funds, the inundation of nobles without estates, prelates without bishoprics, officers civil and military without places; and in short, the several occasions of rapine and revenge, which would necessarily ensue upon such a fatal revolution. But by the blessing of Providence, and the wisdom of his Majesty's administration, this melancholy prospect is as distant as it is dreadful.

These are the consequences which would necessarily attend the success of the present Rebellion. But we will now suppose that the event of it should for some time remain doubtful. In this case we are to expect all the miseries of a civil war, nay, the armies of the greatest foreign princes would be subsisted, and all the battles of *Europe* fought in *England*. The rebels have already shewn us, that they want no inclination to promote their cause by fire and sword, where they have an opportunity of practising their barbarities. Should such a fierce and rapacious host of men, as that which is now in the Highlands, fall down into our country, that is so well peopled, adorned and cultivated, how would their march be distinguished by ravage and devastation! might not we say of them in the sublime and beautiful words of the prophet, describing the progress of an enraged army from the North; *Before them is as the garden of Eden, and behind them as the desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them.*

What then can we think of a party, who would plunge their native country into such evils as these; when the only avowed motive for their proceedings is a point of theory, that has been already determined by those who are proper judges, and in whose determination we have so many years acquiesced. If the calamities of the nation in general can make no impression on them, let them at least, in pity to themselves, their friends and dependents, forbear all open and secret methods of encouraging a rebellion, so destructive, and so unprovoked. All human probabilities are against them; and they cannot expect success, but from a miraculous interposition of the Almighty. And this we may with all christian humility hope, will not turn against us, who observe those oaths which we have made in his presence; who are zealous for the safety of that religion, which we think most accept-

able in his fight; and who endeavour to preserve that constitution which is most conducive to the happiness of our country.

N^o 13.

Friday, February 3.



Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent.

Virg.

THE most common, and indeed the most natural division of all offences, is into those of omission and commission. We may make the same division of that particular set of crimes which regard human society. The greatest crime which can be committed against it is rebellion; as was shewn in my last paper. The greatest crime of omission, is an indifference in the particular members of a society, when a rebellion is actually begun among them. In such a juncture, though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon government, he is highly culpable, if he does not use all the means that are suitable to his station for reducing the community into its former state of peace and good order.

Our obligation to be active on such an occasion appears from the very nature of civil government; which is an institution, whereby we are all confederated together for our mutual defence and security. Men who profess a state of neutrality in times of public danger, desert the common interest of their fellow-subjects; and act with independence to that constitution into which they are incorporated. The safety of the whole requires our joint endeavours. When this is at stake, the indifferent are not properly a part of the community; or rather are like dead limbs, which are an incumbrance to the body, instead of being of use to it. Besides that, the protection which all receive from the same government, justly calls upon the gratitude of all to strengthen it, as well as upon their self-interest to preserve it.

But farther; If men, who in their hearts are friends to a government, forbear giving it their utmost assistance against its enemies, they put it in the power of a few desperate men to ruin the welfare of those who are much superior to them in strength, number and interest. It was a remarkable law of Solon, the great legislator of the Athenians, that any person who in the civil tumults and commotions of the republic remained neuter, or an indifferent spectator of the contending parties, should, after the re-establishment

ment of the public peace, forfeit all his possessions, and be condemned to perpetual banishment. This law made it necessary for every citizen to take his party, because it was highly probable the majority would be so wise as to espouse that cause which was most agreeable to the public weal, and by that means hinder a sedition from making a successful progress. At least, as every prudent and honest man, who might otherwise favor any indolence in his own temper, was hereby engaged to be active, such a one would be sure to join himself to that side which had the good of their country most at heart. For this reason their famous lawgiver condemned the persons who sat idle in divisions so dangerous to the government, as aliens to the community, and therefore to be cut off from it as unprofitable members.

Farther; Indifference cannot but be criminal, when it is conversant about objects which are so far from being of an indifferent nature, that they are of the highest importance to ourselves and our country. If it be indifferent to us whether we are free subjects or slaves; whether our Prince be of our own religion, or of one that obliges him to extirpate it; we are in the right to give ourselves no trouble in the present juncture. A man governs himself by the dictates of virtue and good sense, who acts without zeal or passion in points that are of no consequence: but when the whole community is shaken, and the safety of the public endangered, the appearance of a philosophical or an affected indolence must arise either from stupidity, or perfidiousness.

When in the division of parties among us, men only strove for the first place in the Prince's favor; when all were attached to the same form of government, and contended only for the highest offices in it; a prudent and an honest man might look upon the struggle with indifference, and be in no great pain for the success of either side. But at present the contest is not in reality between *Whigs* and *Tories*, but between *Loyalists* and *Rebels*. Our country is not now divided into two parties, who propose the same end by different means, but into such as would preserve, and such as would destroy it. Whatever denominations we might range ourselves under in former times, men who have any natural love to their country, or sense of their duty, should exert their united strength in a cause that is common to all parties, as they are Protestants and Britons. In such a case, an avowed indifference is treachery to our fellow-subjects; and a lukewarm allegiance may prove as pernicious in its consequences as treason.

I need not repeat here what I have proved at large in a former paper, that we are obliged to an active obedience by the solemn oaths we have taken to his Majesty; and that the neutral kind of indifference, which is the subject of this paper, falls short of that obligation they lie under, who have
taken

taken such oaths; as will easily appear to any one who considers the form of those sacred and religious engagements.

How then can any man answer it to himself, if, for the sake of managing his interest or character among a party, or out of any personal pique to those who are the most conspicuous for their zeal in his Majesty's service, or from any other private and self-interested motive, he stands as a looker-on when the government is attacked by an open rebellion? especially when those engaged in it, cannot have the least prospect of success, but by the assistance of the ancient and hereditary enemies to the *British* nation. It is strange that these lukewarm friends to the government, whose zeal for their sovereign rises and falls with their credit at court, do not consider, before it be too late, that as they strengthen the rebels by their present indifference, they at the same time establish the interest of those who are their rivals and competitors for public posts of honor. When there is an end put to this rebellion, these gentlemen cannot pretend to have had any merit in so good a work: and they may well believe the nation will never care to see those men in the highest offices of trust, who, when they are out of them, will not stir a finger in its defence.

N^o 14.

Monday, February 6.



*Periculosum est credere, et non credere:
Utriusque exemplum breviter exponam rei.
Hippolitus obiit, quia novercæ creditum est:
Cassandræ quia non creditum, ruit Ilium.
Ergo exploranda est veritas multum prius,
Quàm stulta pravè judicet sententia.*

Phædr.

HAVING in the seventh paper considered many of those falsehoods, by which the cause of our malecontents is supported; I shall here speak of that extravagant credulity, which disposes each particular member of their party to believe them. This strange alacrity in believing absurdity and inconsistency may be called the *Political faith* of a Tory.

A person who is thoroughly endowed with this political faith, like a man in a dream, is entertained from one end of his life to the other with objects that

that have no reality or existence. He is daily nourished and kept in humor by fiction and delusion; and may be compared to the old obstinate Knight in *Rabelais*, that every morning swallowed a Chimera for his breakfast.

This political faith of a malecontent is altogether founded on hope. He does not give credit to any thing because it is probable, but because it is pleasing. His wishes serve him instead of reasons, to confirm the truth of what he hears. There is no report so incredible or contradictory in itself which he doth not cheerfully believe, if it tends to the advancement of the cause. In short, a malecontent who is a good believer has generally reason to repeat the celebrated rant of an ancient father, *Credo quia impossibile est*: which is as much as to say, *It must be true, because it is impossible*.

It has been very well observed, that the most credulous man in the world is the atheist, who believes the universe to be the production of chance. In the same manner a Tory, who is the greatest believer in what is improbable, is the greatest infidel in what is certain. Let a friend to the government relate to him a matter of fact, he turns away his ear from him, and gives him the lie in every look. But if one of his own stamp should tell him that the King of *Sweden* would be suddenly at *Perth*, and that his army is now actually marching thither upon the ice; he hugs himself at the good news, and gets drunk upon it before he goes to bed. This sort of people puts one in mind of several towns in *Europe* that are inaccessible on the one side, while they lie open and unguarded on the other. The minds of our malecontents are indeed so depraved with those falsehoods which they are perpetually imbibing, that they have a natural relish for error, and have quite lost the taste of truth in political matters. I shall therefore dismiss this head with a saying of King *Charles* the Second. This Monarch, when he was at *Windfor*, used to amuse himself with the conversation of the famous *Vossius*, who was full of stories relating to the antiquity, learning, and manners of the *Chinese*; and at the same time a free-thinker in points of religion. The King, upon hearing him repeat some incredible accounts of these eastern people, turning to those who were about him, *This learned divine*, said he, *is a very strange man: he believes every thing but the Bible*.

Having thus far considered the political faith of the party as it regards matters of fact, let us in the next place take a view of it with respect to those doctrines which it embraces, and which are the fundamental points whereby they are distinguished from those, whom they used to represent as enemies to the constitution in church and state. How far their great articles of political faith, with respect to our ecclesiastical and civil government, are consistent with themselves, and agreeable to reason and truth, may be seen in the following paradoxes, which are the essentials of a *Tory's creed*, with relation

relation to political matters. Under the name of *Tories*, I do not here comprehend multitudes of well-designing men, who were formerly included under that denomination, but are now in the interest of his Majesty and the present government. These have already seen the evil tendency of such principles, which are the *credenda* of the party, as it is opposite to that of the *Whigs*.

Article I.

That the church of *England* will be always in danger, till it has a Popish King for its defender.

II.

That, for the safety of the church, no subject should be tolerated in any religion different from the established; but that the head of our church may be of that religion which is most repugnant to it.

III.

That the protestant interest in this nation, and in all *Europe*, could not but flourish under the protection of one, who thinks himself obliged, on pain of damnation, to do all that lies in his power for the extirpation of it.

IV.

That we may safely rely upon the promises of one, whose religion allows him to make them, and at the same time obliges him to break them.

V.

That a good man should have a greater abhorrence of Presbyterianism, which is perverseness, than of Popery, which is but idolatry.

VI.

That a person who hopes to be King of *England* by the assistance of *France*, would naturally adhere to the *British* interest, which is always opposite to that of the *French*.

VII.

That a man has no opportunities of learning how to govern the people of *England* in any foreign country, so well as in *France*.

VIII.

That ten millions of people should rather choose to fall into slavery, than not acknowledge their Prince to be invested with an hereditary and indefeasible right of oppression.

IX.

That we are obliged in conscience to become subjects of a Duke of *Savoy*, or of a *French* King, rather than enjoy for our Sovereign a Prince who is the first of the Royal blood in the Protestant line.

X. That

X.

That Non-resistance is the duty of every christian, whilst he is in a good place.

XI.

That we ought to profess the doctrine of Passive-obedience until such time as nature rebels against principle, that is, until we are put to the necessity of practising it.

XII.

That the papists have taken up arms to defend the church of *England* with the utmost hazard of their lives and fortunes.

XIII.

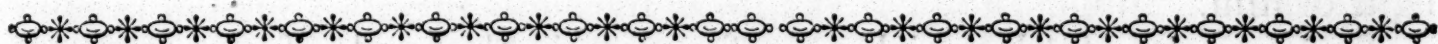
That there is an unwarrantable faction in this island, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons.

XIV.

That the legislature, when there is a majority of *Whigs* in it, has not power to make laws.

XV.

That an act of parliament to empower the King to secure suspected persons in times of rebellion, is the means to establish the Sovereign on the throne, and consequently a great infringement of the liberties of the subject.

N^o 15.

Friday, February 10.



—Auxilium, quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,

Dixit, ab hoste petam: vultus avertite vestros,

Si quis amicus adest: et Gorgonis extulit ora.

Ovid.

IT is with great pleasure that I see a race of female patriots springing up in this island. The fairest among the daughters of *Great Britain* no longer confine their cares to a domestic life, but are grown anxious for the welfare of their country, and shew themselves good stateswomen as well as good housewives.

Our she confederates keep pace with us in quashing that rebellion which had begun to spread itself among part of the fair sex. If the men who are true to their King and country have taken *Preston* and *Perth*, the ladies have

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possessed

possessed themselves of the Opera and the Playhouse with as little opposition or bloodshed. The non-resisting women, like their brothers in the *Highlands*, think no post tenable against an army that makes so fine an appearance; and dare not look them in the face, when they are drawn up in battle-array.

As an instance of this chearfulness in our fair fellow-subjects to oppose the designs of the pretender, I did but suggest in one of my former papers, *That the fan might be made use of with good success against popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of Rome in various figures*; when immediately they took the hint, and have since had frequent consultations upon several ways and methods *to make the fan useful*. They have unanimously agreed upon the following resolutions, which are indeed very suitable to ladies who are at the same time the most beautiful and the most loyal of their sex. To hide their faces behind the fan, when they observe a *Tory* gazing upon them. Never to peep through it, but in order to pick out men, whose principles make them worth the conquest. To return no other answer to a *Tory's* addresses, than by counting the sticks of it all the while he is talking to them. To avoid dropping it in the neighbourhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an opportunity of taking it up. To shew their disbelief of any *Jacobite* story by a flirt of it. To fall a fanning themselves, when a *Tory* comes into one of their assemblies, as being disordered at the sight of him.

These are the uses by which every fan may, in the hands of a fine woman, become serviceable to the public. But they have at present under consideration, certain fans of a protestant make, that they may have a more extensive influence, and raise an abhorrence of popery in a whole crowd of beholders: for they intend to let the world see what party they are of, by figures and designs upon these fans; as the knights-errant used to distinguish themselves by devices on their shields.

There are several sketches of pictures which have been already presented to the ladies for their approbation, and out of which several have made their choice. A pretty young lady will very soon appear with a fan, which has on it a nunnery of lively black-eyed vestals, who are endeavouring to creep out at the grates. Another has a fan mounted with a fine paper, on which is represented a group of people upon their knees very devoutly worshipping an old tenpenny nail. A certain lady of great learning has chosen for her device the council of *Trent*; and another, who has a good satirical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge tawdry woman, representing the whore of *Babylon*; which she is resolved to spread full in the face of any sister-disputant, whose arguments have a tendency to popery. The following

lowing designs are already executed on several mountings. The ceremony of the holy Pontiff opening the mouth of a cardinal in a full consistory. An old gentleman with a triple crown upon his head, and big with child, being the portrait of Pope *Joan*. Bishop *Bonner* purchasing great quantities of faggots and brush-wood, for the conversion of heretics. A figure reaching at a sceptre with one hand, and holding a chaplet of beads in the other: with a distant view of *Smithfield*.

When our ladies make their zeal thus visible upon their fans, and, every time they open them, display an error of the church of *Rome*, it cannot but have a good effect, by shewing the enemies of our present establishment the folly of what they are contending for. At least, every one must allow that fans are much more innocent engines for propagating the protestant religion, than racks, wheels, gibbets, and the like machines, which are made use of for the advancement of the *Roman* catholic. Besides, as every lady will of course study her fan, she will be a perfect mistress of the controversy at least in one point of popery; and as her curiosity will put her upon the perusal of every other fan that is fashionable, I doubt not but in a very little time there will scarce be a woman of quality in *Great Britain*, who would not be an overmatch for an *Irish* priest.

The beautiful part of this island, whom I am proud to number amongst the most candid of my readers, will likewise do well to reflect, that our dispute at present concerns our civil as well as religious rights. I shall therefore only offer it to their thoughts as a point that highly deserves their consideration, whether the fan may not also be made use of with regard to our political constitution. As a free-holder, I would not have them confine their cares for us as we are protestants, but at the same time have an eye to our happiness as we are *Britons*. In this case they would give a new turn to the minds of their countrymen, if they would exhibit on their fans the several grievances of a tyrannical government. Why might not an audience of *Muley Ishmael*, or a *Turk* dropping his handkerchief in his seraglio, be proper subjects to express their abhorrence both of despotic power, and of male tyranny? or if they have a fancy for burlesque, what would they think of a *French* cobbler cutting shoes for several of his fellow subjects out of an old apple tree? on the contrary, a fine woman, who would maintain the dignity of her sex, might bear a string of galley-slaves, dragging their chains the whole breadth of her fan; and at the same time, to celebrate her own triumphs, might order every slave to be drawn with the face of one of her admirers.

I only propose these as hints to my gentle Readers, which they may alter or improve as they shall think fit; but cannot conclude without congratulating

lating our country upon this disposition among the most amiable of its inhabitants, to consider in their ornaments the advantage of the public as well as of their persons. It was with the same spirit, though not with the same politeness, that the ancient *British* women had the figures of monsters painted on their naked bodies, in order (as our historians tell us) to make themselves beautiful in the eyes of their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies. If this project goes on, we may boast, that our sister *Whigs* have the finest fans, as well as the most beautiful faces, of any ladies in the world. At least, we may venture to foretel, that the figures in their fans will lessen the *Tory* interest, much more than those in the *Oxford Almanacs* will advance it.

N^o 16.

Monday, February 13.



Itaque quod plerumque in atroci negotio solet, Senatus decrevit, darent operam Consules nè quid Respublica detrimenti caperet. Ea potestas per Senatum more Romano magistratui maxuma permittitur, exercitum parare, bellum gerere, coercere omnibus modis socios atque cives, domi militiaeque imperium atque iudicium summum habere. Aliter, sine populi jussu nulli earum rerum Consuli jus est. Salust.

IT being the design of these papers to reconcile men to their own happiness, by removing those wrong notions and prejudices which hinder them from seeing the advantage of themselves and their posterity in the present establishment, I cannot but take notice of every thing that by the artifice of our enemies is made a matter of complaint.

Of this nature is the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act, by which his Majesty has been enabled, in these times of danger, to seize and detain the persons of such, who he had reason to believe were conspiring against his person and government. The expediency and reasonableness of such a temporary suspension in the present juncture, may appear to every considerate man, who will turn his thoughts impartially on this subject.

I have chosen in points of this nature to draw my arguments from the first principles of government, which as they are of no party, but assented to by every reasonable man, carry the greater weight with them, and are accommodated to the notions of all my Readers. Every one knows, who has considered the nature of government, that there must be in each particular form of it an absolute and unlimited power; and that this power is lodged

lodged in the hands of those, who have the making of its laws, whether by the nature of the constitution it be in one or more persons, in a single order of men, or in a mixt body of different ranks and degrees. It is an absurdity to imagine that those, who have the authority of making laws, cannot suspend any particular law, when they think it expedient for the public. Without such a power all government would be defective, and not armed with a sufficient force for its own security. As self-preservation by all honest methods is the first duty of every community, as well as of every private person, so the public safety is the general view of all laws. When therefore any law does not conduce to this great end, but on the contrary in some extraordinary and unnatural junctures, the very observation of it would endanger the community, that law ought to be laid asleep for such a time, by the proper authority. Thus the very intention of our *Habeas Corpus* act, namely, the preservation of the liberties of the subject, absolutely requires that act to be now suspended, since the confinement of dangerous and suspected persons, who might strengthen this rebellion, and spread a civil war through all parts of this kingdom, secures to us our civil rights, and every thing that can be valuable to a free people.

As every government must in its nature be armed with such an authority, we may observe that those governments which have been the most famous for public spirit, and the most jealous of their liberty, have never failed to exert it upon proper occasions. There cannot be a greater instance of this, than in the old commonwealth of *Rome*, who flattered themselves with an opinion that their government had in it a due temper of the regal, noble, and popular power, represented by the consuls, the senators, and the tribunes. The regal part was however in several points notoriously defective, and particularly because the consuls had not a negative in the passing of a law, as the other two branches had. Nevertheless, in this government, when the republic was threatened with any great and imminent danger, they thought it for the common safety to appoint a temporary dictator, invested with the whole power of the three branches; who, when the danger was over, retired again into the community, and left the government in its natural situation. But what is more to our case, the consular power itself, tho' infinitely short of the regal power in *Great Britain*, was entrusted with the whole authority which the legislature has put into the hands of his Majesty. We have an eminent instance of this in the motto of my paper, which I shall translate for the benefit of the *English* Reader, after having advertised him, that the power there given to the consul, was in the time of a conspiracy. *The senate therefore made a decree, as usual, when they have matters before them of so horrid a nature, That the consuls should take care the commonwealth did not suffer any prejudice.*

By

By virtue of this very great power which the senate allows to the Magistrate, according to the ancient customs of Rome, he may raise an army, wage war, make use of all kinds of methods to restrain the associates and citizens of Rome, and exercise the supreme authority both at home and abroad in matters civil and military; whereas otherwise the consul is not invested with any of these powers without the express command of the people.

There now only remains to shew, that his Majesty is legally possessed of this power; and that the necessity of the present affairs requires he should be so. He is entrusted with it by the legislature of the nation; and in the very notion of a legislature is implied a power to change, repeal, and suspend what laws are in being, as well as to make what new laws they shall think fit for the good of the people. This is so uncontroverted a maxim, that I believe never any body attempted to refute it. Our legislature have however had that just regard for their fellow subjects, as not to entertain a thought of abrogating this law, but only to hinder it from operating at a time when it would endanger the constitution. The King is empowered to act but for a few months by virtue of this suspension; and by that means differs from a King of *France*, or any other tyrannical Prince, who in times of peace and tranquility, and upon what occasion he pleases, sends any of his subjects out of the knowledge of their friends into such castles, dungeons, or imprisonments as he thinks fit. Nor did the legislature do any thing in this that was unprecedented. The *Habeas Corpus* act was made but about five and thirty years ago, and since that time has been suspended four times before his present Majesty's accession to the throne: twice under the reign of King *William* and Queen *Mary*; once under the reign of King *William*; and once under the reign of Queen *Anne*.

The necessity of this law at this time arose from the prospect of an invasion, which has since broke out into an actual rebellion; and from informations of secret and dangerous practices among men of considerable figure, who could not have been prevented from doing mischief to their country but by such a suspension of this act of parliament.

I cannot however but observe, that notwithstanding the lawfulness and necessity of such a suspension, had not the rebellion broke out after the passing of this act of parliament, I do not know how those who had been the most instrumental in procuring it, could have escaped that popular odium, which their malicious and artful enemies have now in vain endeavoured to stir up against them. Had it been possible for the vigilance and endeavours of a ministry to have hindered even the attempts of an invasion, their very endeavours might have proved prejudicial to them. Their prudent and resolute precautions would have turned to their disadvantage, had they not
been

been justified by those events, which they did all that was in their power to obviate. This naturally brings to mind the reflection of *Tully* in the like circumstances, *That amidst the divisions of Rome, a man was in an unhappy condition who had a share in the administration, nay even in the preservation of the commonwealth.* O conditionem miseram non modo administrandæ, verum etiam conservandæ Reipublicæ!

Besides, every unprejudiced man will consider how mildly and equitably this power has been used. The persons confined have been treated with all possible humanity, and abridged of nothing but the liberty of hurting their country, and very probably of ruining both themselves and their families. And as to the numbers of those who are under this short restraint, it is very observable, that people do not seem so much surpris'd at the confinement of some, as at the liberty of many others. But we may from hence conclude, what every *Englishman* must observe with great pleasure, that his Majesty does not in this great point regulate himself by any private jealousies or suspicions, but by those evidences and informations which he has received.

We have already found the good consequences of this suspension, in that it has hindered the rebellion from gathering the strength it would otherwise have gained; not to mention those numbers it has kept from engaging in so desperate an enterprize, with the many lives it has preserved, and the desolations it has prevented.

For these and many other reasons, the representatives of *Great Britain* in parliament could never have answered it to the people they represent, who have found such great benefits from the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act, and without it must have felt such fatal consequences, had they not, in a case of such great necessity, made use of this customary, legal and reasonable method for securing his Majesty on the Throne, and their country from misery or ruin.

N^o 17.

Friday, February 17.

—*Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

Hor.

WE are told that in *Turkey*, when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods, it is usual to blacken the whole front of his house: nay we have sometimes heard, that an embassador whose *business it is* (if I may quote his character in Sir *Henry Wotton's* words) *to lie for the good of his country*, has sometimes had this mark set upon his house; when he has been detected in any piece of feigned intelligence, that has prejudiced the government, and misled the minds of the people. One could almost wish that the habitations of such of our own countrymen as deal in forgeries detrimental to the public, were distinguished in the same manner; that their fellow subjects might be cautioned not to be too easy in giving credit to them. Were such a method put in practice, this metropolis would be strangely chequered; some entire parishes would be in mourning, and several streets darkened from one end to the other.

But I have given my thoughts in two preceding papers, both on the inventors and the believers of these public falsehoods and calumnies, and shall here speak of that contempt with which they are and ought to be received by those in high stations, at whom they are levelled. Any person indeed, who is zealous for promoting the interest of his country, must conquer all that tenderness and delicacy which may make him afraid of being spoken ill of; or his endeavours will often produce no less uneasiness to himself, than benefit to the public. Among a people who indulge themselves in the utmost freedoms of thought and speech, a man must either be insignificant, or able to bear an undeserved reproach. A true patriot may comfort himself under the attacks of falsehood and obloquy, from several motives and reflections.

In the first place he should consider, that the chief of his antagonists are generally acted by a spirit of envy; which would not rise against him, if it were not provoked by his desert. A Statesman, who is possessed of real merit, should look upon his political censurers with the same neglect, that a good writer regards his critics; who are generally a race of men that are not able to discover the beauties of a work they examine, and deny that approbation to others, which they never met with themselves. Patriots therefore should rather
rejoice

rejoice in the success of their honest designs, than be mortified by those who misrepresent them.

They should likewise consider, that not only envy, but vanity has a share in the detraction of their adversaries. Such aspersions therefore do them honor at the same time that they are intended to lessen their reputation. They should reflect, That those who endeavour to stir up the multitude against them, do it to be thought considerable; and not a little applaud themselves in a talent that can raise clamors out of nothing, and throw a ferment among the people, by murmurs or complaints, which they know in their own hearts are altogether groundless. There is a pleasant instance of this nature recorded at length in the first book of the Annals of *Tacitus*. When a great part of the *Roman* legions were in a disposition to mutiny, an impudent varlet, who was a private centinel, being mounted upon the shoulders of his fellow soldiers, and resolved to try the power of his eloquence, addressed himself to the army, in all the postures of an Orator, after the following manner: *You have given liberty to these miserable men, said he, (pointing to some criminals whom they had rescued) but which of you can restore life to my brother? Who can give me back my brother? He was murdered no longer ago than last night, by the hands of those ruffians, who are entertained by the General to butcher the poor soldiery. Tell me, Blæsus (for that was the name of the General, who was then sitting on the Tribunal) tell me, where hast thou cast his dead body? An enemy does not grudge the rites of burial. When I have tired myself with kissing his cold corps, and weeping over it, order me to be slain upon it. All I ask of my fellow soldiers, since we both die in their cause, is, that they would lay me in the same grave with my brother.* The whole army was in an uproar at this moving speech, and resolved to do the speaker justice, when, upon enquiry, they found that he never had a brother in his life; and that he had stirred up the sedition only to shew his parts.

Public Ministers would likewise do well to consider, that the principal authors of such reproaches as are cast upon them, are those who have a mind to get their places: and as for a censure arising from this motive, it is in their power to escape it when they please, and turn it upon their competitors. Malecontents of an inferior character are actuated by the same principle; for so long as there are employments of all sizes, there will be murmurers of all degrees. I have heard of a country-gentleman, who made a very long and melancholy complaint to the late Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was in great power at court, of several public grievances. The Duke, after having given him a very patient hearing, *My dear friend*, says he, *this is but too true; but I have thought of an expedient which will set all things right, and that very soon.* His country friend asked him, what it was? *You must know*, says

the Duke, *there's a place of five hundred pounds a year fallen this very morning, which I intend to put you in possession of.* The Gentleman thanked his Grace, went away satisfied, and thought the nation the happiest under Heaven, during that whole Ministry.

But farther, every man in a public station ought to consider, that when there are two different parties in a nation, they will see things in different lights. An action, however conducive to the good of their country, will be represented by the artful and appear to the ignorant as prejudicial to it. Since I have here, according to the usual liberty of Essay-writers, rambled into several stories, I shall fetch one to my present purpose out of the *Persian* history. We there read of a virtuous young Emperor, who was very much afflicted to find his actions misconstrued and defamed by a party among his subjects that favored another interest. As he was one day sitting among the Ministers of his Divan, and amusing himself after the *Eastern* manner, with the solution of difficult Problems and Enigma's, he proposed to them in his turn the following one. *What is the tree that bears three hundred and sixty five leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?* His Grand Visier immediately replied, it was the year, which consisted of three hundred and sixty five days and nights: *But, Sir, says he, permit me at the same time to take notice, that these leaves represent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to those who are resolved only to look upon the wrong side of them.*

A virtuous man therefore who lays out his endeavours for the good of his country, should never be troubled at the reports which are made of him, so long as he is conscious of his own integrity. He should rather be pleased to find people descanting upon his actions, because when they are thoroughly canvassed and examined, they are sure in the end to turn to his honor and advantage. The reasonable and unprejudiced part of mankind will be of his side, and rejoice to see their common interest lodged in such honest hands. A strict examination of a great man's character, is like the trial of a suspected chastity, which was made among the *Jews* by the waters of jealousy. *Moses* assures us, that the criminal burst upon the drinking of them; but if she was accused wrongfully, the *Rabbins* tell us, they heightened her charms, and made her much more amiable than before: so that they destroyed the guilty, but beautified the innocent.

N^o 18.*Monday, February 20.*— *Inopem me copia fecit.*

Ovid.

EVERY *Englishman* will be a good subject to King *George*, in proportion as he is a good *Englishman*, and a lover of the constitution of his country. In order to awaken in my Readers the love of this their constitution, it may be necessary to set forth its superior excellency to that form of government, which many wicked and ignorant men have of late years endeavoured to introduce among us. I shall not therefore think it improper to take notice from time to time of any particular act of power, exerted by those among whom the Pretender to his Majesty's crown has been educated; which would prove fatal to this nation, should it be conquered and governed by a person, who, in all probability, would put in practice the politics in which he has been so long instructed.

There has been nothing more observable in the reign of his present *Gallic* Majesty, than the method he has taken for supplying his Exchequer with a necessary sum of money. The ways and means for raising it has been an edict, or a command in writing signed by himself, to encrease the value of *Louis d'ors* from fourteen to sixteen *Livres*, by virtue of a new stamp which shall be struck upon them. As this method will bring all the gold of the kingdom into his hands, it is provided by the same edict that they shall be paid out again to the people at twenty *Livres* each; so that four *Livres* in the score by this means accrue to his Majesty out of all the money in the kingdom of *France*.

This method of raising money is consistent with that form of government, and with the repeated practice of their late *Grand Monarque*; so that I shall not here consider the many evil consequences which it must have upon their trade, their exchange, and public credit: I shall only take notice of the whimsical circumstances a people must lie under, who can be thus made poor or rich by an edict, which can throw an alloy into a *Louis d'or*, and debase it into half its former value, or, if his Majesty pleases, raise the price of it, not by the accession of metal, but of a mark. By the present edict many a man in *France* will swell into a plumb, who fell several thousand pounds short of it the day before its publication. This conveys a kind of

Fairy treasure into their chests, even whilst they are under lock and key; and is a secret of multiplication without addition. It is natural enough however for the vanity of the *French* nation to grow insolent upon this imaginary wealth, not considering that their neighbours think them no more rich by virtue of an edict to make fourteen twenty, than they would think them more formidable should there be another edict to make every man in the kingdom seven foot high.

It was usual for his late most Christian Majesty to sink the value of their *Louis d'ors* about the time he was to receive the taxes of his good people, and to raise them when he had got them safe into his coffers. And there is no question but the present government in that kingdom will so far observe this kind of conduct, as to reduce the twenty *Livres* to their old number of fourteen, when they have paid them out of their hands; which will immediately sink the present timpany of wealth, and re-establish the natural poverty of the *Gallic* nation.

One cannot but pity the melancholy condition of a miser in this country, who is perpetually telling his *Livres*, without being able to know how rich he is. He is as ridiculously puzzled and perplexed as a man that counts the stones on *Salisbury Plain*, which can never be settled to any certain number, but are more or fewer every time he reckons them.

I have heard of a young *French* Lady, a subject of *Louis* the Fourteenth, who was contracted to a Marquis upon the foot of a five thousand pound fortune, which she had by her in specie; but one of these unlucky edicts coming out a week before the intended marriage, she lost a thousand pound, and her bridegroom into the bargain.

The uncertainty of riches is a subject much discoursed of in all countries, but may be insisted on more emphatically in *France* than any other. A man is here under such a kind of situation, as one who is managed by a juggler. He fancies he has so many pieces of money in his hand; but let him grasp them never so carefully, upon a word or two of the artist they increase or dwindle to what number the Doctor is pleased to name.

This method of lowering or advancing money, we, who have the happiness to be in another form of government, should look upon as an unwarrantable kind of clipping and coining. However, as it is an expedient that is often practised, and may be justified in that constitution which has been so thoroughly studied by the Pretender to his Majesty's crown, I do not see what should have hindered him from making use of so expeditious a method for raising a supply, if he had succeeded in his late attempt to dethrone his Majesty, and subvert our constitution. I shall leave it to the consideration of the reader, if in such a case the following edict, or something very like it, might not have been expected.

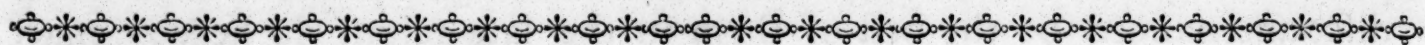
“ WHEREAS

“ **W**HEREAS these our kingdoms have long groaned under an expensive and consuming land war, which has very much exhausted the treasure of the nation, we being willing to increase the wealth of our people, and not thinking it adviseable for this purpose to make use of the tedious methods of merchandise and commerce, which have been always promoted by a faction among the worst of our subjects, and were so wisely discountenanced by the best of them in the late reign, do hereby enact by our sole Will and Pleasure, that every shilling in *Great Britain* shall pass in all payments for the sum of fourteen pence, till the first of *September* next, and that every other piece of money shall rise and pass in current payment in the same proportion. The advantage which will accrue to these nations by this our Royal donative, will visibly appear to all men of sound principles, who are so justly famous for their antipathy to strangers, and would not see the landed interest of their country weakened by the importations of foreign gold and silver. But since by reason of the great debts which we have contracted abroad, during our fifteen years reign, as well as of our present exigencies, it will be necessary to fill our Exchequer by the most prudent and expeditious methods, we do also hereby order every one of our subjects to bring in these his fourteen-penny pieces, and all the other current cash of this kingdom, by what new titles soever dignified or distinguished, to the master of our mint, who after having set a mark upon them, shall deliver out to them, on or after the first of *September* aforesaid, their respective sums, taking only four pence for ourself for such his mark on every fourteen-penny piece, which from henceforth shall pass in payment for eighteen pence, and so in proportion for the rest. By this method, the money of this nation will be more by one third than it is at present; and we shall content ourselves with not quite one fifth part of the current cash of our loving subjects; which will but barely suffice to clear the interest of those sums in which we stand indebted to our most dear brother and ancient ally. We are glad of this opportunity of shewing an instance of our goodness to our subjects, by this our Royal edict, which shall be read in every parish church of *Great Britain*, immediately after the celebration of high Mass. For such is our Pleasure.

Friday,

N^o 19.

Friday, February 24.



Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ; etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.

Salut.

IT has been usual these many years for writers, who have approved the scheme of government which has taken place, to explain to the people the reasonableness of those principles which have prevailed, and to justify the conduct of those, who act in conformity to such principles. It therefore happens well for the party which is undermost, when a work of this nature falls into the hands of those who content themselves to attack their principles, without exposing their persons, or singling out any particular objects for satire and ridicule. This manner of proceeding is no inconsiderable piece of merit in writers, who are often more influenced by a desire of fame, than a regard to the public good; and who, by this means, lose many fair opportunities of shewing their own wit, or of gratifying the ill-nature of their readers.

When a man thinks a party engaged in such measures as tend to the ruin of his country, it is certainly a very laudable and virtuous action in him to make war after this manner upon the whole body. But as several casuists are of opinion, that in a battle you should discharge upon the gross of the enemy, without levelling your piece at any particular person; so in this kind of combat also, I cannot think it fair to aim at any one man, and make his character the mark of your hostilities. There is now to be seen in the castle of *Milan*, a cannon bullet, inscribed, *This to the Marechal de Crequi*, which was the very ball that shot him. An author who points his satire at a great man, is to be looked upon in the same view with the engineer who signalised himself by this ungenerous practice.

But as the spirit of the *Whigs* and *Tories* shews itself, upon every occasion, to be very widely different from one another; so is it particularly visible in the writings of this kind, which have been published by each party. The latter may, indeed, assign one reason to justify themselves in this practice; that, having nothing of any manner of weight to offer against the principles of

of their antagonists, if they speak at all, it must be against their persons. When they cannot refute an adversary, the shortest way is to libel him; and to endeavour at the making his person odious, when they cannot represent his notions as absurd.

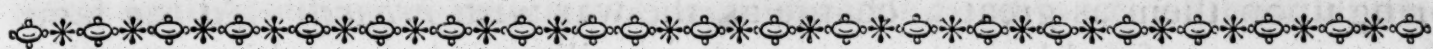
The *Examiner* was a paper, in the last reign, which was the favorite work of the party. It was ushered into the world by a letter from a secretary of state, setting forth the great genius of the author, the usefulness of his design, and the mighty consequences that were to be expected from it. It is said to have been written by those among them whom they looked upon as their most celebrated wits and politicians, and was dispersed into all quarters of the nation with great industry and expence. Who would not have expected, that at least the rules of decency and candor would be observed in such a performance? but instead of this, you saw all the great men, who had done eminent services to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No sanctity of character, or privilege of sex, exempted persons from this barbarous usage. Several of our prelates were the standing marks of public rallery, and many ladies of the first quality branded by name for matters of fact, which, as they were false, were not heeded, and if they had been true, were innocent. The dead themselves were not spared. And here I cannot forbear taking notice of a kind of wit which has lately grown into fashion among the versifiers, epigrammatists, and other authors, who think it sufficient to distinguish themselves by their zeal for what they call the High-Church, while they sport with the most tremendous parts of revealed religion. Every one has seen epigrams upon the deceased fathers of our church, where the whole thought has turned upon hell-fire. Patriots, who ought to be remembered with honor by their posterity, have been introduced as speakers in a state of torments. There is something dreadful even in repeating these execrable pieces of wit, which no man who really believes in another life, can peruse without fear and trembling. It is astonishing to see readers who call themselves christians, applauding such diabolical mirth, and seeming to rejoice in the doom which is pronounced against their enemies, by such abandoned scriblers. A wit of this kind, may with great truth be compared to the fool in the *Proverbs*, *who plays with arrows, fire-brands and death, and says, Am I not in sport?*

I must, in justice to the more sober and considerate of that party, confess that many of them were highly scandalised at that personal slander and reflection which was flung out so freely by the libellers of the last reign, as well as by those prophane liberties which have been since continued. And as for those who are either the authors or admirers of such compositions, I
would

would have them consider with themselves, whether the name of a good churchman can atone for the want of that charity which is the most essential part of christianity. They would likewise do well to reflect, how, by these methods, the poison has run freely into the minds of the weak and ignorant; heightened their rage against many of their fellow subjects; and almost divested them of the common sentiments of humanity.

In the former part of this paper, I have hinted that the design of it is to oppose the principles of those who are enemies to the present government, and the main body of that party who espouse those principles. But even in such general attacks there are certain measures to be kept, which may have a tendency rather to gain, than to irritate those who differ with you in their sentiments. The *Examiner* would not allow such as were of a contrary opinion to him, to be either christians or fellow subjects. With him they were all atheists, deists, or apostates, and a separate common-wealth among themselves, that ought either to be extirpated, or, when he was in a better humor, only to be banished out of their native country. They were often put in mind of some approaching execution, and therefore all of them advised to prepare themselves for it, as men who had then nothing to take care of, but how to die decently. In short, the *Examiner* seemed to make no distinction between conquest and destruction.

The conduct of this work has hitherto been regulated by different views, and shall continue to be so; unless the party it has to deal with, draw upon themselves another kind of treatment: for if they shall persist in pointing their batteries against particular persons, there are no laws of war, that forbid the making of reprisals. In the mean time, this undertaking shall be managed with that generous spirit which was so remarkable among the *Romans*, who did not subdue a country in order to put the inhabitants to fire and sword, but to incorporate them into their own community, and make them happy in the same government with themselves.



No 20.

Monday, February 27.

*Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum —————*

Hor.

IT is very unlucky for those who make it their business to raise popular murmurs and discontents against his Majesty's government, that they find so very few and so very improper occasions for them. To shew how hard they are set in this particular, there are several, who for want of other materials, are forced to represent the bill which has passed this session, for laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon land, as a kind of grievance upon the subject. If this be a matter of complaint, it ought in justice to fall upon those who have made it necessary. Had there been no rebellion, there would have been no increase of the land tax; so that in proportion as a man declares his aversion to the one, he ought to testify his abhorrence of the other. But it is very remarkable that those, who would persuade the people that they are aggrieved by this additional burthen, are the very persons who endeavour, in their ordinary conversation, to extenuate the heinousness of the rebellion, and who express the greatest tenderness for the persons of the rebels. They shew a particular indulgence for that unnatural insurrection which has drawn this load upon us, and are angry at the means which were necessary for suppressing it. There needs no clearer proof of the spirit and intention with which they act: I shall therefore advise my fellow free-holders to consider the character of any person who would possess them with the notion of a hardship that is put upon the country by this tax. If he be one of known affection to the present establishment, they may imagine there is some reason for complaint. But if on the contrary, he be one, who has shewn himself indifferent as to the success of the present rebellion, or is suspected as a private abettor of it, they may take it for granted, his complaint against the land tax is either the rage of a disappointed man, or the artifice of one who would alienate their affections from the present government.

The expence which will arise to the nation from this rebellion, is already computed at near a million. And it is a melancholy consideration for the

Free-holders of *Great Britain*, that the treason of their fellow subjects should bring upon them as great a charge as the war with *France*. At the same time every reasonable man among them will pay a tax with at least as great chearfulness for stifling a civil war in its birth, as for carrying on a war in a foreign country. Had not our first supplies been effectual for the crushing of our domestic enemies, we should immediately have beheld the whole kingdom a scene of slaughter and desolation: whereas, if we had failed in our first attempts upon a distant nation, we might have repaired the losses of one campaign by the advantages of another, and after several victories gained over us, might still have kept the enemy from our gates.

As it was thus absolutely necessary to raise a sum that might enable the government to put a speedy stop to the rebellion, so could there be no method thought of for raising such a sum more proper, than this of laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon land.

In the first place: this tax has already been so often tried, that we know the exact produce of it, which in any new project is always very doubtful and uncertain. As we are thus acquainted with the produce of this tax; we find it is adequate to the services for which it is designed, and that the additional tax is proportioned to the supernumerary expence, which falls upon the kingdom this year by the unnatural rebellion, as it has been above stated.

In the next place: no other tax could have been thought of, upon which so much money would have been immediately advanced as was necessary in so critical a juncture, for pushing our successes against the rebels, and preventing the attempts of their friends and confederates both at home and abroad. Nobody cares to make loans upon a new and untried project; whereas men never fail to bring in their money upon a land tax, when the premium or interest allowed them, is suited to the hazard they run by such loans to the government. And here one cannot but bewail the misfortune of our country, when we consider, that the House of Commons had last year reduced this interest to four *per cent.* by which means there was a considerable saving to the nation; but that this year they have been forced to give six *per cent.* as well knowing the fatal consequences that might have ensued, had there not been an interest allowed, which would certainly encourage the lender to venture, in such a time of danger, what was indispensably necessary for the exigences of the public.

Besides; this is a method for raising a sum of money, that, with the ordinary taxes, will in all probability defray the whole expence of the year: so that there is no burden laid upon our posterity, who have been sufficiently loaded

loaded by other means of raising money; nor any deficiency to be hereafter made up by ourselves; which has been our case in so many other subsidies.

To this we may add; that we have no example of any other tax, which in its nature would so particularly affect the enemies to his Majesty's government. Multitudes of *Papists* and *Nonjurors* will be obliged to furnish a double proportion out of their revenues towards the clearing of that expence, which by their open and secret practices they have been instrumental in bringing upon their fellow subjects.

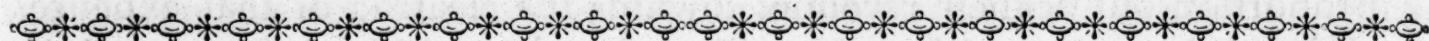
I shall only mention one consideration more; that no other tax is so likely to cease as this is, when there is no farther occasion for it. This tax is established by a house of Commons, which, by virtue of an act of parliament passed a few years ago, must consist for the most part of landed men; so that a great share of the weight of it must necessarily fall upon the members of their own body. As this is an instance of their public spirit, so we may be sure they would not have exerted it, had there not been an absolute necessity; nor can we doubt, that for the same reasons, when this necessity ceases, they will take the first opportunity of easing themselves in this particular, as well as those whom they represent. It is a celebrated notion of a patriot, who signally distinguished himself for the liberties of his country, that a House of Commons should never grant such subsidies as are easy to be raised, and give no pain to the people, lest the nation should acquiesce under a burden they did not feel, and see it perpetuated without repining. Whether this notion might not be too refined, I shall not determine; but by what has been already said, I think we may promise ourselves, that this additional tax of two shillings in the pound will not be continued another year, because we may hope the rebellion will be entirely ended in this.

And here, I believe, it must be obvious to every one's reflection, that the rebellion might not have concluded so soon, had not this method been made use of for that end. A foreign potentate trembles at the thought of entering into a war with so wealthy an enemy as the *British* nation, when he finds the whole landed interest of the kingdom engaged to oppose him with their united force; and at all times ready to employ against him such a part of their revenues, as shall be sufficient to baffle his designs upon their country: especially, when none can imagine, that he expects any encouragement from those, whose fortunes are either lodged in the funds, or employed in trade.

The wisdom therefore of the present House of Commons has, by this tax, not only enabled the King to subdue those of his own subjects who have been actually in arms against him, but to divert any of his neighbours from the hopes of lending them a competent assistance.

N^o 21.

Friday, March 2.



*Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.*

Virg.

IT is not easy for any one, who saw the magnificence of yesterday in the court of *Great Britain*, to turn his thoughts for some time after on any other subject. It was a solemnity every way suited to the Birth-day of a Princess, who is the delight of our nation, and the glory of her sex. *Homer* tells us, that when the daughter of *Jupiter* presented herself among a crowd of Goddesses, she was distinguished from the rest by her graceful stature, and known by her superior beauty, notwithstanding they were all beautiful. Such was the appearance of the Princess of *Wales* among our *British* Ladies; or (to use a more solemn phrase) of the King's daughter among her honorable women. Her Royal Highness in the midst of such a circle raises in the beholder the idea of a fine picture, where (notwithstanding the diversity of pleasing objects that fill up the canvas) the principal figure immediately takes the eye, and fixes the attention.

When this excellent Princess was yet in her father's court, she was so celebrated for the beauty of her person, and the accomplishments of her mind, that there was no Prince in the empire, who had room for such an alliance, that was not ambitious of gaining her into his family, either as a daughter, or as a consort. He, who is now the chief of the crowned heads in *Europe*, and was then King of *Spain*, and heir to all the dominions of the house of *Austria*, sought her in marriage. Could her mind have been captivated with the glories of this world, she had them all laid before her; but she generously declined them, because she saw the acceptance of them was inconsistent with what she esteems more than all the glories of this world, the enjoyment of her religion. Providence however kept in store a reward for such an exalted virtue; and, by the secret methods of its wisdom, opened a way for her to become the greatest of her sex, among those who profess that faith to which she adhered with so much christian magnanimity.

This

This her illustrious conduct might, in the eye of the world, have lost its merit, had so accomplished a Prince as his Royal Highness declared his passion for the same alliance at that time; it would then have been no wonder that all other proposals had been rejected. But it was the fame of this heroic constancy that determined his Royal Highness to desire in marriage a Princess whose personal charms, which had before been so universally admired, were now become the least part of her character. We of the *British* nation have reason to rejoice, that such a proposal was made and accepted; and that her Royal Highness, with regard to these two successive treaties of marriage, shewed as much prudence in her compliance with the one, as piety in her refusal of the other.

The Princess was no sooner arrived at *Hanover*, than she improved the lustre of that court, which was before reckoned among the politest in *Europe*; and increased the satisfaction of that people, who were before looked upon as the happiest in the empire. She immediately became the darling of the Princess *Sophia*, who was acknowledged in all the courts of *Europe* the most accomplished woman of the age in which she lived, and who was not a little pleased with the conversation of one in whom she saw so lively an image of her own youth.

But I shall insist no longer on that reputation which her Royal Highness has acquired in other countries. We daily discover those admirable qualities for which she is so justly famed, and rejoice to see them exerted in our own country, where we ourselves are made happy by their influence. We are the more pleased to behold the throne of these kingdoms surrounded by a numerous and beautiful progeny, when we consider the virtues of those from whom they descend. Not only the features, but the mind of the parent is often copied out in the offspring. But the Princess we are speaking of, takes the surest method of making her royal issue like herself, by instilling early into their minds all the principles of religion, virtue and honor, and seasoning their tender years with all that knowledge which they are capable of receiving. What may we not hope from such an uncommon care in the education of the children of *Great Britain*, who are directed by such precepts, and will be formed by such an example!

The conjugal virtues are so remarkable in her Royal Highness, as to deserve those just and generous returns of love and tenderness, for which the Prince her husband is so universally celebrated.

But there is no part of her Royal Highness's character which we observe with greater pleasure, than that behaviour by which she has so much endeared herself to his Majesty; though indeed we have no reason to be surprised at this mutual intercourse of duty and affection, when we consider so
wife

wife and virtuous a Princess possessing, in the same sacred person, the kindest of fathers, and the best of Kings. And here it is natural for us to congratulate our own good fortune, who see our Sovereign blessed with a numerous issue, among whom are heirs male in two direct descents, which has not happened in the reign of any *English* King since the time of his Majesty's great ancestor *Edward* the Third, and is a felicity not enjoyed by the subjects of any other of the Kings of *Europe* who are his contemporaries. We are like men entertained with the view of a spacious landscape, where the eye passes over one pleasing prospect into another, till the sight is lost by degrees in a succession of delightful objects, and leaves us in the persuasion that there remain still more behind.

But if we regard her Royal Highness in that light which diffuses the greatest glory round a human character, we shall find the Christian no less conspicuous than the Princess. She is as eminent for a sincere piety in the practice of religion, as for an inviolable adherence to its principles. She is constant in her attendance on the daily offices of our church, and by her serious and devout comportment on these solemn occasions, gives an example that is very often too much wanted in courts.

Her religion is equally free from the weakness of superstition, and the sourness of enthusiasm. It is not of that uncomfortable melancholy nature which disappoints its own end, by appearing unamiable to those whom it would gain to its interests. It discovers itself in the genuine effects of christianity, in affability, compassion, benevolence, evenness of mind, and all the offices of an active and universal charity.

As a chearful temper is the necessary result of these virtues, so it shines out in all the parts of her conversation, and dissipates those apprehensions which naturally hang on the timorous or the modest, when they are admitted to the honor of her presence. There is none that does not listen with pleasure to a person in so high a station, who condescends to make herself thus agreeable by mirth without levity, and wit without ill-nature.

Her Royal Highness is, indeed, possessed of all those talents which make conversation either delightful or improving. As she has a fine taste of the elegant arts, and is skilled in several modern languages, her discourse is not confined to the ordinary subjects or forms of conversation, but can adapt itself with an uncommon grace to every occasion, and entertain the politest persons of different nations. I need not mention, what is observed by every one, that agreeable turn which appears in her sentiments upon the most ordinary affairs of life, and which is so suitable to the delicacy of her sex, the politeness of her education, and the splendor of her quality.

It would be vain to think of drawing into the compass of this paper, the many eminent virtues which adorn the character of this great Princess; but as it is one chief end of this undertaking to make the people sensible of the blessings which they enjoy under his Majesty's reign, I could not but lay hold on this opportunity to speak of that which ought in justice to be reckoned among the greatest of them.

N^o 22.*Monday, March 5.*

Studiis rudis, sermone barbarus, impetu strenuus, manu promptus, cogitatione celer.

Vell. Paterc.

FOR the honor of his Majesty, and the safety of his government, we cannot but observe, that those who have appeared the greatest enemies to both, are of that rank of men, who are commonly distinguished by the title of *Fox-hunters*. As several of these have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politics, should such men be able to overturn an establishment which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of these country gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them.

That I may give my Readers an image of these rural statesmen, I shall, without farther preface, set down an account of a discourse I chanced to have with one of them some time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remote parts of *England*, when about three o'clock in the afternoon, seeing a country gentleman trotting before me with a spaniel by his horse's side, I made up to him. Our conversation opened, as usual, upon the weather; in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of the year. My fellow traveller, upon this, observed to me, that there had been no good weather since the revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King *Charles* the Second's reign. I only answered, that I did not see how the badness of the

the weather could be the King's fault; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon a rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such a one, *You must have heard of him*, says he, *he's one of the Rump*. I knew the Gentleman's character upon hearing his name, but assured him that to my knowledge he was a good Churchman: *Ay!* says he with a kind of surprise, *We were told in the country, that he spoke twice in the Queen's time against taking off the duties upon French claret*. This naturally led us into the proceedings of late parliaments, upon which occasion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law passed since King William's accession to the throne, except the act for preserving the game. I had a mind to see him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. *Is it not hard*, says he, *that honest Gentlemen should be taken into custody of messengers to prevent them from acting according to their consciences?* But, says he, *what can we expect when a parcel of factious sons of whores*——He was going on in great passion, but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush, that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still till he had whistled him up; when he fell into a long panegyric upon his spaniel, who seemed indeed excellent in his kind: but I found the most remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a dissenting teacher. The master could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of this story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and, as he himself told me, had made him a great favorite among all the honest Gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this piece of mirth by a post-boy, who winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curses, and left the way clear for him. *I fancy*, said I, *that post brings news from Scotland*. *I shall long to see the next Gazette*. Sir, says he, *I make it a rule never to believe any of your printed news*. *We never see, Sir, how things go, except now and then in Dyer's Letter, and I read that more for the style than the news*. *The man has a clever pen it must be owned*. *But is it not strange that we should be making war upon Church of England men, with Dutch and Swiss soldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? these foreigners will never be loved in England, Sir; they have not that wit and good breeding that we have*. I must confess I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance value himself upon these qualifications, but finding him such a critic upon foreigners, I asked him if he had ever travelled; he told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horse, to jabber *French*, and to talk against passive-obedience: to which he added, that he scarce ever knew a traveller in his life who had not forsook his principles, and lost his hunting-feat. *For my part*, says he, *I and my father before me*
have

have always been for passive-obedience, and shall be always for opposing a Prince who makes use of ministers that are of another opinion. But where do you intend to inn to night? (for we were now come in sight of the next town) I can help you to a very good landlord if you will go along with me. He is a lusty jolly fellow, that lives well, at least three yards in the girt, and the best Church of England man upon the road. I had a curiosity to see this High-church Inn-keeper, as well as to enjoy more of the conversation of my fellow-traveller, and therefore readily consented to set our horses together for that night. As we rode side by side through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another a whelp, another a cur, and another the son of a bitch, under which several denominations were comprehended all that voted on the *Whig* side in the last election of burgessees. As for those of his own party, he distinguished them by a nod of his head, and asking them how they did by their christian names. Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion fetched out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments and private whispers passed between them; though it was easy to see, by the landlord's scratching his head, that things did not go to their wishes. The landlord had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropped in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses. While supper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happiness of the neighbouring shire; *For, says he, there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole country, except the Bishop.* In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politics, but not one word of religion, from the parson of his parish; and, indeed, that he had scarce any other notion of religion, but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians. I had a remarkable instance of his notions in this particular. Upon seeing a poor decrepid old woman pass under the window where we sat, he desired me to take no notice of her; and afterwards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe she was a Presbyterian.

Supper was no sooner served in, than he took occasion, from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of *England*, which would be the happiest country in the world, provided we would live within ourselves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniences of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of *England*. He then declared

frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners; *Our wooden walls*, says he, *are our security, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the militia is out.* I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the *English* fleet as he had; but I could not see how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied, with some vehemence, that he would undertake to prove, trade would be the ruin of the *English* nation. I would fain have put him upon it; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon the *London* merchants, not forgetting the directors of the bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch; and he immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that water was the only native of *England* that could be made use of on this occasion: but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion; but the landlord, who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, that for constant use, there was no liquor like a cup of *English* water, provided it had malt enough in it. My 'Squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord sit down with us. We sat pretty late over our punch; and, amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both assured me, were the ablest statesmen in the nation; and of some *Londoners* whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanac that the moon was up, he called for his horses, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles distance from the town, after having bethought himself that he never slept well out of his own bed. He shook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of shewing his parts, and left me a much wiser man than he found me.

Friday,

N^o 23.

Friday, March 9.

*Illis ira modum supra est, et sæpe venenum
Morsibus inspirant.*——

Virg.

IN the wars of *Europe* which were waged among our forefathers, it was usual for the enemy, when there was a king in the field, to demand by a trumpet in what part of the camp he resided, that they might avoid firing upon the royal pavilion. Our party contests in *England* were heretofore managed with the same kind of decency and good-breeding. The person of the Prince was always looked upon as sacred; and whatever severe usage his friends or ministers met with, none presumed to direct their hostilities at their sovereign. The enemies of our present settlement are of such a coarse kind of make, and so equally void of loyalty and good manners, that they are grown scurrilous upon the royal family, and treat the most exalted characters with the most opprobrious language.

This petulance in conversation is particularly observed to prevail among some of that sex where it appears the most unbecoming and the most unnatural. Many of these act with the greater licentiousness, because they know they can act with the greater impunity. This consideration, indeed, engages the most generous and well-bred even of our *she* malecontents, to make no ill use of the indulgence of our lawgivers: and to discover in their debates at least the delicacy of the woman, if not the duty of the subject. But it is generally remarked, that every one of them who is a shrew in domestic life, is now become a scold in politics. And as for those of the party, who are of a superior rank and unblemished virtue, it must be a melancholy reflection for them to consider that all the common women of the town are of their side: for which reason they ought to preserve a more than ordinary modesty in their satirical excursions, that their characters may not be liable to suspicion.

If there is not some method found out for allaying these heats and animosities among the fair sex, one does not know to what outrages they may proceed. I remember a hero in *Scarron*, who finding himself opposed by a mixed multitude of both sexes with a great deal of virulent language, after having brought them to a submission, gave order (to keep them from doing

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farther mischief) that the men should be disarmed of their clubs, and that the women should have their nails pared. We are not yet reduced to the necessity of applying such violent remedies; but as we daily receive accounts of ladies battling it on both sides, and that those who appear against the constitution make war upon their antagonists by many unfair practices and unwarrantable methods, I think it is very convenient there should be a cartel settled between them. If they have not agreed upon any thing of this nature among themselves, I would propose to them the following plan, in which I have sketched out several rules suited to the politest sex in one of the most civilised nations.

THAT in every political rencounter between woman and woman, no weapon shall be made use of but the tongue.

That in the course of the engagement, if either of the combatants, finding herself hard pressed by her adversary, shall proceed to personal reflections or discovery of secrets, they shall be parted by the standers by.

That when both sides are drawn up in a full assembly, it shall not be lawful for above five of them to talk at the same time.

That if any shall detract from a lady's character, (unless she be absent) the said detractors shall be forthwith ordered to the lowest place of the room.

That none presume to speak disrespectfully of his Majesty, or any of the Royal family, on pain of three hours silence.

That none be permitted to talk spitefully of the court, unless they can produce vouchers that they have been there.

That the making use of news which goes about in whisper, unless the author be produced, or the fact well attested, shall be deemed fighting with white powder, and contrary to the laws of war.

That any one who produces libels or lampoons, shall be regarded in the same manner as one who shoots with poisoned bullets.

That when a lady is thoroughly convinced of the falsehood of any story she has related, she shall give her parole not to tell it for a certain truth that winter.

That when any matter of doubt arises, which cannot otherwise be decided, appeal shall be made to a toast, if there be any such in the company.

That no coquette, notwithstanding she can do it with a good air, shall be allowed to sigh for the danger of the church, or to shiver at the apprehensions of fanaticism.

That when a woman has talked an hour and a half, it shall be lawful to call her down to order.

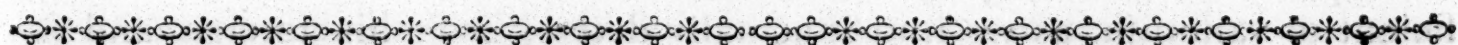
As this civil discord among the sisterhood of *Great Britain* is likely to engage them in a long and lingering war, consisting altogether of drawn battles, it is the more necessary that there should be a cartel settled among them. Besides, as our *English* ladies are at present the greatest stateswomen in *Europe*, they will be in danger of making themselves the most unamiable part of their sex, if they continue to give a loose to intemperate language, and to a low kind of ribaldry, which is not used among the women of fashion in any other country.

Discretion and good nature have been always looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman, *whose price is above rubies*, has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man, more endearing, than that *she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness*. Besides, every fierce she zealot should consider, that however any of the other sex may seem to applaud her as a partisan, there is none of them who would not be afraid of associating himself with her in any of the more private relations of life.

I shall only add, that there is no talent so pernicious as eloquence, to those who have it not under command: for which reason, women who are so liberally gifted by nature in this particular, ought to study with the greatest application, the rules of female oratory, delivered in that excellent treatise, entitled *The government of the Tongue*. Had that author foreseen the political ferment which is now raised among the sex, he would probably have made his book larger by some chapters than it is at present: but what is wanting in that work, may, I hope, in some measure, be supplied by the above written cartel.

N^o 24.

Monday, March 12.



*Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum,
Inviētisque viris geritis—*

Virg.

A Physician makes use of various methods for the recovery of sick persons; and though some of them are painful, and all of them disagreeable, his patients are never angry at him, because they know he has nothing in view besides the restoring of them to a good state of health. I am forced to treat the disaffected part of his Majesty's subjects in the same manner,
and

and may therefore reasonably expect the same returns of good will. I propose nothing to myself but their happiness as the end of all my endeavours; and am forced to adapt different remedies to those different constitutions, which are to be found in such a distempered multitude. Some of them can see the unreasonable and some of them the ridiculous side of wrong principles, and, according to the different frame of their minds, reject an opinion as it carries in it either the appearance of wickedness, or of danger, or of folly.

I have endeavoured to expose in these several lights the notions and practices of those who are the enemies to our present establishment. But there is a set of arguments, which I have not yet touched upon, and which often succeed, when all others fail. There are many who will not quit a project, though they find it pernicious, or absurd: but will readily desist from it, when they are convinced it is impracticable. An attempt to subvert the present government is, God be thanked, of this nature. I shall therefore apply the considerations of this paper rather to the discretion than the virtue of our malecontents, who should act in the present juncture of affairs like experienced gamesters, that throw up their cards when they know the game is in the enemies hand, without giving themselves any unnecessary vexation in playing it out.

In the reign of our two last *British* sovereigns, those who did not favor their interest might be ungenerous enough to act upon the prospect of a change, considering the precarious condition of their health, and their want of issue to succeed them. But at present we enjoy a King of a long lived family, who is in the vigor of his age, and blessed with a numerous progeny. To this we may add his remarkable steadiness in adhering to those schemes which he has formed upon the maturest deliberation, and that submissive deference of his Royal Highness both from duty and inclination to all the measures of his Royal Father. Nor must we omit that personal valor so peculiar to his Majesty and his illustrious house, which would be sufficient to vanquish, as we find it actually deters, both his foreign and domestic enemies.

This great Prince is supported by the whole Protestant interest of *Europe*, and strengthened with a long range of alliances that reach from one end of the continent to the other. He has a great and powerful King for his son-in-law; and can himself command, when he pleases, the whole strength of an electorate in the empire. Such a combination of sovereigns puts one in mind of the apparition of gods which discouraged *AEneas* from opposing the will of heaven. When his eyes were cleared of that mortal cloud which hung upon them, he saw the several celestial deities acting in a confederacy
against

against him, and immediately gave up a cause which was excluded from all possibility of success.

But it is the greatest happiness as well as the greatest pleasure of our Sovereign, that his chief strength lies in his own kingdoms. Both the branches of our legislature espouse his cause and interest with a becoming duty and zeal. The most considerable and wealthy of his subjects are convinced, that the prosperity of our Sovereign and his people are inseparable: and we are very well satisfied, that his Majesty, if the necessity of affairs should require it, might find, among the most dutiful of his subjects, men celebrated for their military characters, above any of the age in which they live. There is no question but his Majesty will be as generally valued and beloved in his *British* as he is in his *German* dominions, when he shall have time to make his royal virtues equally known among us. In the mean while we have the satisfaction to find, that his enemies have been only able to make ill impressions upon the low and ignorant rabble of the nation; and to put the dregs of the people into a ferment.

We have already seen how poor and contemptible a force has been raised by those who have dared to appear openly against his Majesty, and how they were headed and encouraged by men whose sense of their guilt made them desperate in forming so rash an enterprise, and dispirited in the execution of it. But we have not yet seen that strength which would be exerted in the defence of his Majesty, the Protestant religion, and the *British* liberties, were the danger great enough to require it. Should the the King be reduced to the necessity of setting up the Royal Standard, how many thousands would range themselves under it! what a concourse would there be of nobles and patriots! we should see men of another spirit than what has appeared among the enemies to our country, and such as would outshine the rebellious part of their fellow subjects, as much in their gallantry as in their cause.

I shall not so much suspect the understandings of our adversaries, as to think it necessary to enforce these considerations, by putting them in mind of that fidelity and allegiance which is so visible in his Majesty's fleet and army; or of many other particulars; which, in all human probability, will perpetuate our present form of government, and which may be suggested to them by their own private thoughts.

The party, indeed, that is opposite to our present happy settlement, seem to be driven out of the hopes of all human methods for carrying on their cause, and are therefore reduced to the poor comfort of prodigies and old women's fables. They begin to see armies in the clouds, when all upon the earth have forsaken them. Nay, I have been lately shewn a written prophecy that is handed among them with great secrecy, by which it appears
their

their chief reliance at present is upon a *Cheshire* miller who was born with two thumbs upon one hand.

I have address'd this whole paper to the despair of our malecontents, not with a design to aggravate the pain of it, but to use it as a means of making them happy. Let them seriously consider the vexation and disquietude of mind that they are treasuring up for themselves, by struggling with a power which will be always too hard for them; and by converting his Majesty's reign into their own misfortune, which every impartial man must look upon as the greatest blessing to his country. Let them extinguish those passions, which can only imbitter their lives to them, and deprive them of their share in the happiness of the community. They may conclude that his Majesty, in spite of any opposition they can form against him, will maintain his just authority over them; and whatever uneasiness they may give themselves, they can create none in him, excepting only because they prevent him from exerting equally his natural goodness and benevolence to every subject in his dominions.

N^o 25.

Friday, March 16.



Quid est sapientia? semper idem velle atque idem nolle.

Seneca.

IF we may believe the observation which is made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in *Europe* so much given to change as the *English*. There are some who ascribe this to the fickleness of our climate; and others to the freedom of our government. From one or both of these causes their writers derive that variety of humors which appears among the people in general, and that inconsistency of character which is to be found in almost every particular person. But as a man should always be upon his guard against the vices to which he is most exposed, so we should take a more than ordinary care not to lie at the mercy of the weather in our moral conduct, nor to make a capricious use of that liberty which we enjoy by the happiness of our civil constitution.

This instability of temper ought in a particular manner to be checked, when it shews itself in political affairs, and disposes men to wander from one scheme of government to another: since such a fickleness of behaviour in
public

public measures, cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country.

In the first place; it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accomplishment, from being brought to its due perfection. There is not any instance in history which better confirms this observation, than that which is still fresh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with a design to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the most dangerous enemy to *Great Britain*. We gained a long and wonderful series of victories, and had scarce any thing left to do, but to reap the fruits of them: when on a sudden our patience failed us; we grew tired of our undertaking; and received terms from those, who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the *English*, makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in such alliances as are necessary for our mutual defence and security. It is a common notion among foreigners, that the *English* are good confederates in an enterprize which may be dispatched within a short compass of time; but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finished without constancy and perseverance. Our late measures have so blemished our national credit in this particular, that those potentates who are entered into treaties with his present Majesty, have been solely encouraged to it by their confidence in his personal firmness and integrity.

I need not, after this, suggest to my Reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation, which distinguishes itself among its neighbours by such a wavering and unsettled conduct.

This our inconsistency in the pursuit of schemes which have been thoroughly digested, has as bad an influence on our domestic as on our foreign affairs. We are told, that the famous Prince of *Conde* used to ask the *English* ambassador, upon the arrival of a mail, *Who was secretary of state in England by that post?* as a piece of rallery upon the fickleness of our politics. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country, is, that public ministers have no sooner made themselves masters of their business, than they have been dismissed from their employments; and that this disgrace has befallen very many of them, not because they have deserved it, but because the people love to see new faces in high posts of honor.

It is a double misfortune to a nation, which is thus given to change, when they have a sovereign at the head of them, that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. *Salust*, the gravest of all the *Roman* historians, who had formed his notions of regal authority from the manner in which he saw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the follow-

ing remark: *Plerumque Regiæ voluntates, uti vehementes, sic mobiles, sæpe ipsæ sibi adversæ.* The wills of Kings, as they are generally vehement, are likewise very fickle, and at different times opposite to themselves. Were there are any color for this general observation, how much does it redound to the honor of such Princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural consequence of an unsteady government, is the perpetuating of strife and faction among a divided people. Whereas a King who persists in those schemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his subjects, extinguishes all hopes of advancement in those who would grow great by an opposition to his measures, and insensibly unites the contending parties in their common interest.

Queen Elizabeth, who makes the greatest figure among our *English* Sovereigns, was most eminently remarkable for that steadiness and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign. She kept up to her chosen motto in every part of her life; and never lost sight of those great ends, which she proposed to herself on her accession to the throne, the happiness of her people, and the strengthening of the Protestant interest. She often interposed her royal authority to break the cabals which were forming against her first ministers, who grew old and died in those stations which they filled with so great abilities. By this means she baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domestic enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and spirit of that party among her subjects, which was popishly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign.

The frequent changes and alterations in public proceedings, the multiplicity of schemes introduced upon one another, with the variety of short lived favorites, that prevailed in their several turns under the government of her successors, have by degrees broken us into those unhappy distinctions and parties, which have given so much uneasiness to our Kings, and so often endangered the safety of their people.

I question not but every impartial Reader hath been beforehand with me, in considering, on this occasion, the happiness of our country under the government of his present Majesty; who is so deservedly famous for an inflexible adherence to those counsels which have a visible tendency to the public good, and to those persons who heartily concur with him in promoting these his generous designs.

A Prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and served with courage and zeal by his friends; and will either instruct us by his example, to fix the unsteadiness of our politics, or by his conduct, hinder it from doing us any prejudice.

Upon

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private person, nor more pernicious to the public in a member of a community, than that changeableness with which we are too justly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped that the sound part of the nation will give no farther occasion for this reproach, but continue steady to that happy establishment which has now taken place among us. And as obstinacy in prejudices which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be mistaken for that virtuous resolution and firmness of mind which is necessary to our preservation, it is to be wished that the enemies to our constitution would so far indulge themselves in this national humor, as to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at present they think fit to oppose. At least we may expect they will be so wise as to shew a legal obedience to the best of Kings, who profess the duty of passive-obedience to the worst.

N^o 26.

Monday, March 19.

*Bella viri pacemque gerant, quæ bella gerenda.*

Virg.

WHEN the *Athenians* had long contended against the power of *Philip*, he demanded of them to give up their orators, as well knowing their opposition would be soon at an end, if it were not irritated from time to time by these tongue-warriors. I have endeavoured for the same reason to gain our female adversaries, and by that means to disarm the party of its principal strength. Let them give us up their women, and we know by experience how inconsiderable a resistance we are to expect from their men.

This sharp political humor has but lately prevailed in so great a measure as it now does among the beautiful part of our species. They used to employ themselves wholly in the scenes of a domestic life, and provided a woman could keep her house in order, she never troubled herself about regulating the commonwealth. The eye of the mistress was wont to make her pewter shine, and to inspect every part of her household furniture as much as her looking-glass. But at present our discontented matrons are so conversant in matters of state, that they wholly neglect their private affairs: for we may always observe, that a gossip in politics is a flattern in her family. It

is indeed a melancholy thing to see the disorders of a household that is under the conduct of an angry stateswoman, who lays out all her thoughts upon the public, and is only attentive to find out miscarriages in the ministry. Several women of this turn are so earnest in contending for hereditary right, that they wholly neglect the education of their own sons and heirs; and are so taken up with their zeal for the church, that they cannot find time to teach their children their catechism. A lady who thus intrudes into the province of the men, was so astonishing a character among the old *Romans*, that when *Amæsia* presented herself to speak before the senate, they looked upon it as a prodigy, and soon sent messengers to enquire of the oracle, what it might portend to the commonwealth.

It would be manifestly to the disadvantage of the *British* cause, should our pretty loyalists profess an indifference in state affairs, while their disaffected sisters are thus industrious to the prejudice of their country; and accordingly we have the satisfaction to find our the associates are not idle upon this occasion. It is owing to the good principles of these his Majesty's fair and faithful subjects, that our country-women appear no less amiable in the eyes of the male world, than they have done in former ages. For where a great number of flowers grow, the ground at a distance seems entirely covered with them, and we must walk into it, before we can distinguish the several weeds that spring up in such a beautiful mass of colors. Our great concern is, to find deformity can arise among so many charms, and that the most lovely parts of the creation can make themselves the most disagreeable. But it is an observation of the philosophers, that the best things may be corrupted into the worst; and the ancients did not scruple to affirm, that the furies and the graces were of the same sex.

As I should do the nation and themselves good service, if I could draw the ladies, who still hold out against his Majesty, into the interest of our present establishment, I shall propose to their serious consideration, the several inconveniences which those among them undergo, who have not yet surrendered to the government.

They should first reflect on the great sufferings and persecutions to which they expose themselves by the obstinacy of their behaviour. They lose their elections in every club where they are set up for toasts. They are obliged by their principles to stick a patch on the most unbecoming side of their foreheads. They forego the advantage of birth-day suits. They are insulted by the loyalty of claps and hisses every time they appear at a play. They receive no benefit from the army, and are never the better for all the young fellows that wear hats and feathers. They are forced to live in the country and feed their chickens; at the same time that they might shew themselves

selves at court, and appear in brocade, if they behaved themselves well. In short, what must go to the heart of every fine woman, they throw themselves quite out of the fashion.

The above-mentioned motive must have an influence upon the gay part of the sex, and as for those who are acted by more sublime and moral principles, they should consider, that they cannot signalise themselves as malecontents, without breaking through all the amiable instincts and softer virtues, which are peculiarly ornamental to womankind. Their timorous, gentle, modest behaviour; their affability, meekness, good breeding, and many other beautiful dispositions of mind, must be sacrificed to a blind and furious zeal for they do not know what. A man is startled when he sees a pretty bosom heaving with such party rage, as is disagreeable even in that sex which is of a more coarse and rugged make. And yet such is our misfortune, that we sometimes see a pair of stays ready to burst with sedition; and hear the most masculine passions expressed in the sweetest voices. I have lately been told of a country gentlewoman, pretty much famed for this virility of behaviour in party disputes, who, upon venting her notions very freely in a strange place, was carried before an honest justice of the peace. This prudent magistrate observing her to be a large black woman, and finding by her discourse that she was no better than a rebel in a riding hood, began to suspect her for my Lord *Nithisdale*; till a stranger came to her rescue, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that he was her husband.

In the next place our *British* ladies may consider, that by interesting themselves so zealously in the affairs of the public, they are engaged without any necessity, in the crimes which are often committed even by the best of parties, and which they are naturally exempted from by the privilege of their sex. The worst character a female could formerly arrive at, was, of being an ill woman; but by their present conduct, she may likewise deserve the character of an ill subject. They come in for their share of political guilt, and have found a way to make themselves much greater criminals, than their mothers before them.

I have great hopes that these motives, when they are assisted by their own reflections, will incline the fair ones of the adverse party to come over to the national interest, in which their own is so highly concerned; especially if they consider, that by these superfluous employments which they take upon them as partisans, they do not only dip themselves in an unnecessary guilt, but are obnoxious to a grief and anguish of mind, which doth not properly fall within their lot. And here I would advise every one of these exasperated ladies, who indulges that opprobrious eloquence which is so much in fashion, to reflect on *Esop's* fable of the viper. *This little animal, says the*
old

old moralist, chancing to meet with a file, began to lick it with her tongue till the blood came; which gave her a very silly satisfaction, as imagining the blood came from the file, notwithstanding all the smart was in her own tongue.

N^o 27.

Friday, March 23.

—dii visa secudent.

Luc.

IT is an old observation, that a time of peace is always a time of prodigies; for as our news writers must adorn their papers with that which the critics call *The Marvellous*, they are forced in a dead calm of affairs, to ransack every element for proper amusements, and either to astonish their Readers from time to time with a strange and wonderful sight, or be content to lose their custom. The sea is generally filled with monsters when there are no fleets upon it. Mount *AEtna* immediately began to rage upon the extinction of the rebellion: and woe to the people of *Catanea*, if the peace continues; for they are sure to be shaken every week with earthquakes, till they are relieved by the siege of some other great town in *Europe*. The air has likewise contributed its quota of prodigies. We had a blazing star by the last mail from *Genoa*; and in the present dearth of battles have been very opportunely entertained, by persons of undoubted credit, with a civil war in the clouds, where our sharp-sighted malecontents discovered many objects invisible to an eye that is dimmed by *Whig* principles.

I question not but this paper will fall in with the present humor, since it contains a very remarkable vision of a *Highland* seer, who is famous among the mountains, and known by the name of *Second sighted Sawney*. Had he been able to write, we might probably have seen this vision sooner in print; for it happened to him every early in the late hard winter; and is transmitted to me by a student at *Glasgow*, who took the whole relation from him, and stuck close to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own style.

SAWNEY was descended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their skill in prognostics. Most of his ancestors were second sighted, and his mother but narrowly escaped being burnt for a witch. As he was going out one morning very early to steal a sheep, he was seized on the sudden with

with a fit of second sight. The face of the whole country about him was changed in the twinkling of an eye, and presented him with a wide prospect of new scenes and objects, which he had never seen till that day.

He discovered at a great distance from him a large fabric, which cast such a glistering light about it, that it looked like a huge rock of diamond. Upon the top of it was planted a standard, streaming in a strong northern wind, and embroidered with a mixture of thistles and flower-de-luces. As he was amusing himself with this strange sight, he heard a bagpipe at some distance behind him, and, turning about, saw a general, who seemed very much animated with the sound of it, marching towards him at the head of a numerous army. He learnt, upon enquiry, that they were making a procession to the structure which stood before him, and which he found was the *Temple of Rebellion*. He immediately struck in with them; but described this march to the temple with so much horror, that he shivered every joint all the while he spoke of it. They were forced to clamber over so many rocks, and to tread upon the brink of so many precipices, that they were very often in danger of their lives. *Sawney* declared, that, for his own part, he walked in fear of his neck every step he took. Upon their coming within a few furlongs of the temple, they passed through a very thick grove, consecrated to a deity who was known by the name of *Treason*. They here dispersed themselves into abundance of labyrinths and covered walks which led to the temple. The path was so very slippery, the shade so exceeding gloomy, and the whole wood so full of echoes, that they were forced to march with the greatest wariness, circumspection and silence. They at length arrived at a great gate, which was the principal avenue to that magnificent fabric. *Sawney* stood some time at the entrance to observe the splendor of the building, and was not a little entertained with a prodigious number of statues, which were planted up and down in a spacious court that lay before it; but, upon examining it more nicely, he found the whole fabric, which made such a glittering appearance, and seemed impregnable, was composed of ice, and that the several statues which seemed at a distance to be made of the whitest marble, were nothing else but so many figures in snow. The front of the temple was very curiously adorned with stars and garters, ducal coronets, generals' staffs, and many other emblems of honor wrought in the most beautiful frost work. After having stood at gaze some time before this great gate, he discovered on it an inscription, signifying it to be the *Gate of Perjury*. There was erected near it a great colossus in snow that had two faces, and was dressed like a *Jesuit*, with one of its hands upon a book, and the other grasping a dagger. Upon entering into the court, he took a particular survey of several of the figures. There was Sedition
with

with a trumpet in her hand, and Rapine in the garb of a Highlander: Ambition, Envy, Disgrace, Poverty, and Disappointment, were all of them represented under their proper emblems. Among other statues, he observed that of Rumor whispering an ideot in the ear, who was the representative of Credulity; and Faction embracing with her hundred arms an old fashioned figure in a steeple crowned hat, that was designed to express a cunning old gipsy, called Passive-obedience. Zeal too had a place among the rest, with a bandage over her eyes, though one would not have expected to have seen her represented in snow. But the most remarkable object in this court yard, was a huge tree that grew up before the porch of the temple, and was of the same kind with that, which *Virgil* tells us flourished at the entrance of the infernal regions: for it bore nothing but dreams, which hung in clusters under every leaf of it. The travellers refreshed themselves in the shade of this tree before they entered the *Temple of Rebellion*, and after their frights and fatigues, received great comfort in the fruit which fell from it. At length the gates of the temple flew open, and the crowd rushed into it. In the centre of it was a grim idol, with a sword in the right hand, and a firebrand in the left. The fore part of the pedestal was curiously embossed with a triumph, while the back part, that lay more out of sight, was filled with gibbets and axes. This dreadful idol is worshipped, like several of old, with human sacrifices, and his votaries were consulting among themselves, how to gratify him with hecatombs; when on a sudden, they were surprised with the alarm of a great light which appeared in the southern part of the heavens, and made its progress directly towards them. This light appeared as a great mass of flame, or rather glory, like that of the sun in its strength. There were three figures in the midst of it, who were known by their several hieroglyphics, to be Religion, Loyalty, and Valor. The last had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a star upon his breast, which shot forth several pointed beams of a peculiar lustre. The glory which encompassed them, covered the place, and darted its rays with so much strength, that the whole fabric and all its ornaments began to melt. The several emblems of honor, which were wrought on the front in the brittle materials above-mentioned, trickled away under the first impressions of the heat. In short, the thaw was so violent, that the temple and statues ran off in a sudden torrent, and the whole winter piece was dissolved. The covered walks were laid open by the light which shone through every part of them, and the dream tree withered like the famous gourd, that was smitten by the noon day sun. As for the votaries, they left the place with the greatest precipitation, and dispersed themselves by flight into a thousand different paths among the mountains.

Monday,

N^o 28. Monday, March 26.

— *Incendia lumen*

Præebant, aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.

Ovid. Met.

SIR Francis Bacon, in the dedication before his history of *Henry the Seventh*, observes, that peaceable times are the best to live in, though not so proper to furnish materials for a writer: as hilly countries afford the most entertaining prospects, though a man would choose to travel through a plain one. To this we may add, that the times, which are full of disorders and tumults, are likewise the fullest of instruction. History indeed furnishes us with very distinct accounts of factions, conspiracies, civil wars and rebellions, with the fatal consequences that attend them; but they do not make such deep and lasting impressions on our minds, as events of the same nature, to which we have ourselves been witnesses, and in which we or our friends and acquaintance have been sufferers. As adversity makes a man wise in his private affairs, civil calamities give him prudence and circumspection in his public conduct.

The miseries of the civil war under the reign of King *Charles the First*, and the consequences which ensued upon them, did, for many years, deter the inhabitants of our island from the thoughts of engaging anew in such desperate undertakings; and convinced them, by fatal experience, that nothing could be so pernicious to the *English*, and so opposite to the genius of the people, as the subversion of monarchy. In the like manner we may hope that the great expences brought upon the nation by the present rebellion; the sufferings of innocent people, who have lived in that place, which was the scene of it; with that dreadful prospect of ruin and confusion which must have followed its success; will secure us from the like attempts for the future, and fix his Majesty upon the throne of *Great Britain*; especially when those who are prompted to such wicked practices reflect upon the punishments to which the criminals have exposed themselves, and the miseries in which they have involved their relations, friends and families.

It will be likewise worth their while to consider, how such tumults and riots, as have been encouraged by many, who, we may hope, did not pro-

pose to themselves such fatal consequences, lead to a civil war: and how naturally that seditious kind of conversation, which many seem to think consistent with their religion and morality, ends in an open rebellion. I question not but the more virtuous and considerate part of our malecontents are now stung with a very just remorse for this their manner of proceeding, which has so visibly tended to the destruction of their friends, and the sufferings of their country. This may, at the same time, prove an instructive lesson to the boldest and bravest among the disaffected, not to build any hopes upon the talkative zealots of their party; who have shewn by their whole behaviour, that their hearts are equally filled with treason and cowardice. An army of trumpeters would give as great a strength to a cause, as this confederacy of tongue-warriors; who, like those military musicians, content themselves with animating their friends to battle, and run out of the engagement upon the first onset.

But one of the most useful maxims we can learn from the present rebellion, is, that nothing can be more contemptible and insignificant, than the scum of a people, when they are instigated against a King, who is supported by the two branches of the legislature. A mob may pull down a meeting-house, but will never be able to overturn a government, which has a courageous and wise Prince at the head of it, and one who is zealously assisted by the great council of the nation, that best know the value of him. The authority of the Lords and Commons of *Great Britain*, in conjunction with that of our Sovereign, is not to be controled by a tumultuary rabble. It is big with fleets and armies, can fortify itself with what laws it shall judge proper for its own defence, can command the wealth of the kingdom for the security of the people, and engage the whole protestant interest of *Europe* in so good and just a cause. A disorderly multitude contending with the body of the legislature, is like a man in a fit under the conduct of one in the fulness of his health and strength. Such a one is sure to be over ruled in a little time, though he deals about his blows, and exerts himself in the most furious convulsions while the distemper is upon him.

We may farther learn from the course of the present rebellion, who among the foreign states in our neighbourhood are the true and natural friends of *Great Britain*, if we observe which of them gave us their assistance in reducing our country to a state of peace and tranquillity; and which of them used their endeavours to heighten our confusions, and plunge us into all the evils of a civil war. I shall only take notice under this head, that in former ages it was the constant policy of *France* to raise and cherish intestine feuds and discords in the isle of *Great Britain*, that we might either fall a prey into their hands, or that they might prosecute their designs upon the continent

continent with less interruption. Innumerable instances of this nature occur in history. The most remarkable one was that in the reign of King *Charles the First*. Though that Prince was married to a daughter of *France*, and was personally beloved and esteemed in the *French* court, it is well known that they abetted both parties in the civil war, and always furnished supplies to the weaker side, lest there should be an end put to those fatal divisions.

We might also observe that this rebellion has been a means of discovering to his Majesty, how much he may depend upon the professions and principles of the several parties among his own subjects; who are those persons that have espoused his interests with zeal or indifference; and who among them are influenced to their allegiance by places, duty, or affection. But as these, and several other considerations, are obvious to the thoughts of every Reader, I shall conclude, with observing how naturally many of those, who distinguish themselves by the name of the *High Church*, unite themselves to the cause of *Popery*; since it is manifest that all the Protestants concerned in the rebellion, were such as gloried in this distinction.

It would be very unjust to charge all who have ranged themselves under this new denomination, as if they had done it with a design to favor the interests of popery. But it is certain, that many of them, who at their first setting out were most averse to the doctrines of the church of *Rome*, have by the cunning of our adversaries, been inspired with such an unreasonable aversion to their Protestant brethren, and taught to think so favorably of the *Roman Catholic* principles, (not to mention the endeavours that have been used to reconcile the doctrines of the two churches, which are in themselves as opposite as light and darkness) that they have been drawn over insensibly into its interests. It is no wonder therefore that so many of these deluded zealots have been engaged in a cause, which they at first abhorred, and have wished or acted for the success of an enterprise, that might have ended in the extirpation of the protestant religion in this kingdom, and in all *Europe*. In short, they are like the *Syrians*, who were first smitten with blindness, and unknowingly led out of their way into the capital of their enemy's country; inasmuch that the text tells us, *When they opened their eyes, they found themselves in the midst of Samaria*.

N^o 29.

Friday, March 30.

*Dīs te minorem quod geris, imperas.**Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.**Dii multa neglecti dederunt**Hesperiae mala luctuosæ.*

Hor.

THIS being a day in which the thoughts of our countrymen are, or ought to be, employed on serious subjects, I shall take the opportunity of that disposition of mind in my Readers, to recommend to them the practice of those religious and moral virtues, without which all policy is vain, and the best cause deprived of its greatest ornament and support.

Common sense, as well as the experience of all ages, teaches us, that no government can flourish which doth not encourage and propagate religion and morality among all its particular members. It was an observation of the ancient *Romans*, that their empire had not more increased by the strength of their arms, than by the sanctity of their manners: and *Cicero*, who seems to have been better versed than any of them, both in the theory and the practice of politics, makes it a doubt whether it were possible for a community to exist that had not a prevailing mixture of piety in its constitution. Justice, temperance, humility, and almost every other moral virtue, do not only derive the blessings of Providence upon those who exercise them, but are the natural means for acquiring the public prosperity. Besides; religious motives and instincts are so busy in the heart of every reasonable creature, that a man who would hope to govern a society without any regard to these principles, is as much to be condemned for his folly, as to be detested for his impiety.

To this we may add, that the world is never sunk into such a state of degeneracy, but they pay a natural veneration to men of virtue; and rejoice to see themselves conducted by those, who act under the awe of a Supreme Being, and who think themselves accountable for all their proceedings to the great judge and superintendent of human affairs.

Those of our fellow subjects, who are sensible of the happiness they enjoy in his Majesty's accession to the throne, are obliged, by all the duties of gratitude, to adore that Providence which has so signally interposed in our behalf,

behalf, by clearing a way to the Protestant succession through such difficulties as seemed insuperable; by detecting the conspiracies which have been formed against it; and, by many wonderful events, weakening the hands and baffling the attempts of all his Majesty's enemies both foreign and domestic.

The party who distinguish themselves by their zeal for the present establishment, should be careful, in a particular manner, to discover in their whole conduct such a reverence for religion, as may shew how groundless that reproach is which is cast upon them by their enemies, of being averse to our national worship. While others engross to themselves the name of *The Church*, and, in a manner, excommunicate the best part of their fellow subjects; let us shew ourselves the genuine sons of it, by practising the doctrines which it teaches. The advantage will be visibly on our side, if we stick to its essentials; while they triumph in that empty denomination which they bestow upon themselves. Too many of them are already dipped in the guilt of perjury and sedition; and as we remain unblemished in these particulars, let us endeavour to excel them in all the other parts of Religion, and we shall quickly find, that a regular morality is, in its own nature, more popular, as well as more meritorious, than an intemperate zeal.

We have likewise, in the present times of confusion and disorder, an opportunity of shewing our abhorrence of several principles which have been ascribed to us by the malice of our enemies. A disaffection to Kings and kingly government, with a proneness to rebellion, have been often very unjustly charged on that party which goes by the name of *Whigs*. Our steady and continued adherence to his Majesty and the present happy settlement, will the most effectually confute this calumny. Our adversaries, who know very well how odious commonwealth principles are to the *English* nation, have inverted the very sense of words and things, rather than not continue to brand us with this imaginary guilt: for with some of these men, at present, loyalty to our King is Republicanism, and rebellion Passive-obedience.

It has been an old objection to the principles of the *Whigs*, that several of their leaders, who have been zealous for redressing the grievances of government, have not behaved themselves better than the *Tories* in domestic scenes of life; but at the same time have been public patriots and private oppressors. This objection, were it true, has no weight in it, since the misbehaviour of particular persons does not at all affect their cause, and since a man may act laudably in some respects, who does not so in others. However it were to be wished, that men would not give occasion even to such invectives; but at the same time they consult the happiness of the whole,
that

that they would promote it to their utmost in all their private dealings among those who lie more immediately within their influence. In the mean while I must observe, that this reproach, which may be often met with both in print and conversation, tends in reality to the honor of the *Whigs*, as it supposes that a greater regard to justice and humanity is to be expected from them, than from those of the opposite party: and it is certain we cannot better recommend our principles, than by such actions as are their natural and genuine fruits.

Were we thus careful to guard ourselves in a particular manner against these groundless imputations of our enemies, and to rise above them as much in our morality as in our politics, our cause would be always as flourishing as it is just. It is certain, that our notions have a more natural tendency to such a practice, as we espouse the protestant interest in opposition to that of popery, which is so far from advancing morality by its doctrines, that it has weakened, or entirely subverted, many of the duties even of natural religion.

I shall conclude, with recommending one virtue more to the friends of the present establishment, wherein the *Whigs* have been remarkably deficient; which is a general unanimity and concurrence in the pursuit of such measures as are necessary for the well being of their country. As it is a laudable freedom of thought which unshackles their minds from the poor and narrow prejudices of education, and opens their eyes to a more extensive view of the public good; the same freedom of thought disposes several of them to the embracing of particular schemes and maxims, and to a certain singularity of opinion which proves highly prejudicial to their cause; especially when they are encouraged in them by a vain breath of popularity, or by the artificial praises which are bestowed on them by the opposite party. This temper of mind, though the effect of a noble principle, very often betrays their friends, and brings into power the most pernicious and implacable of their enemies. In cases of this nature, it is the duty of an honest and prudent man, to sacrifice a doubtful opinion to the concurring judgment of those whom he believes to be well intentioned to their country, and who have better opportunities of looking into all its most complicated interests. An honest party of men acting with unanimity, are of infinitely greater consequence than the same party aiming at the same end by different views: as a large diamond is of a thousand times greater value whilst it remains entire, than when it is cut into a multitude of smaller stones, notwithstanding they may each of them be very curiously set, and are all of the same water.

Monday,

N^o 30.

Monday, April 2.

— *I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.*

Virg.

AS I was some years ago engaged in conversation with a fashionable French *Abbé* upon a subject which the people of that kingdom love to start in discourse, the comparative greatness of the two nations; he asked me, *How many souls I thought there might be in London?* I replied, being willing to do my country all the honor I fairly could, That there were several who computed them at near a million: but not finding that surprise I expected in his countenance, I returned the question upon him, *How many he thought there might be in Paris?* To which he answered, with a certain grimace of coldness and indifference, *About ten or twelve millions.*

It would, indeed, be incredible to a man who has never been in *France*, should one relate the extravagant notion they entertain of themselves, and the mean opinion they have of their neighbours. There are certainly (notwithstanding the visible decay of learning and taste which has appeared among them of late years) many particular persons in that country, who are eminent in the highest degree for their good sense, as well as for their knowledge in all the arts and sciences. But I believe every one, who is acquainted with them, will allow, that the people in general fall far short of those, who border upon them, in strength and solidity of understanding. One would therefore no more wonder to see the most shallow nation of *Europe* the most vain, than to find the most empty fellows in every distinct nation more conceited and censorious than the rest of their countrymen. Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind. As it requires but very small abilities to discover the imperfections of another, we find that none are more apt to turn their neighbours into ridicule, than those who are the most ridiculous in their own private conduct.

Those among the *French*, who have seen nothing but their own country, can scarce bring themselves to believe, that a nation, which lies never so little north of them, is not full of *Goths* and *Vandals*. Nay those among them who travel into foreign parts are so prejudiced in favor of their own imaginary

nary politeness, that they are apt to look upon every thing as barbarous in proportion as it deviates from what they find at home. No less a man than an Ambassador of *France*, being in conversation with our King of glorious memory, and willing to encourage his Majesty, told him, that he talked like a *Frenchman*. The King smiled at the encomium which was given him, and only replied, *Sir, I am sure you do*. An eminent writer of the last age was so offended at this kind of insolence, which shewed itself very plentifully in one of their travellers who gave an account of *England*, that he vindicated the honor of his country in a book full of just satire and ingenuity. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I mean Bishop *Sprat's* answer to *Sorbiere*.

Since I am upon this head, I cannot forbear mentioning some profound remarks that I have been lately shewn in a *French* book, the author of which lived, it seems, some time in *England*. The English, says this curious traveller, *very much delight in Pudding. This is the favorite dish not only of the Clergy, but of the people in general. Provided there be a Pudding upon the table, no matter what are the other dishes; they are sure to make a feast. They think themselves so happy when they have a Pudding before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, the ordinary salutation is, Sir, I am glad to see you; you are come in Pudding-time.*

One cannot have the heart to be angry at this judicious observer, notwithstanding he has treated us like a race of *Hottentots*, because he only taxes us with our inordinate love of pudding, which it must be confessed, is not so elegant a dish as frog and salad. Every one who has been at *Paris*, knows that *Un gros milord Anglois*, is a frequent jest upon the *French* stage; as if corpulence was a proper subject for satire, or a man of honor could help his being fat, who eats suitable to his quality.

It would be endless to recount the invectives which are to be met with among the *French* historians, and even in *Mezeray* himself, against the manners of our countrymen. Their authors in other kinds of writing are likewise very liberal in characters of the same nature. I cannot forbear mentioning the learned *Monseigneur Patin* in particular; who tells us in so many words, *That the English are a people, whom he naturally abhors*: and in another place, *That he looks upon the English among the several nations of men, as he does upon wolves among the several species of beasts*. A *British* writer would be very justly charged with want of politeness, who in return to this civility, should look upon the *French* as that part of mankind which answers to a species in the brute creation, whom we call in *English* by the name of monkeys.

If the *French* load us with these indignities, we may observe for our comfort, that they give the rest of their borderers no better quarter. If we
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are a dull, heavy, phlegmatic people, we are it seems no worse than our neighbours. As an instance, I shall set down at large a remarkable passage in a famous book entitled *Chevræana*, written many years ago by the celebrated Monsieur *Chevreau*; after having advertised my reader, that the Dutchess of *Hanover*, and the Princess *Elizabeth* of *Bohemia*, who are mentioned in it, were the late excellent Princess *Sophia* and her sister:

Tilenus pour un Allemand, parle et écrit bien François, dit *Scaliger*: *Gretzer* a bien de l'esprit pour un Allemand, dit le Cardinal du Perron: Et le P. *Bouhours* met en question, Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit? On ne doit juger ni bien ni mal d'une nation par un particulier, ni d'un particulier par sa nation. Il y a des Allemands, comme des François, qui n'ont point d'esprit; des Allemands, qui ont sçeu plus d'Hebreu, plus de Grec, que *Scaliger* et le Cardinal du Perron. J'honore fort le P. *Bouhours*, qui a du mérite; mais j'ose dire, que la France n'a point de plus bel esprit que Madame la Duchesse de Hanovre d'aujourd'hui, ni de personne plus solidement savante en philosophie que l'étoit Madame la Princesse *Elizabeth* de Bohême, sa Sœur: Et je ne crois pas que l'on refuse le même titre à beaucoup d'academiciens d'Allemagne dont les ouvrages meritoient bien d'être traduits. Il y a d'autres Princesses en Allemagne, qui ont infiniment de l'esprit. Les François disent c'est un Allemand, pour exprimer un homme pesant, brutal: et les Allemands, comme les Italiens, c'est un François, pour dire un fou et un étourdi. C'est aller trop loin: comme le Prince de Salé dit de *Ruyter*, Il est honnête homme, c'est bien dommage qu'il soit Chrétien. *Chevræana*, Tom. I.

“ *Tilenus*, says *Scaliger*, speaks and writes well for a German. *Gretzer* has
 “ a great deal of wit for a German, says Cardinal *Perron*. And Father *Bou-*
 “ *hours* makes it a question, whether a German can be a wit? One ought
 “ not to judge well or ill of a nation from a particular person, nor of a
 “ particular person from his nation. There are Germans, as there are French,
 “ who have no wit; and Germans who are better skilled in Greek and Hebrew
 “ than either *Scaliger* or the Cardinal du Perron. I have a great honor for
 “ Father *Bouhours*, who is a man of merit; but will be bold to say, that there
 “ is not in all France, a person of more wit than the present Dutchess of
 “ *Hanover*; nor more thoroughly knowing in philosophy, than was the late
 “ Princess *Elizabeth* of *Bohemia*, her sister; and I believe none can refuse the
 “ same title to many academicians in Germany, whose works very well de-
 “ serve to be translated into our tongue. There are other Princesses in
 “ Germany, who have also an infinite deal of wit. The French say of a man,
 “ that he is a German, when they would signify that he is dull and heavy;
 “ and the Germans, as well as the Italians, when they would call a man a
 “ hair-brained coxcomb, say, he is a Frenchman. This is going too far, and

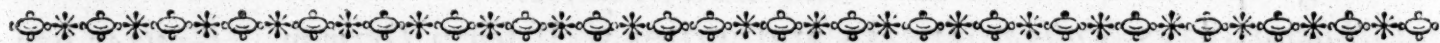
“ is like the Governor of Sallee’s saying of *De Ruyter*, the Dutch Admiral, *He is an honest man; ’tis a great pity he is a Christian.*”

Having already run my paper out to its usual length, I have not room for many reflections on that which is the subject of it. The last cited author has been beforehand with me in its proper moral. I shall only add to it, that there has been an unaccountable disposition among the *English* of late years, to fetch the fashion from the *French*, not only in their dress and behaviour, but even in their judgments and opinions of mankind. It would however be reasonable for us, if we concur with them in their contempt of other neighbouring nations, that we should likewise regard ourselves under the same view in which they are wont to place us. The representations they make of us, are as of a nation the least favored by them; and, as these are agreeable to the natural aversion they have for us, are more disadvantageous than the pictures they have drawn of any other people in *Europe*.



N^o 31.

Friday, April 6.



Omnes homines, P. C. qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia vacuos esse decet.

Cæsar apud Salust.

I Have purposely avoided, during the whole course of this paper, to speak any thing concerning the treatment which is due to such persons as have been concerned in the late rebellion, because I would not seem to irritate justice against those who are under the prosecution of the law, nor incense any of my Readers against unhappy though guilty men. But when we find the proceedings of our government, in this particular, traduced and misrepresented, it is the duty of every good subject to set them in their proper light.

I am the more prompted to this undertaking by a pamphlet, entitled, *An argument to prove the affections of the people of England to be the best security of the government; humbly offered to the consideration of the patrons of severity, and applied to the present juncture of affairs.* Had the whole scope of the author been

been answerable to his title, he would have only undertaken to prove what every man in his wits is already convinced of. But the drift of the pamphlet is to stir up our compassion towards the rebels, and our indignation against the government. The author, who knew that such a design as this could not be carried on without a great deal of artifice and sophistry, has puzzled and perplexed his cause, by throwing his thoughts together in such a studied confusion, that upon this account, if upon any, his pamphlet is, as the party have represented it, unanswerable.

The famous Monsieur *Bayle* compares the answering of an immethodical author to the hunting of a duck: when you have him full in your sight, and fancy yourself within reach of him, he gives you the slip, and becomes invisible. His argument is lost in such a variety of matter, that you must catch it where you can, as it rises and disappears in the several parts of his discourse.

The writer of this pamphlet could, doubtless, have ranged his thoughts in much better order, if he had pleased: but he knew very well, that error is not to be advanced by perspicuity. In order therefore to answer this pamphlet, I must reduce the substance of it under proper heads; and disembroil the thoughts of the author, since he did not think fit to do it himself.

In the first place I shall observe, that the terms which the author makes use of are loose, general, and undefined, as will be shewn in the sequel of this paper; and, what less becomes a fair reasoner, he puts wrong and invidious names on every thing, to color a false way of arguing. He allows that *the rebels indisputably merit to be severely chastised; that they deserve it according to law; and that if they are punished, they have none to thank but themselves,* (p. 7.) How can a man, after such a concession, make use sometimes of the word *cruelty*, but generally of *revenge*, when he pleads against the exercise of what, according to his own notion, is at the most but rigid justice? Or why are such executions, which, according to his own opinion, are legal, so often to be called *violences* and *slaughters*? Not to mention the appellations given to those who do not agree with him in his opinion for clemency, as the *blood-thirsty*, the *political butchers*, *state surgeons*, and the like.

But I shall now speak of that point, which is the great and reigning fallacy of the pamphlet, and runs more or less through every paragraph. His whole argument turns upon this single consideration; Whether the King should exert mercy or justice towards those who have openly appeared in the present rebellion? By mercy he means a general pardon, by justice a general punishment: so that he supposes no other method practicable in

this juncture, than either the forgiving all, or the executing all. Thus he puts the question, *Whether it be the interest of the Prince to destroy the rebels by fire, sword, or gibbet?* (p. 4.) And, speaking of the zealots for the government, he tells us, *They think no remedy so good, as to make clear work; and that they declare for the utter extirpation of all who are its enemies in the most minute circumstances: as if amputation were the sole remedy these political butchers could find out for the distempers of a state; or that they thought the only way to make the top flourish, were to lop off the under branches,* (p. 5.) He then speaks of the coffee-house politicians, and the casuists in red coats; who, he tells us, are for the utmost rigor that their laws of war or laws of convenience can inspire them with, (p. 5.) Again, *It is represented,* says he, *that the rebels deserve the highest punishment the laws can inflict,* (p. 7.) And afterwards tells us, *The question is, Whether the government shall shew mercy, or take a reverend divine's advice, to slay man and woman, infant and suckling?* (p. 8.) Thus again he tells us, *The friends to severe counsels alledge, that the government ought not to be moved by compassion; and that the law should have its course,* (p. 9.) And in another place puts these words in their mouths, *He may still retain their affection, and yet let the laws have their course in punishing the guilty,* (p. 18.) He goes upon the same supposition in the following passages: *It is impracticable in so general a corruption, to destroy All who are infected; and unless you destroy All, you do nothing to the purpose,* (p. 10.) *Shall our rightful King shew himself less the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to None of those people, who (like King Lear to his daughters) had so great a confidence in his virtue as to give him all,* (p. 25.) I shall only add, that the concluding paragraph, which is worked up with so much artificial horror, goes upon a supposition answerable to the whole tenor of the pamphlet; and implies, that the impeached Lords were to be executed without exception or discrimination.

Thus we see what is the author's idea of that justice against which all his arguments are levelled. If, in the next place, we consider the nature of that clemency which he recommends, we find it to be no less universal and unrestrained.

He declares for a general act of indemnity, (p. 20.) and tells us, *It is the sense of every dispassionate man of the kingdom, that the rebels may, and ought to be pardoned,* (p. 19.) One popular act, says he, would even yet retrieve all, (p. 21.) He declares himself not over-fond of the doctrines of making examples of traitors, (ibid.) And that the way to prevent things from being brought to an extremity, is to deal mildly with those unfortunate gentlemen engaged in the rebellion.

The Reader may now see in how fallacious a manner this writer has stated the controversy: he supposes there are but two methods of treating the rebels;

bels; that is, by cutting off every one of them to a man, or pardoning every one of them without distinction. Now if there be a third method between these two extremes, which is on all accounts more eligible than either of them, it is certain that the whole course of his argumentation comes to nothing. Every man of the plainest understanding will easily conclude, that in the case before us, as in most others, we ought to avoid both extremes; that to destroy every rebel would be an excessive severity, and to forgive every one of them an unreasonable weakness. The proper method of proceeding, is that which the author has purposely omitted, namely, to temper justice with mercy; and, according to the different circumstances that aggravate or alleviate the guilt of the offenders, to restrain the force of the laws, or to let them take their proper course. Punishments are necessary to shew there is justice in a government, and pardons to shew there is mercy; and both together convince the people, that our constitution under a good administration does not only make a difference between the guilty and the innocent, but even, among the guilty, between such as are more or less criminal.

This middle method, which has always been practised by wise and good governors, has hitherto been made use of by our Sovereign. If, indeed, a stranger, and one who is altogether unacquainted with his Majesty's conduct, should read this pamphlet, he would conclude that every person engaged in the rebellion was to die *by the sword, the halter, or the ax*; nay, that their friends and abettors were involved in the same fate. Would it be possible for him to imagine, that of the several thousands openly taken in arms, and liable to death by the laws of their country, not above forty have yet suffered? how would he be surprised to hear, that, notwithstanding his Majesty's troops have been victorious in every engagement, more of his friends have lost their lives in this rebellion, than of his traitorous subjects; though we add to those who have died by the hand of justice, those of them who fell in battle? and yet we find a more popular compassion endeavoured to be raised for the deaths of the guilty, who have brought such calamities on their country, than for the innocent who perished in the defence of it.

This middle method of proceeding, which has been pursued by his Majesty, and is wilfully overlooked by the author, best answers the ends of government; which is to maintain the safety of the public by rewards and punishments. It is also incumbent on a governor, according to the received dictates of religion: which instructs us, *that he beareth not the sword in vain; but ought to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well.* It is likewise in a particular manner the duty of a *British King*, who obliges himself by
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his coronation oath to execute *justice in mercy*, that is, to mix them in his administration, and not to exercise either of them to the total exclusion of the other.

But if we consider the arguments which this author gives for clemency, from the good effects it would produce, we shall find, that they hold true only when applied to such a mercy as serves rather to mitigate than exclude justice. The excellence of that unlimited clemency which the author contends for, is recommended by the following arguments.

First, That it endears a Prince to his people. This he descants on in several parts of his book. *Clemency will endear his person to the nation; and then they will neither have the power nor will to disturb him*, (p. 8.) *Was there ever a cruel Prince, that was not hated by his subjects?* (p. 24.) *A merciful good-natured disposition is of all others the most amiable quality, and in Princes always attended with a popular love*, (p. 18.)

It is certain, that such a popular love will always rise towards a good Prince, who exercises such a mercy as I have before described, which is consistent with the safety of the constitution, and the good of his kingdom. But if it be thrown away at random, it loses its virtue, lessens the esteem and authority of a Prince, and cannot long recommend him, even to the weakest of his subjects, who will find all the effects of cruelty in such an ill grounded compassion. It was a famous saying of *William Rufus*, and is quoted to his honor by historians: “Whosoever spares perjured men, robbers, “plunderers and traitors, deprives all good men of their peace and quietness, “and lays a foundation of innumerable mischiefs to the virtuous and innocent.

Another argument for unlimited clemency, is, that it shews a courageous temper: *Clemency is likewise an argument of fearlessness; whereas cruelty not only betrays a weak, abject, depraved spirit, but also is for the most part a certain sign of cowardice*, (p. 19.) — *He had a truly great soul, and such will always disdain the coward's virtue, which is fear; and the consequence of it, which is revenge*, (p. 27.) This panegyric on clemency, when it is governed by reason, is likewise very right; but it may so happen, that the putting of laws in execution against traitors to their country, may be the argument of fearlessness, when our governors are told that they dare not do it; and such methods may be made use of to extort pardons, as would make it look like cowardice to grant them. In this last case the author should have remembered his own words, that *then only mercy is meritorious when it is voluntary, and not extorted by the necessity of affairs*, (p. 13.) Besides, the author should have considered, that another argument which he makes use of for his clemency, are the resentments that may arise from the execution
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of a rebel: an argument adapted to a cowardly, not a fearless temper. This he infers from the disposition of *the friends, well-wishers, or associates of the sufferers*, (p. 4.) *Resentment will inflame some; in others compassion will, by degrees, rise into resentment. This will naturally beget a disposition to overturn what they dislike, and then there will want only a fair opportunity*, (p. 11.) This argument, like most of the others, pleads equally for malefactors of all kinds, whom the government can never bring to justice, without disobliging their friends, well-wishers, or associates. But, I believe, if the author would converse with any friend, well-wisher, or associate of these sufferers, he would find them rather deterred from their practices by their sufferings, than disposed to rise in a new rebellion to revenge them. A government must be in a very weak and melancholy condition, that is not armed with a sufficient power for its own defence against the resentment of its enemies, and is afraid of being overturned if it does justice on those who attempt it. But I am afraid the main reason, why these friends, well-wishers and associates are against punishing any of the rebels, is that which must be an argument with every wise governor for doing justice upon some of them; namely, that it is a likely means to come at the bottom of this conspiracy, and to detect those who have been the private abettors of it, and who are still at work in the same design; if we give credit to the suggestions of our malecontents themselves, who labor to make us believe that there is still life in this wicked project.

I am wonderfully surprised to see another argument made use of for a general pardon, which might have been urged more properly for a general execution. The words are these; *The generality will never be brought to believe, but that those who suffer only for treason have very hard measure, nor can you with all your severity undeceive them of their error.* If the generality of the *English* have such a favorable opinion of treason, nothing can so well cure them of an error so fatal to their country, as the punishment of those who are guilty of it. It is evident, that a general impunity would confirm them in such an opinion: for the vulgar will never be brought to believe, that there is a crime where they see no penalty. As it is certain no error can be more destructive to the very being of government than this, a proper remedy ought to be applied to it: and I would ask this author, Whether upon this occasion, *The doctrine of making examples of traitors* be not very seasonable; though he declares himself *not over fond of it.* The way to awaken mens minds to the sense of this guilt, is to let them see, by the sufferings of some who have incurred it, how heinous a crime it is in the eye of the law.

The foregoing answer may be applied likewise to another argument of the same nature. *If the faction be as numerous as is pretended; if the spirit has spread*
itself

itself over the whole kingdom; if it has mixed with the mass of the people; then certainly all bloody measures will but whet men the more for revenge. If justice inflicted on a few of the most flagrant criminals, with mercy extended to the multitude, may be called *bloody measures*, they are without doubt absolutely necessary, in case the spirit of faction be thus spread among the mass of the people; who will readily conclude, that if open rebellion goes unpunished, every degree of faction which leads to it must be altogether innocent.

I am come now to another argument for pardoning all the rebels, which is, that it would inspire them all with gratitude, and reduce them to their allegiance. *It is truly heroic to overcome the hearts of one's enemies; and when it is compassed, the undertaking is truly politic, (p. 8.) He has now a fair opportunity of conquering more enemies by one act of clemency, than the most successful General will be able to do in many campaigns, (p. 9.) Are there not infinite numbers who would become most dutiful upon any fair invitation, upon the least appearance of grace? (p. 13.) Which of the rebels could be ungrateful enough to resist or abuse goodness exemplified in practice, as well as extolled in theory? (p. 20.)* Has not his Majesty then shewn the least appearance of grace in that generous forgiveness which he has already extended to such great numbers of his rebellious subjects, who must have died by the laws of their country, had not his mercy interposed in their behalf? But if the author means (as he doth through this whole pamphlet by the like expressions) an universal forgiveness, no unprejudiced man can be of his opinion, that it would have had this good effect. We may see how little the conversion of rebels is to be depended on, when we observe that several of the leaders in this rebellion were men who had been pardoned for practices of the same nature: and that most of those who have suffered, have avowed their perseverance in their rebellious principles, when they spoke their minds at the place of execution, notwithstanding their professions to the contrary while they solicited forgiveness. Besides, were pardon extended indifferently to all, which of them would think himself under any particular obligation? Whereas, by that prudent discrimination which his Majesty has made between the offenders of different degrees, he naturally obliges those whom he has considered with so much tenderness, and distinguished as the most proper objects of mercy. In short, those who are pardoned would not have known the value of grace, if none had felt the effects of justice.

I must not omit another reason which the author makes use of against punishments; *Because, he says, those very means, or the apprehensions of them, have brought things to the pass in which they are, and consequently will reduce them from bad to worse, (p. 10.)* And afterwards, *The growth of disaffection is in a great measure owing*
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to the groundless jealousies men entertained of the present administration, as if they were to expect nothing but cruelty under it. If our author would have spoken out, and have applied these effects to the real cause, he could ascribe this change of affections among the people to nothing else but the change of the Ministry: for we find that a great many persons lost their loyalty with their places; and that their friends have ever since made use of the most base methods to infuse those groundless discontents into the minds of the common people, which have brought so many of them to the brink of destruction, and proved so detrimental to their fellow subjects. However, this proceeding has shewn how dangerous it would have been for his Majesty to have continued in their places of trust, a set of men, some of whom have since actually joined with the Pretender to his crown: while others may be justly suspected never to have been faithful to him in their hearts, or, at least, whose principles are precarious, and visibly conducted by their interest. In a word, if the removal of these persons from their posts has produced such popular commotions, the continuance of them might have produced something, much more fatal to their King and country, and have brought about that revolution, which has now been in vain attempted. The condition of a *British* King would be very poor indeed, should a party of his subjects threaten him with a rebellion upon his bringing malefactors to justice, or upon his refusing to employ those whom he dares not trust.

I shall only mention another argument against the punishment of any of the rebels, whose executions he represents as very shocking to the people; because they are their *countrymen*, (p. 12.) And again, *The quality of the sufferers, their alliances, their characters, their being Englishmen, with a thousand other circumstances, will contribute to breed more ill blood than all the state surgeons can possibly let out*, (p. 12.) The impeached Lords likewise, in the last paragraph of the pamphlet, are recommended to our pity, because they are our *countrymen*. By this way of reasoning, no man that is a Gentleman, or born within the three seas, should be subject to capital punishment. Besides, who can be guilty of rebellion that are not our *countrymen*? As for the endearing name of *Englishmen*, which he bestows upon every one of the criminals, he should consider, that a man deservedly cuts himself off from the affections as well as the privileges of that community, which he endeavours to subvert.

These are the several arguments which appear in different forms and expressions through this whole pamphlet, and under which every one that is urged in it may be reduced. There is indeed another set of them, derived from the example and authority of great persons, which the author produces in favor of his own scheme. These are *William the Conqueror, Henry*

the Fourth of *France*, our late King *William*, King *Solomon*, and the *Pretender*. If a man were disposed to draw arguments for severity out of history, how many instances might one find of it among the greatest Princes of every nation? but as different Princes may act very laudably by different methods in different conjunctures, I cannot think this a conclusive way of reasoning. However, let us examine this set of arguments, and we shall find them no less defective than those above-mentioned.

One of the greatest of our English Monarchs, says our author, was William the Conqueror; and he was the greater, because he put to death only one person of quality that we read of, and him after repeated treacheries; yet he was a foreigner, had power sufficient, and did not want provocations to have been more bloody, (p. 27.) This person of quality was the Earl *Waltheof*, who being overtaken with wine, engaged in a conspiracy against this Monarch, but repenting of it the next morning, repaired to the King, who was then in *Normandy*, and discovered the whole matter. Notwithstanding which, he was beheaded upon the defeat of the conspiracy, for having but thus far tampered in it. And as for the rest of the conspirators, who rose in an actual rebellion, the King used them with the utmost rigor; he cut off the hands of some, put out the eyes of others, some were hanged upon gibbets, and those who fared the best, were sent into banishment. There are indeed the most dreadful examples of severity in this reign: though it must be confessed, that, after the manner of those times, the nobility generally escaped with their lives, though multitudes of them were punished with banishment, perpetual imprisonment, forfeitures, and other great severities: while the poor people, who had been deluded by these their ringleaders, were executed with the utmost rigor. A partiality which I believe no Commoner of *England* will ever think to be either just or reasonable.

The next instance is *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, who (says our author) so handsomely expressed his tenderness for his people, when, at signing the treaty of *Vervins*, he said, That by one dash of his pen he had overcome more enemies, than he could ever be able to do with his sword. Would not an ordinary reader think that this treaty of *Vervins* was a treaty between *Henry* the Fourth, and a party of his subjects? for otherwise how can it have a place in the present argument? But instead of that it was a treaty between *France* and *Spain*; so that the speech expressed an equal tenderness to the *Spaniards* and *French*; as multitudes of either nation must have fallen in that war, had it continued longer. As for this King's treatment of conspirators, (tho' he is quoted thrice in the pamphlet as an example of clemency) you have an eminent instance of it in his behaviour to the *Mareschal de Biron*, who had been his old faithful servant, and had contributed more than any one to his advancement to the throne. This

Mareschal,

Mareschal, upon some discontent, was entered into a conspiracy against his Master, and refusing to open the whole secret to the King, he was sent to the *Bastile*, and there beheaded, notwithstanding he sought for mercy with great importunities, and in the most moving manner. There are other instances in this King's reign, who, notwithstanding, was remarkable for his clemency, of rebels and conspirators who were hanged, beheaded, or broken alive on the wheel.

The late King *William*, was not disturbed by any rebellion from those who had once submitted to him. But we know he treated the persons concerned in the Assassination-plot as so horrid a conspiracy deserved. As for the saying which this author imputes to that Monarch, it being a piece of secret history, one doth not know when it was spoken, or what it alluded to, unless the author had been more particular in the account of it.

The author proceeds in the next place to no less an authority, than that of *Solomon*: *Among all the general observations of the wisest Princes we know of, I think there is none holds more universally than, Mercy and truth preserve a King, and his throne is established in mercy, (p. 18.)* If we compare the different sayings of this wise King, which relate to the conduct of Princes, we cannot question but that he means by this mercy, that kind of it, which is consistent with reason and government, and by which we hope to see his Majesty's throne established. But our author should consider that the same wise man has said in another place, that, "An evil man seeketh rebellion, therefore a cruel messenger should be sent against him." Accordingly his practice was agreeable to his proverb: no Prince having ever given a greater testimony of his abhorrence to undertakings of this treasonable nature. For he dispatched such a cruel messenger as is here mentioned to those who had been engaged in a rebellion many years before he himself was on the throne, and even to his elder brother, upon the bare suspicion that he was projecting so wicked an enterprize.

How the example of the Pretender came into this argument, I am at a loss to find out. *The Pretender declared a general pardon to all: and shall our rightful King shew himself less the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to none, &c. (p. 25.)* The Pretender's general pardon was to a people who were not in his power; and had he ever reduced them under it, it was only promised to such as immediately joined with him for the recovery of what he called his right. It was such a general pardon as would have been consistent with the execution of more than nine parts in ten of the kingdom.

There is but one more historical argument, which is drawn from King *Philip's* treatment of the *Catalans*. *I think it would not be unseasonable for some men to recollect what their own notions were of the treatment of the Catalans; how many*

declamations were made on the barbarity used towards them by King Philip, &c. (p. 29.) If the author remembers, these declamations, as he calls them, were not made so much on the barbarity used towards them by King *Philip* as on the barbarity used towards them by the *English* government. King *Philip* might have some color for treating them as Rebels, but we ought to have regarded them as Allies; and were obliged, by all the ties of honor, conscience, and public faith, to have sheltered them from those sufferings which were brought upon them by a firm and inviolable adherence to our interest. However, none can draw into a parallel the cruelties which have been afflicted on that unhappy people, with those few instances of severity which our government has been obliged to exert towards the *British* rebels. I say, no man would make such a parallel, unless his mind be so blinded with passion and prejudice, as to assert, in the language of this pamphlet, *that no instances can be produced of the least lenity under the present administration, from the hour it commenced to this day, (p. 20.)* with other astonishing reflections of the same nature, which are contradicted by such innumerable matters of fact, that it would be an affront to a reader's understanding to endeavour to confute them. But to return to the *Catalans*: *During the whole course of the war,* says the author, *which ever of them submitted to discretion, were received to mercy, (p. 22.)* This is so far from being truly related, that in the beginning of the war, they were executed without mercy. But when, in conjunction with their allies, they became superior to King *Philip's* party in strength, and extended their conquests up to the very gates of *Madrid*, it cannot be supposed the *Spanish* Court would be so infatuated as to persist in their first severities, against an enemy that could make such terrible reprisals. However, when this reason of state ceased, how dreadful was the havoc made among this brave, but unhappy people! The whole kingdom, without any distinction to the many thousands of its innocent inhabitants, was stripped of its immunities, and reduced to a state of slavery. *Barcelona* was filled with executions; and all the patriots of their ancient liberties either beheaded, flung in dungeons, or condemned to work in the mines of *America*.

God be thanked, we have a King who punishes with reluctance, and is averse to such cruelties as were used among the *Catalans*, as much as to those practised on the persons concerned in *Monmouth's* rebellion. Our author indeed condemns these *Western* assizes in King *James's* reign, (p. 26.) And it would be well if all those who still adhere to the cause of that unfortunate King, and are clamorous at the proceedings of his present Majesty, would remember, that notwithstanding that rebellion fell very much short of this both in the number and strength of the rebels, and had no tendency either to destroy the national religion, to introduce an arbitrary government, or
to

to subject us to a foreign power; not only the chief of the rebels was beheaded, but even a Lady, who had only harbored one of the offenders in her house, was in her extreme old age put to the same kind of death: that about two hundred and thirty were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs dispersed through several parts of the country, and set up as spectacles of terror to their fellow subjects. It would be too tedious a work to run through the numberless fines, imprisonments, corporal punishments, and transportations, which were then likewise practised as wholesome severities.

We have now seen how fallaciously the author has stated the cause he has undertaken, by supposing that nothing but unlimited mercy, or unlimited punishment, are the methods that can be made use of in our present treatment of the rebels: that he has omitted the middle way of proceeding between these two extremes: that this middle way is the method in which his Majesty, like all other wise and good Kings, has chosen to proceed: that it is agreeable to the nature of government, religion, and our *British* constitution: and that every argument which the author has produced from reason and example, would have been a true one, had it been urged for that restrained clemency which his Majesty has exercised: but is a false one, when applied to such a general, undistinguishing mercy as the author would recommend.

Having thus answered that which is the main drift and design of this pamphlet, I shall touch upon those other parts of it, which are interwoven with the arguments, to put men out of humor with the present government.

And here we may observe, that it is our author's method to suppose matters of fact which are not in being, and afterwards to descant upon them. As he is very sensible that the cause will not bear the test of reason, he has indeed every where chosen rather topics for declamation than argument. Thus he entertains us with a labored invective against a standing army. But what has this to do in the present case? I suppose he would not advise his Majesty to disband his forces while there is an army of rebels in his dominions. I cannot imagine he would think the affections of the people of *England* a security of the government in such a juncture, were it not at the same time defended with a sufficient body of troops. No Prince has ever given a greater instance of his inclinations to rule without a standing army, if we consider, that upon the very first news of the defeat of the rebels, he declared to both Houses of Parliament, that he had put an immediate stop to the levies which he had begun to raise at their request, and that he would not make use of the power which they had intrusted him with, unless any new preparations of the enemy should make it necessary for our defence. This speech

was

was received with the greatest gratitude by both houses; and it is said, that in the House of Commons a very candid and honorable Gentleman (who generally votes with the minority) declared, that he had not heard so gracious a speech from the throne for many years last past.

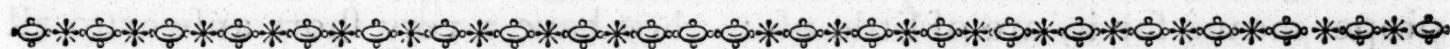
In another place, he supposes that the government has not endeavoured to gain the applause of the vulgar, by doing something for the church; and very gravely makes excuses for this their pretended neglect. What greater instances could his Majesty have given of his love to the church of *England*, than those he has exhibited by his most solemn declarations; by his daily example; and by his promotions of the most eminent among the Clergy to such vacancies as have happened in his reign? To which we must add, for the honor of his government in this particular, that it has done more for the advantage of the Clergy, than those, who are the most zealous for their interest, could have expected in so short a time; which will farther appear, if we reflect upon the valuable and royal donative to one of our Universities, and the provision made for those who are to officiate in the fifty new Churches. His Majesty is, indeed, a Prince of too much magnanimity and truth, to make use of the name of the Church for drawing his people into any thing that may be prejudicial to them; for what our author says, to this purpose, redounds as much to the honor of the present administration, as to the disgrace of others. *Nay, I wish with all my soul they had stooped a little ad captum vulgi, to take in those shallow fluttering hearts, which are to be caught by any thing baited with the name of Church,* (p. 11.)

Again; the author asks, *Whether terror is to become the only national principle?* with other questions of the same nature: and in several parts of his book, harangues very plentifully against such a notion. Where he talks in generals upon this topic, there is no question but every *Whig* and *Tory* in the kingdom perfectly agrees with him in what he says. But if he would insinuate, as he seems to do in several places, that there should be no impressions of awe upon the mind of a subject, and that a government should not create terror in those who are disposed to do ill, as well as encourage those that do their duty: in short, if he is for an entire exclusion of that principle of fear which is supposed to have some influence in every law, he opposes himself to the form of every government in the world, and to the common sense of mankind.

The artifice of this author in starting objections to the friends of the government, and the foolish answers which he supposes they return to them, is so very visible, that every one sees they are designed rather to divert his reader, than to instruct him.

I have

I have now examined this whole pamphlet, which, indeed, is written with a great deal of art, and as much argument as the cause would bear: and after having stated the true notion of clemency, mercy, compassion, good-nature, humanity, or whatever else it may be called, so far as it is consistent with wisdom, and the good of mankind, or, in other words, so far as it is a moral virtue, I shall readily concur with the author in the highest panegyrics that he has bestowed upon it. As likewise, I heartily join with him in every thing he has said against justice, if it includes, as his pamphlet supposes, the extirpation of every criminal, and is not exercised with a much greater mixture of clemency than rigor. Mercy, in the true sense of the word, is that virtue by which a Prince approaches nearest to him whom he represents: and whilst he is neither remiss nor extreme to animadvert upon those who offend him, that Logic will hold true of him which is applied to the great Judge of all the earth; *With thee there is Mercy, therefore shalt thou be feared.*

N^o 32.

Monday, April 9.



*Heu miseræ cives! non hostem, inimicaque castra
Argivum; vestras spes uritis—*

Virg.

I Question not but the *British* Ladies are very well pleased with the compliment I have paid them in the course of my papers, by regarding them, not only as the most amiable, but as the most important part of our community. They ought, indeed, to resent the treatment they have met with from other authors, who have never troubled their heads about them, but addressed all their arguments to the male half of their fellow subjects; and taken it for granted, that if they could bring these into their measures, the females would of course follow their political mates. The arguments they have made use of, are like *Hudibras's* spur, which he applied to one side of his horse, as not doubting but the other would keep pace with it. These writers seem to have regarded the fair sex but as the garniture of a nation; and when they consider them as parts of the commonwealth, it is only as they are of use to the consumption of our manufacture. *Could we persuade our British women* (says one of our eminent Merchants in a letter to his friend in

in the country upon the subject of commerce) to clothe themselves in the comely apparel which might be made out of the wool of their own country; and instead of coffee, tea and chocolate, to delight in those wholesome and palatable liquors which may be extracted from the British simples; they would be of great advantage to trade, and therein to the public weal.

It is now, however, become necessary to treat our women as members of the body politic; since it is visible that great numbers of them have of late eloped from their allegiance, and that they do not believe themselves obliged to draw with us, as yoke-fellows in the constitution. They will judge for themselves; look into the state of the nation with their own eyes; and be no longer led blindfold by a male legislature. A friend of mine was lately complaining to me, that his wife had turned off one of the best cook-maids in England, because the wench had said something to her fellow servants, which seemed to favor the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act.

When errors and prejudices are thus spread among the sex, it is the hardest thing in the world to root them out. Arguments, which are the only proper means for it, are of little use: they have a very short answer to all reasonings that turn against them, *Make us believe that, if you can*; which is in Latin, if I may upon this occasion be allowed the pedantry of a quotation, *Non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris*. I could not but smile at a young university Disputant, who was complaining the other day of the unreasonableness of a Lady with whom he was engaged in a point of controversy. Being left alone with her, he took the opportunity of pursuing an argument which had been before started in discourse, and put it to her in a Syllogism: upon which, as he informed us with some heat, she granted him both the major and the minor, but denied him the conclusion.

The best method, therefore, that can be made use of with these polemical Ladies, who are much more easy to be refuted than silenced, is to shew them the ridiculous side of their cause, and to make them laugh at their own politics. It is a kind of ill manners to offer objections to a fine woman; and a man would be out of countenance that should gain the superiority in such a contest. A coquette Logician may be rallied, but not contradicted. Those who would make use of solid arguments and strong reasonings to a reader or hearer of so delicate a turn, would be like that foolish people whom *Ælian* speaks of, that worshipped a fly, and sacrificed an ox to it.

The truth of it is, a man must be of a very disputatious temper, that enters into State-controversies with any of the fair sex. If the malignant be not beautiful, she cannot do much mischief; and if she is, her arguments will be so enforced by the charms of her person, that her antagonist may be in danger of betraying his own cause. *Milton* puts this confession into the mouth

mouth of our father *Adam*; who, though he asserts his superiority of reason in his debates with the mother of mankind, adds,

—Yet when I approach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,

And in herself complete; so well to know

Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

Seems wisest, virtuous, best, discreet, best:

All higher knowledge in her presence falls

Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her

Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shews;

Authority and reason on her wait—

If there is such a native loveliness in the sex, as to make them victorious even when they are in the wrong, how resistless is their power when they are on the side of truth! And indeed it is a peculiar good fortune to the government, that our fair malecontents are so much overmatched in beauty, as well as number, by those who are loyal to their King, and friends to their country.

Every paper, which I have hitherto addressed to our beautiful incendiaries, hath been filled with considerations of a different kind; by which means I have taken care that those, who are enemies to the sex, or to myself, may not accuse me of tautology, or pretend that I attack them with their own weapon. For this reason I shall here lay together a new set of remarks, and observe the several artifices by which the enemies to our establishment do raise such unaccountable passions and prejudices in the minds of our discontented females.

In the first place, it is usual, among the most cunning of our adversaries, to represent all the rebels as very handsome men. If the name of a traitor be mentioned, they are very particular in describing his person; and when they are not able to extenuate his treason, commend his shape. This has so good an effect in one of our female audiences, that they represent to themselves a thousand poor, tall, innocent, fresh colored young gentlemen, who are dispersed among the several prisons of *Great Britain*; and extend their generous compassion towards a multitude of agreeable fellows that never were in being.

Another artifice is, to instil jealousies into their minds, of designs upon the anvil to retrench the privileges of the sex. Some represent the *Whigs* as enemies to *Flanders* lace: others had spread a report, that in the late act of parliament for four shillings in the pound upon land, there would be

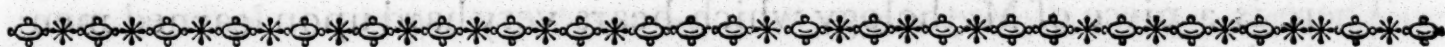
inserted a clause for raising a tax upon pin-money. That the ladies may be the better upon their guard against suggestions of this nature, I shall beg leave to put them in mind of the story of *Papirius* the son of a *Roman* Senator. This young gentleman, after having been present in public debates, was usually teased by his mother to inform her of what had passed. In order to deliver himself from this importunity, he told her one day, upon his return from the senate-house, that there had been a motion made for a decree to allow every man two wives. The good Lady said nothing; but managed matters so well among the *Roman* matrons, that the next day they met together in a body before the senate-house, and presented a petition to the fathers against so unreasonable a law. This groundless credulity raised so much rallery upon the petitioners, that we do not find the ladies offered to direct the lawgivers of their country ever after.

There has been another method lately made use of, which has been practised with extraordinary success; I mean the spreading abroad reports of prodigies, which has wonderfully gratified the curiosity, as well as the hopes of our fair malignants. Their managers turn water into blood for them; frighten them with sea-monsters; make them see armies in the air; and give them their word, the more to ingratiate themselves with them, that they signify nothing less than future slaughter and desolation. The disloyal part of the sex immediately hug themselves at the news of the bloody fountain; look upon these fish as their friends; have great expectations from the clouds; and are very angry with you, if you think they do not all portend ruin to their country.

Secret history and scandal have always had their allurements; and I have in other discourses shewn the great advantage that is made of them in the present ferment among the fair ones.

But the master engine, to overturn the minds of the female world, is the *danger of the church*. I am not so uncharitable as to think there is any thing in an observation made by several of the *Whigs*, that there is scarce a woman in *England* who is troubled with the vapors, but is more or less affected with this cry: or, to remark with others, that it is not uttered in any part of the nation with so much bitterness of tongue and heart, as in the districts of *Drury-lane*. On the contrary, I believe there are many devout and honorable women who are deluded in this point by the artifice of designing men. To these, therefore, I would apply myself, in a more serious manner, and desire them to consider how that laudable piety, which is natural to the sex, is apt to degenerate into a groundless and furious zeal, when it is not kept within the bounds of charity and reason. Female zeal, though proceeding from so good a principle, has been infinitely detrimental to society, and

and to religion itself. If we may believe the *French* historians, it often put a stop to the proceedings of their Kings, which might have ended in a reformation. For, upon their breaking with the Pope, the Queens frequently interposed, and by their importunities, reconciled them to the usurpations of the church of *Rome*. Nay, it was this vicious zeal which gave a remarkable check to the first progress of christianity, as we find it recorded by a sacred historian in the following passage, which I shall leave to the consideration of my female readers. *But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women and the chief men of the city, and raised a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts.*

N^o 33.

Friday, April 13.



Nulli adversus Magistratus ac Reges gratiores sunt; nec immerito; nullis enim plus præstant quam quibus frui tranquillo otio licet. Itaque hi, quibus ad propositum bene vivendi confert securitas publica, necesse est auctorem hujus boni ut parentem colant. Senec. Ep. 73.

WE find by our public papers, the university of *Dublin* have lately presented to the Prince of *Wales*, in a most humble and dutiful manner, their Diploma for constituting his Royal Highness Chancellor of that learned body; and that the Prince received this their offer with the goodness and condescension which is natural to his illustrious house. As the college of *Dublin* have been long famous for their great learning, they have now given us an instance of their good sense; and it is with pleasure that we find such a disposition in this famous nursery of letters to propagate sound principles, and to act, in its proper sphere, for the honor and dignity of the royal family. We hope that such an example will have its influence on other societies of the same nature; and cannot but rejoice to see the heir of *Great Britain* vouchsafing to patronise, in so peculiar a manner, that noble seminary, which is perhaps at this time training up such persons as may hereafter be ornaments to his reign.

When men of learning are acted thus by a knowledge of the world as well as of books, and shew that their studies naturally inspire them with a love to their King and country; they give a reputation to literature, and

convince the world of its usefulness. But when arts and sciences are so perverted as to dispose men to act in contradiction to the rest of the community, and to set up for a kind of separate republic among themselves, they draw upon them the indignation of the wise, and the contempt of the ignorant.

It has indeed been observed, that persons, who are very much esteemed for their knowledge and ingenuity in their private characters, have acted like strangers to mankind, and to the dictates of right reason, when joined together in a body. Like several chymical waters, that are each of them clear and transparent when separate, but ferment into a thick troubled liquor when they are mixed in the same vial.

There is a piece of Mythology which bears very hard upon learned men; and which I shall here relate, rather for the delicacy of the satire, than for the justness of the moral. When the city of *Athens* was finished, we are told that *Neptune* and *Minerva* presented themselves as candidates for the guardianship of the place. The *Athenians*, after a full debate upon the matter, came to an election, and made choice of *Minerva*. Upon which, *Neptune*, who very much resented the indignity, upbraided them with their stupidity and ignorance; that a maritime town should reject the patronage of him who was the God of the Seas, and could defend them against all the attacks of their enemies. He concluded with a curse upon the inhabitants, which was to stick to them and their posterity; namely, *that they should be all fools*. When *Minerva*, their tutelary Goddess, who presides over arts and sciences, came among them to receive the honor they had conferred upon her, they made heavy complaints of the curse which *Neptune* had laid upon the city; and begged her, if possible, to take it off. But she told them it was not in her power; for that one Deity could not reverse the act of another. *However*, said she, *I may alleviate the curse which I cannot remove: it is not possible for me to hinder you from being fools, but I will take care that you shall be learned*.

There is nothing which bodies of learned men should be more careful of, than, by all due methods, to cultivate the favor of the great and powerful. The indulgence of a Prince is absolutely necessary to the propagation, the defence, the honor and support of learning. It naturally creates in men's minds an ambition to distinguish themselves by letters; and multiplies the number of those who are dedicated to the pursuits of knowledge. It protects them against the violence of brutal men; and gives them opportunities to pursue their studies in a state of peace and tranquility. It puts the learned in countenance; and gives them a place among the fashionable part of mankind. It distributes rewards; and encourages speculative persons, who
have

have neither opportunity nor a turn of mind to increase their own fortunes, with all the incentives of place, profit and preferment. On the contrary, nothing is in itself so pernicious to communities of learned men, nor more apprehended by those that wish them well, than the displeasure of their Prince, which those may justly expect to feel, who would make use of his favor to his own prejudice, and put in practice all the methods that lie within their power to vilify his person, and distress his government. In both these cases, a learned body is in a more particular manner exposed to the influence of their King, as described by the wisest of men, *The wrath of a King is as the roaring of a Lion; but his favor is as the dew upon the grass.*

We find in our *English* histories, that the Empress *Matilda*, (who was the great ancestor of his present Majesty, and whose granddaughter of the same name has a place upon several of the *Hanover* medals) was particularly favored by the university of *Oxford*, and defended in that place, when most parts of the kingdom had revolted against her. Nor is it to be questioned, but an university so famous for learning and sound knowledge, will shew the same zeal for her illustrious descendant, as they will every day discern his Majesty's Royal virtues, through those prejudices which have been raised in their minds by artful and designing men. It is with much pleasure we see this great fountain of learning already beginning to run clear, and recovering its natural purity and brightness. None can imagine that a community which is taxed by the worst of its enemies, only for over-straining the notions of loyalty even to bad Princes, will fall short of a due allegiance to the best.

When this happy temper of mind is fully established among them, we may justly hope to see the largest share of his Majesty's favors fall upon that university, which is the greatest, and upon all accounts the most considerable, not only in his dominions, but in all *Europe*.

I shall conclude this paper with a quotation out of *Camden's History of Queen Elizabeth*, who, after having described that Queen's reception at *Oxford*, gives an account of the speech which she made to them at her departure; concluding with a piece of advice to that university. Her counsel was, *That they would first serve God, not after the curiosity of some, but according to the laws of God and the land; that they would not go before the laws, but follow them; nor dispute whether better might be prescribed, but keep those prescribed already; obey their superiors; and lastly, embrace one another in brotherly piety and concord.*

Monday,

N^o 34.

Monday, April 16.

—— *ſævus apertam**In rabiem cœpit verti jocus* ——

Hor.

IT is very juſtly, as well as frequently obſerved, that if our nation be ever ruined, it muſt be by itſelf. The parties and diviſions which reign among us may ſeveral ways bring deſtruction upon our country, at the ſame time that our united force would be ſufficient to ſecure us againſt all the attempts of a foreign enemy. Whatever expedients therefore can be found to allay thoſe heats and animoſities, which break us into different factions and intereſts, cannot but be uſeful to the public, and highly tend to its ſafety, ſtrength, and reputation.

This dangerous diſſenſion among us diſcovers itſelf in all the moſt indifferent circumſtances of life. We keep it up, and cheriſh it with as much pains, as if it were a kind of national bleſſing. It inſinuates itſelf into all our diſcourſes, mixes in our parties of pleaſure, has a ſhare in our diverſions, and is an ingredient in moſt of our public entertainments.

I was not long ago at the play called *Sir Courtly Nice*, where, to the eternal reproach of good ſenſe, I found the whole audience had very gravely ranged themſelves into two parties, under *Hot-head* and *Teſtimony*. *Hot-head* was the applauded hero of the *Tories*, and *Teſtimony* no leſs the favorite of the *Whigs*. Each party followed their champion. It was wonderful to ſee ſo polite an aſſembly diſtinguiſhing themſelves by ſuch extraordinary representatives, and avowing their principles as conformable either to the zeal of *Hot-head*, or the moderation of *Teſtimony*. Thus the two parts which were deſigned to expoſe the faults of both ſides, and were accordingly received by our anceſtors in King *Charles* the Second's reign, meet with a kind of ſanction from the applauſes which are reſpectively beſtowed on them by their wiſe poſterity. We ſeem to imagine that they were written as patterns for imitation, not as objects of ridicule.

This humor runs ſo far, that moſt of our late comedies owe their ſucceſs to it. The audience liſtens after nothing elſe. I have ſeen little *Dicky* place himſelf with great approbation at the head of the *Tories* for five acts together, and *Pinky* eſpouſe the intereſt of the *Whigs* with no leſs ſucceſs. I

do

do not find that either party has yet thrown themselves under the patronage of *Scaramouch*, or that *Harlequin* has violated that neutrality, which, upon his late arrival in *Great Britain*, he professed to both parties, and which it is thought he will punctually observe, being allowed on all sides to be a man of honor. It is true, that upon his first appearance, a violent *Whig* tradesman in the pit begun to compliment him with a clap, as overjoyed to see him mount a ladder, and fancying him to be dressed in a Highland plaid.

I question not but my Readers will be surpris'd to find me animadverting on a practice that has been always favorable to the cause which now prevails. The *British* theatre was *Whig* even in the worst of times; and in the last reign did not scruple to testify its zeal for the good of our country, by many magnanimous claps in its lower regions, answered with loud huzzas from the upper gallery. This good disposition is so much heightened of late, that the whole neighbourhood of the *Drury-lane* theatre very often shakes with the loyalty of the audience. It is said, that a young author, who very much relies on this prevailing humor, is now writing a farce, to be called *A Match out of Newgate*, in allusion to the title of a comedy called *A Match in Newgate*; and that his chief person is a round-shouldered man with a pretty large nose and a wide mouth, making his addresses to a lovely black woman that passes for a Peeress of *Great Britain*. In short, the whole play is built upon the late escape of General *Forster*, who is supposed upon the road to fall in love with my Lord *Nithisdale*, whom the ingenious author imagines to be still in his riding-hood.

But notwithstanding the good principles of a *British* audience in this one particular, it were to be wished that every thing should be banished the stage which has a tendency to exasperate men's minds, and inflame that party rage which makes us such a miserable and divided people. And that in the first place, because such a proceeding as this disappoints the very design of all public diversions and entertainments. The institution of sports and shows was intended by all governments, to turn off the thoughts of the people from busying themselves in matters of state, which did not belong to them; to reconcile them to one another by the common participations of mirth and pleasure; and to wear out of their minds that rancor which they might have contracted by the interfering views of interest and ambition. It would therefore be for the benefit of every society, that is disturbed by contending factions, to encourage such innocent amusements as may thus disemitter the minds of men, and make them mutually rejoice in the same agreeable satisfaction. When people are accustomed to sit together with pleasure, it is a step towards reconciliation: but as we manage matters, our politest assemblies are like boisterous clubs, that meet over a glass of wine, and before they have done, throw

throw bottles at one another's heads. Instead of multiplying those desirable opportunities where we may agree in points that are indifferent, we let the spirit of contention into those very methods that are not only foreign to it, but should in their nature dispose us to be friends. This our anger in our mirth is like poison in a perfume, which taints the spirits instead of cheering and refreshing them.

Another manifest inconvenience which arises from this abuse of public entertainments, is, that it naturally destroys the taste of an audience. I do not deny, but that several performances have been justly applauded for their wit, which have been written with an eye to this predominant humor of the town: but it is visible even in these, that it is not the excellence but the application of the sentiment, that has raised applause. An author is very much disappointed to find the best parts of his productions received with indifference, and to see the audience discovering beauties which he never intended. The actors, in the midst of an innocent old play, are often startled with unexpected claps or hisses; and do not know whether they have been talking like good subjects, or have spoken treason. In short, we seem to have such a relish for faction, as to have lost that of wit; and are so used to the bitterness of party rage, that we cannot be gratified with the highest entertainment that has not this kind of seasoning in it. But as no work must expect to live long which draws all its beauty from the color of the times; so neither can that pleasure be of greater continuance, which arises from the prejudice or malice of its hearers.

To conclude; since the present hatred and violence of parties is so unspeakably pernicious to the community, and none can do a better service to their country than those who use their utmost endeavours to extinguish it, we may reasonably hope, that the more elegant part of the nation will give a good example to the rest; and put an end to so absurd and foolish a practice, which makes our most refined diversions detrimental to the public, and, in a particular manner, destructive of all politeness.

Friday,

N^o 35.

Friday, April 20.

Atheniensium res gestæ, sicut ego existumo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere, verum aliquanto minores tamen, quam fama feruntur: sed, quia provenere ibi magna scriptorum ingenia, per terrarum orbem Atheniensium facta pro maxumis celebrantur. Ita eorum, qui ea fecere, virtus tanta habetur, quantum verbis ea potuere extollere præclara ingenia.

Salust.

GRATIAN, among his maxims for raising a man to the most consummate character of greatness, advises first to perform extraordinary actions, and in the next place to secure a good historian. Without the last, he considers the first as thrown away; as indeed they are in a great measure by such illustrious persons, as make fame and reputation the end of their undertakings. The most shining merit goes down to posterity with disadvantage, when it is not placed by writers in its proper light.

The misfortune is, that there are more instances of men who deserve this kind of immortality, than of authors who are able to bestow it. Our country, which has produced writers of the first figure in every other kind of work, has been very barren in good historians. We have had several who have been able to compile matters of fact, but very few have been able to digest them with that purity and elegance of style, that nicety and strength of reflection, and that subtilty and discernment in the unravelling of a character, and that choice of circumstances for enlivening the whole narration, which we so justly admire in the ancient historians of Greece and Rome, and in some authors of our neighbouring nations.

Those who have succeeded best in works of this kind, are such, who, besides their natural good sense and learning, have themselves been versed in public business, and thereby acquired a thorough knowledge of men and things. It was the advice of the great Duke of Schomberg to an eminent historian of his acquaintance, who was an Ecclesiastic, that he should avoid being too particular in the drawing up of an army, and other circumstances of the day of battle; for that he had always observed most notorious blunders and absurdities committed on that occasion, by such writers as were not conversant in the art of war. We may reasonably expect the like mis-

takes in every other kind of public matters, recorded by those who have only a distant theory of such affairs. Besides it is not very probable, that men, who have passed all their time in low and vulgar life, should have a suitable idea of the several beauties and blemishes in the actions or characters of great men. For this reason I find an old law quoted by the famous Monsieur *Bayle*, that no person below the dignity of a *Roman* Knight should presume to write an history.

In *England* there is scarce any one, who has had a tincture of reading or study, that is not apt to fancy himself equal to so great a task; though it is plain, that many of our countrymen, who have tampered in history, frequently shew, that they do not understand the very nature of those transactions which they recount. Nay, nothing is more usual than to see every man, who is versed in any particular way of business, finding fault with several of these authors, so far as they treat of matters within his sphere.

There is a race of men lately sprung up among this sort of writers, whom one cannot reflect upon without indignation as well as contempt. These are our *Grubstreet* biographers, who watch for the death of a great man, like so many undertakers, on purpose to make a penny of him. He is no sooner laid in his grave, but he falls into the hands of an historian; who, to swell a volume, ascribes to him works which he never wrote, and actions which he never performed; celebrates virtues which he never was famous for, and excuses faults which he was never guilty of. They fetch their only authentic records out of *Doctors Commons*; and when they have got a copy of his last Will and Testament, they fancy themselves furnished with sufficient materials for his history. This might indeed enable them in some measure to write the history of his death; but what can we expect from an author that undertakes to write the life of a great man, who is furnished with no other matters of fact, besides legacies; and instead of being able to tell us what he did, can only tell us what he bequeathed? This manner of exposing the private concerns of families, and sacrificing the secrets of the dead to the curiosity of the living, is one of those licentious practices which might well deserve the animadversion of our government, when it has time to contrive expedients for remedying the many crying abuses of the press. In the mean while, what a poor idea must strangers conceive of those persons, who have been famous among us in their generation, should they form their notions of them from the writings of these our historiographers! What would our posterity think of their illustrious forefathers, should they only see them in such weak and disadvantageous lights! But to our comfort, works of this nature are so short lived, that they cannot possibly diminish the memory of those patriots which they are not able to preserve.

The

The truth of it is, as the lives of great men cannot be written with any tolerable degree of elegance or exactness, within a short space after their decease; so neither is it fit that the history of a person, who has acted among us in a public character, should appear, till envy and friendship are laid asleep, and the prejudice both of his antagonists and adherents be, in some degree, softened and subdued. There is no question but there are several eminent persons in each party, however they may represent one another at present, who will have the same admirers among posterity, and be equally celebrated by those, whose minds will not be distempered by interest, passion or partiality. It were happy for us, could we prevail upon ourselves to imagine, that one, who differs from us in opinion, may possibly be an honest man; and that we might do the same justice to one another, which will be done us hereafter by those who shall make their appearance in the world, when this generation is no more. But in our present miserable and divided condition, how just soever a man's pretensions may be to a great or blameless reputation, he must expect his share of obloquy and reproach; and, even with regard to his posthumous character, content himself with such a kind of consideration, as induced the famous Sir *Francis Bacon*, after having bequeathed his Soul to God, and his body to the earth, to leave his fame to foreign nations; and after some years, to his own country.

N^o 36.

Monday, April 23.

—*Illu se jactet in aula.*

Virg.

AMONG all the paradoxes in politics which have been advanced by some among us, there is none so absurd and shocking to the most ordinary understanding, as that it is possible for *Great Britain* to be quietly governed by a *Popish* Sovereign. King *Henry* the Fourth found it impracticable for a *Protestant* to reign even in *France*, notwithstanding the reformed religion does not engage a Prince to the persecution of any other; and notwithstanding the authority of the Sovereign in that country is more able to support itself, and command the obedience of the people, than in any other *European* Monarchy. We are convinced by the experience of our own times, that our constitution is not able to bear a *Popish* Prince at the head of it.

M m m 2

King

King *James* the Second was endowed with many royal virtues, and might have made a nation of *Roman Catholics* happy under his administration. The grievances we suffered in his reign proceeded purely from his religion: but they were such as made the whole body of the Nobility, Clergy and Commonalty, rise up as one man against him, and oblige him to quit the throne of his ancestors. The truth of it is, we have only the vices of a *Protestant* Prince to fear, and may be made happy by his virtues: but in a *Popish* Prince we have no chance for our prosperity; his very piety obliges him to our destruction; and in proportion as he is more religious, he becomes more insupportable. One would wonder, therefore, to find many who call themselves *Protestants*, favoring the pretensions of a person who has been bred up in the utmost bitterness and bigotry of the church of *Rome*; and who, in all probability, within less than a twelvemonth, would be opposed by those very men that are industrious to set him upon the throne, were it possible for so wicked and unnatural an attempt to succeed.

I was some months ago in a company, that diverted themselves with the declaration which he had then published, and particularly with the date of it, *In the fourteenth year of our reign*. The company was surprised to find there was a King in *Europe* who had reigned so long and made such a secret of it. This gave occasion to one of them, who is now in *France*, to enquire into the history of this remarkable reign, which he has digested into annals, and lately transmitted hither for the perusal of his friends. I have suppressed such personal reflections as are mixed in this short chronicle, as not being to the purpose; and find that the whole history of his regal conduct and exploits may be comprised in the remaining part of this half-sheet.

The history of the Pretender's fourteen years reign digested into annals.

A *NNO Regni 1^o*. He made choice of his ministry, the first of whom was his confessor. This was a person recommended by the society of *Jesuits*, who represented him as one very proper to guide the conscience of a King, that hoped to rule over an island which is not within the pale of the church. He then proceeded to name the President of his Council, his Secretaries of State, and gave away a very honorable sine-cure to his principal favorite, by constituting him his Lord-high-treasurer. He likewise signed a dormant commission for another to be his High-admiral, with orders to produce it whenever he had sea room for his employment.

Anno Regni 2^o. He perfected himself in the minuet step.

Anno Regni 3^o. He grew half a foot.

Anno

Anno Regni 4^o. He wrote a letter to the Pope, desiring him to be as kind to him as his predecessor had been, who was his Godfather. In the same year he ordered the Lord-high-treasurer to pay off the debts of the Crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne; particularly a milk-score of three years standing.

Anno Regni 5^o. He very much improved himself in all princely learning, having read over the legends of the Saints, with the history of those several martyrs in *England*, who had attempted to blow up a whole Parliament of heretics.

Anno Regni 6^o. He applied himself to the arts of government with more than ordinary diligence; took a plan of the Bastile with his own hand; visited the galleys; and studied the edicts of his great Patron *Louis XIV.*

Anno Regni 7^o. Being now grown up to years of maturity, he resolved to seek adventures; but was very much divided in his mind, whether he should make an expedition to *Scotland*, or a pilgrimage to *Loretto*; being taught to look upon the latter in a religious sense, as the place of his nativity. At length he resolved upon his *Scotch* expedition; and, as the first exertion of that royal authority, which he was going to assume, he knighted himself. After a short piece of errantry upon the seas, he got safe back to *Dunkirk*, where he paid his devotions to *St. Anthony*, for having delivered him from the dangers of the sea, and *Sir George Byng*.

Anno Regni 8^o. He made a campaign in *Flanders*, where, by the help of a telescope, he saw the battle of *Oudenarde*, and the Prince of *Hanover's* horse shot under him; being posted on a high tower with two *French* Princes of the blood.

Anno Regni 9^o. He made a second campaign in *Flanders*; and, upon his return to the *French* Court, gained a great reputation, by his performance in a rigadoon.

Anno Regni 10^o. The Pope having heard the fame of these his military achievements, made him the offer of a cardinal's cap; which he was advised not to accept, by some of his friends in *England*.

Anno Regni 11^o. He retired to *Lorrain*, where every morning he made great havoc among the wild-fowl, by the advice and with the assistance of his Privy-council. He is said, this summer, to have shot with his own hands fifty brace of pheasants, and one wild pig; to have set thirty coveys of partridges; and to have hunted down forty brace of hares; to which he might have added as many foxes, had not most of them made their escape, by running out of his friend's dominions, before his dogs could finish the chase. He was particularly animated to these diversions by his ministry, who thought they would not a little recommend him to the good opinion and kind offices of several *British* fox-hunters.

Anno

Anno Regni 12^o. He made a visit to the Duke d'Aumont, and passed for a French Marquis in a masquerade.

Anno Regni 13^o. He visited several convents, and gathered subscriptions from all the well-disposed Monks and Nuns, to whom he communicated his design of an attempt upon Great Britain.

Anno Regni 14^o. He now made great preparations for the invasion of England, and got together vast stores of ammunition, consisting of reliques, gun-powder and cannon-ball. He received from the Pope a very large contribution, one moiety in money, and the other in indulgences. An Irish priest brought him an authentic tooth of St. Thomas a Becket, and, it is thought, was to have for his reward the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Every monastery contributed something; one gave him a thousand pounds; and another as many masses.

This year containing farther the battles which he fought in Scotland, and the towns which he took, is so fresh in every one's memory, that we shall say no more of it.



N^o 37.

Friday, April 27.



quod si

Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses;

Quo te cœlestis sapientia duceret, ires,

Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus, et ampli,

Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

Hor.

IT is a melancholy reflection, that our country, which in times of Popery was called the nation of Saints, should now have less appearance of religion in it, than any other neighbouring state or kingdom; whether they be such as continue still immersed in the errors of the church of Rome, or such as are recovered out of them. This is a truth that is obvious to every one, who has been conversant in foreign parts. It was formerly thought dangerous for a young man to travel, lest he should return an Atheist to his native country: but at present it is certain, that an Englishman, who has any tolerable degree of reflection, cannot be better awakened to a sense of religion in general, than by observing how the minds of all mankind are set upon this important point; how every nation is serious and attentive to the great business

ness of their being; and that in other countries a man is not out of the fashion, who is bold and open in the profession and practice of all christian duties.

This decay of piety is by no means to be imputed to the *Reformation*, which in its first establishment produced its proper fruits, and distinguished the whole age with shining instances of virtue and morality. If we would trace out the original of that flagrant and avowed impiety which has prevailed among us for some years, we should find that it owes its rise to that opposite extreme of *Cant* and *Hypocrisy*, which had taken possession of the people's minds in the times of the great rebellion, and of the usurpation that succeeded it. The practices of these men, under the covert of a feigned zeal, made even the appearances of sincere devotion ridiculous and unpopular. The rallery of the wits and courtiers, in King *Charles* the Second's reign, upon every thing which they then called precise, was carried to so great an extravagance, that it almost put christianity out of countenance. The ridicule grew so strong and licentious, that from this time we may date that remarkable turn in the behaviour of our fashionable *Englishmen*, that makes them shame-faced in the exercise of those duties which they were sent into the world to perform.

The late cry of the *Church* has been an artifice of the same kind with that made use of by the hypocrites of the last age, and has had as fatal an influence upon religion. If a man would but seriously consider how much greater comfort he would receive in the last moments of his life, from a reflection that he has made one virtuous man, than that he has made a thousand *Tories*, we should not see the zeal of so many good men turned off from its proper end, and employed in making such a kind of converts. What satisfaction will it be to an immoral man, at such a time, to think he is a good *Whig*! or to one that is conscious of sedition, perjury, or rebellion, that he dies with the reputation of a *High-Churchman*!

But to consider how this cry of the *Church* has corrupted the morals of both parties. Those, who are the loudest in it, regard themselves rather as a political, than a religious community; and are held together rather by state notions, than by articles of faith. This fills the minds of weak men, who fall into the snare, with groundless fears and apprehensions, unspeakable rage towards their fellow subjects, wrong ideas of persons whom they are not acquainted with, and uncharitable interpretations of those actions of which they are not competent judges. It instils into their minds the utmost virulence and bitterness, instead of that charity, which is the perfection and ornament of religion, and the most indispensable and necessary means for attaining the end of it. In a word, among these mistaken zealots, it sanctifies cruelty and injustice, riots and treason.

The

The effects which this cry of the *Church* has had on the other party, are no less manifest and deplorable. They see themselves unjustly aspersed by it, and vindicate themselves in terms no less opprobrious, than those by which they are attacked. Their indignation and resentment rises in proportion to the malice of their adversaries. The unthinking part of them are apt to contract an unreasonable aversion even to that ecclesiastical constitution to which they are represented as enemies; and not only to particular persons, but to that order of men in general, which will be always held sacred and honorable, so long as there is reason and religion in the world.

I might mention many other corruptions, common to both parties, which naturally flow from this source; and might easily shew, upon a full display of them, that this clamor, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it; and rendered us not only the most divided, but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.

When our nation is overflowed with such a deluge of impiety, it must be a great pleasure to find any expedient take place, that has a tendency to recover it out of so dismal a condition. This is one great reason why an honest man may rejoice to see an act so near taking effect, for making elections of members to serve in parliament less frequent. I find myself prevented by other writings (which have considered the act now depending, in this particular light) from expatiating upon this subject. I shall only mention two short pieces which I have been just now reading, under the following titles, *Arguments about the alteration of the triennial elections of parliament*: And, *The alteration in the triennial act considered*.

The reasons for this law, as it is necessary for settling his Majesty in his throne; for extinguishing the spirit of rebellion; for procuring foreign alliances; and other advantages of the like nature; carry a great weight with them. But I am particularly pleased with it, as it may compose our unnatural feuds and animosities, revive an honest spirit of industry in the nation, and cut off frequent occasions of brutal rage and intemperance. In short, as it will make us not only a more safe, a more flourishing, and a more happy, but also a more virtuous people.

Monday,

N^o 38.

Monday, April 30.

—— Longum, formosa, vale ——

Virg.

IT is the ambition of the male part of the world to make themselves esteemed, and of the female to make themselves beloved. As this is the last paper which I shall address to my fair readers; I cannot perhaps oblige them more, than by leaving them, as a kind of legacy, a certain secret, which seldom fails of procuring this affection, which they are naturally formed both to desire and to obtain. This *Nosstrum* is comprised in the following sentence of *Seneca*, which I shall translate for the service of my countrywomen. *Ego tibi monstrabo amatorium sine medicamento, sine herbâ, sine ullius veneficæ carmine: si vis amari, ama.* I will discover to you a philter that has neither drug, nor simple, nor enchantment in it. Love, if you would raise love. If there be any truth in this discovery, and this be such a specific as the author pretends, there is nothing which makes the sex more unamiable than party rage. The finest woman, in a transport of fury, loses the use of her face. Instead of charming her beholders, she frights both friend and foe. The latter can never be smitten by so bitter an enemy, nor the former captivated by a nymph, who, upon occasion, can be so very angry. The most endearing of our beautiful fellow subjects, are those whose minds are the least imbittered with the passions and prejudices of either side; and who discover the native sweetness of the sex in every part of their conversation and behaviour. A lovely woman, who thus flourishes in her innocence and good humor, amidst that mutual spite and rancor which prevails among her exasperated sisterhood, appears more amiable by the singularity of her character; and may be compared, with *Solomon's* bride, to a lilly among the thorns.

A Stateswoman is as ridiculous a creature as a Cotquean. Each of the sexes should keep within its particular bounds, and content themselves to excel within their respective districts. When *Venus* complained to *Jupiter* of the wound which she had received in battle, the father of the gods smiled upon her, and put her in mind, that instead of mixing in war, which was not her business, she should have been officiating in her proper ministry, and carrying on the delights of marriage. The delicacy of several modern critics has been offended with *Homer's Billingsgate* warriors; but a scolding

hero, is, at the worst, a more tolerable character, than a bully in petticoats. To which we may add, that the keenest satirist, among the ancients, looked upon nothing as a more proper subject of rallery and invective, than a female gladiator.

I am the more disposed to take into consideration these ladies of fire and politics, because it would be very monstrous to see feuds and animosities kept up among the soft sex, when they are in so hopeful a way of being composed among the men, by the septennial bill, which is now ready for the Royal assent. As this is likely to produce a cessation of arms, till the expiration of the present parliament, among one half of our island, it is very reasonable that the more beautiful moiety of his Majesty's subjects should establish a truce among themselves for the same term of years. Or rather it were to be wished, that they would summon together a kind of senate, or parliament, of the fairest and wisest of our sister subjects, in order to enact a perpetual neutrality among the sex. They might at least appoint something like a committee, chosen from among the ladies residing in *London* and *Westminster*, in order to prepare a bill to be laid before the assembly upon the first opportunity of their meeting. The regulation might be as follows:

“ That a committee of toasts be forthwith appointed; to consider the present state of the sex in the *British* nation.

“ That this committee do meet at the house of every respective member of it on her visiting day; and that every one who comes to it shall have a vote, and a dish of tea.

“ That the committee be empowered to send for billet-doux, libels, lampoons, lists of toasts, or any other the like papers and records.

“ That it be an instruction to the said committee, to consider of proper ways and methods to reclaim the obstinately opprobrious and virulent; and how to make the ducking-stool more useful.

Being always willing to contribute my assistances to my country-women, I would propose a preamble, setting forth, “ That the late civil war among the sex has tended very much to the lessening of that ancient and undoubted authority, which they have claimed over the male part of the island; to the ruin of good housewifery; and to the betraying of many important secrets: that it has produced much bitterness of speech, many sharp and violent contests, and a great effusion of citron-water: that it has raised animosities in their hearts, and heats in their faces: that it has broke out in their ribbons, and caused unspeakable confusions in their dress: and above all, that it has introduced a certain frown into the features,

“ tures, and a founess into the air of our *British* ladies, to the great damage
“ of their charms, and visible decay of the national beauty.

As for the enacting part of the bill, it may consist of many particulars, which will naturally arise from the debates of the tea-table; and must, therefore, be left to the discretion and experience of the committee. Perhaps it might not be amiss to enact, among other things,

“ That the discoursing on politics shall be looked upon as dull as talking
“ on the weather.

“ That if any man troubles a female assembly with parliament news, he
“ shall be marked out as a blockhead, or an incendiary.

“ That no woman shall henceforth presume to stick a patch upon her
“ forehead, unless it be in the very middle, that is, in the neutral part of it.

“ That all fans and snuff-boxes, of what principles soever, shall be called
“ in: and that orders be given to *Motteux* and *Mathers*, to deliver out, in
“ exchange for them, such as have no tincture of party in them.

“ That when any lady bespeaks a play, she shall take effectual care, that
“ the audience be pretty equally chequered with *Whigs* and *Tories*.

“ That no woman of any party presume to influence the legislature.

“ That there be a general amnesty and oblivion of all former hostilities
“ and distinctions, all public and private failings on either side: and that
“ every one who comes into this neutrality within the space of weeks,
“ shall be allowed an ell extraordinary, above the present standard, in the
“ circumference of her petticoat.

“ Provided always nevertheless, That nothing herein contained shall ex-
“ tend, or be construed to extend, to any person or persons, inhabiting and
“ practising within the hundreds of *Drury*, or to any other of that society in
“ what part soever of the nation in like manner practising and residing;
“ who are still at liberty to rail, calumniate, scold, frown and pout, as in
“ aforesaid, any thing in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

N^o 39.

Friday, May 4.

*Prodesse quam conspici.*

Lord Somers's motto.

IT often happens, that extirpating the love of glory, which is observed to take the deepest root in noble minds, tears up several virtues with it; and that suppressing the desire of fame, is apt to reduce men to a state of indolence and supineness. But when, without any incentive of vanity, a person of great abilities is zealous for the good of mankind; and as solicitous for the concealment, as the performance of illustrious actions; we may be sure that he has something more than ordinary in his composition, and has a heart filled with goodness and magnanimity.

There is not perhaps, in all history, a greater instance of this temper of mind, than what appeared in that excellent person, whose motto I have placed at the head of this paper. He had worn himself out in his application to such studies as made him useful or ornamental to the world, in concerting schemes for the welfare of his country, and in prosecuting such measures as were necessary for making those schemes effectual: but all this was done with a view to the public good that should rise out of these generous endeavours, and not to the fame which should accrue to himself. Let the reputation of the action fall where it would; so his country reaped the benefit of it, he was satisfied. As this turn of mind threw off in a great measure the oppositions of envy and competition, it enabled him to gain the most vain and impracticable into his designs, and to bring about several great events for the safety and advantage of the public, which must have died in their birth, had he been as desirous of appearing beneficial to mankind, as of being so.

As he was admitted into the secret and most retired thoughts and counsels of his Royal Master King *William*, a great share in the plan of the protestant succession is universally ascribed to him. And if he did not entirely project the union of the two kingdoms, and the bill of regency, which seem to have been the only methods in human policy, for securing to us so inestimable a blessing, there is none who will deny him to have been the chief conductor in both these glorious works. For posterity are obliged to allow him that praise after his death, which he industriously declined while he was living. His life indeed seems to have been prolonged beyond its natural

tural term, under those indispositions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing the happy settlement take place, which he had proposed to himself as the principal end of all his public labors. Nor was it a small addition to his happiness, that by this means he saw those who had been always his most intimate friends, and who had concerted with him such measures for the guaranty of the protestant succession, as drew upon them the displeasure of men who were averse to it, advanced to the highest posts of trust and honor under his present Majesty. I believe there are none of these patriots, who will think it a derogation from their merit to have it said, that they received many lights and advantages from their intimacy with my Lord Somers: who had such a general knowledge of affairs, and so tender a concern for his friends, that whatever station they were in, they usually applied to him for his advice in every perplexity of business, and in affairs of the greatest difficulty.

His life was, in every part of it, set off with that graceful modesty and reserve, which made his virtues more beautiful, the more they were cast in such agreeable shades.

His religion was sincere, not ostentatious; and such as inspired him with an universal benevolence towards all his fellow subjects, not with bitterness against any part of them. He shewed his firm adherence to it as modelled by our national constitution, and was constant to its offices of devotion, both in public and in his family. He appeared a champion for it with great reputation in the cause of the seven Bishops, at a time when the Church was really in danger. To which we may add, that he held a strict friendship and correspondence with the great Archbishop Tillotson, being acted by the same spirit of candor and moderation; and moved rather with pity than indignation towards the persons of those who differed from him in the unessential parts of christianity.

His great humanity appeared in the minutest circumstances of his conversation. You found it in the benevolence of his aspect, the complacency of his behaviour, and the tone of his voice. His great application to the severer studies of the law, had not infected his temper with any thing positive or litigious. He did not know what it was to wrangle on indifferent points, to triumph in the superiority of his understanding, or to be supercilious on the side of truth. He joined the greatest delicacy of good breeding to the greatest strength of reason. By approving the sentiments of a person, with whom he conversed, in such particulars as were just, he won him over from those points in which he was mistaken; and had so agreeable a way of conveying knowledge, that whoever conferred with him grew the wiser, without perceiving that he had been instructed. We may probably

bably ascribe to this masterly and engaging manner of conversation, the great esteem which he had gained with the late Queen, while she pursued those measures which had carried the *British* nation to the highest pitch of glory; notwithstanding she had entertained many unreasonable prejudices against him, before she was acquainted with his personal worth and behaviour.

As in his political capacity we have before seen how much he contributed to the establishment of the protestant interest, and the good of his native country, he was always true to these great ends. His character was uniform and consistent with itself, and his whole conduct of a piece. His principles were founded in reason, and supported by virtue; and therefore did not lie at the mercy of ambition, avarice, or resentment. His notions were no less steady and unshaken, than just and upright. In a word, he concluded his course among the same well chosen friendships and alliances, with which he began it.

This great man was not more conspicuous as a Patriot and a Statesman, than as a person of universal knowledge and learning. As by dividing his time between the public scenes of business, and the private retirements of life, he took care to keep up both the great and good man; so by the same means he accomplished himself, not only in the knowledge of men and things, but in the skill of the most refined arts and sciences. That unwearied diligence, which followed him through all the stages of his life, gave him such a thorough insight into the laws of the land, that he passed for one of the greatest masters of his profession, at his first appearance in it. Though he made a regular progress through the several honors of the long robe, he was always looked upon as one who deserved a superior station to that he was possessed of; till he arrived at the highest dignity to which those studies could advance him.

He enjoyed in the highest perfection two talents, which do not often meet in the same person, the greatest strength of good sense, and the most exquisite taste of politeness. Without the first, learning is but an incumbrance; and without the last, is ungraceful. My Lord *Somers* was master of these two qualifications in so eminent a degree, that all the parts of knowledge appeared in him with such an additional strength and beauty, as they want in the possession of others. If he delivered his opinion of a piece of poetry, a statue, or a picture, there was something so just and delicate in his observations, as naturally produced pleasure and assent in those who heard him.

His solidity and elegance, improved by the reading of the finest authors both of the learned and modern languages, discovered itself in all his productions.

ductions. His oratory was masculine and persuasive, free from every thing trivial and affected. His style in writing was chaste and pure, but at the same time full of spirit and politeness; and fit to convey the most intricate business to the understanding of the Reader, with the utmost clearness and perspicuity. And here it is to be lamented, that this extraordinary person, out of his natural aversion to vain-glory, wrote several pieces, as well as performed several actions, which he did not assume the honor of: though at the same time so many works of this nature have appeared, which every one has ascribed to him, that I believe no author of the greatest eminence would deny my Lord *Somers* to have been the best writer of the age in which he lived.

This noble Lord, for the great extent of his knowledge and capacity, has been often compared with the Lord *Verulam*, who had also been Chancellor of *England*. But the conduct of these two extraordinary persons, under the same circumstances, was vastly different. They were both impeached by a House of Commons. One of them, as he had given just occasion for it, sunk under it; and was reduced to such an abject submission, as very much diminished the lustre of so exalted a character: but my Lord *Somers* was too well fortified in his integrity to fear the impotence of an attempt upon his reputation; and though his accusers would gladly have dropped their impeachment, he was instant with them for the prosecution of it, and would not let that matter rest till it was brought to an issue. For the same virtue and greatness of mind which gave him a disregard of fame, made him impatient of an undeserved reproach.

There is no question but this wonderful man will make one of the most distinguished figures in the history of the present age; but we cannot expect that his merit will shine out in its proper light, since he wrote many things which are not published in his name; was at the bottom of many excellent counsels, in which he did not appear; did offices of friendship to many persons, who knew not from whom they were derived; and performed great services to his country, the glory of which was transferred to others: in short, since he made it his endeavour rather to do worthy actions, than to gain an illustrious character.

Monday,

N^o 40.

Monday, May 7.

*Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.*

Hor.

IT requires no small degree of resolution, to be an author in a country so facetious and fatirical as this of *Great Britain*. Such a one raises a kind of alarm among his fellow subjects, and by pretending to distinguish himself from the herd, becomes a mark of public censure, and sometimes a standing object of rally and ridicule. Writing is indeed a provocation to the envious, and an affront to the ignorant. How often do we see a person, whose intentions are visibly to do good by the works which he publishes, treated in as scurrilous a manner, as if he were an enemy to mankind? All the little scramblers after fame fall upon him, publish every blot in his life, depend upon hear-say to defame him, and have recourse to their own invention, rather than suffer him to erect himself into an author with impunity. Even those who write on the most indifferent subjects, and are conversant only in works of taste, are looked upon as men that make a kind of insult upon society, and ought to be humbled as disturbers of the public tranquility. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our island, but the whole fraternity of writers, rise up in arms against every new intruder into the world of fame; and a thousand to one, before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool, but a knave. Successful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor, while the unsuccessful with as much eagerness lay in their claim to him as a brother. This natural antipathy to a man who breaks his ranks, and endeavours to signalise his parts in the world, has very probably hindered many persons from making their appearance in print, who might have enriched our country with better productions in all kinds than any that are now extant. The truth of it is, the active part of mankind, as they do most for the good of their contemporaries, very deservedly gain the greatest share in their applauses; whilst men of speculative endowments, who employ their talents in writing, as they may equally benefit or amuse succeeding ages, have generally the greatest share in the admiration of posterity. Both good and bad writers may receive
great

great satisfaction from the prospects of futurity; as in after-ages the former will be remembered and the latter forgotten.

Among all sets of authors, there are none who draw upon themselves more displeasure, than those who deal in political matters, which indeed is very often too justly incurred; considering that spirit of rancor and virulence, with which works of this nature generally abound. These are not only regarded as authors, but as partisans, and are sure to exasperate at least one half of their readers. Other writers offend only the stupid or jealous among their countrymen; but these, let their cause be never so just, must expect to irritate a supernumerary party of the self-interested, prejudiced, and ambitious. They may however comfort themselves with considering, that if they gain any unjust reproach from one side, they generally acquire more praise than they deserve from the other; and that writings of this kind, if conducted with candor and impartiality, have a more particular tendency to the good of their country, and of the present age, than any other compositions whatsoever.

To consider an author farther, as the subject of obloquy and detraction. We may observe with what pleasure a work is received by the invidious part of mankind, in which a writer falls short of himself, and does not answer the character which he has acquired by his former productions. It is a fine simile in one of Mr. *Congreve's* prologues, which compares a writer to a buttering gamester, that stakes all his winnings upon every cast: so that if he loses the last throw, he is sure to be undone. It would be well for all authors, if, like that Gentleman, they knew when to give over, and to desist from any farther pursuits after fame, whilst they are in the full possession of it. On the other hand, there is not a more melancholy object in the learned world, than a man who has written himself down. As the public is more disposed to censure than to praise, his readers will ridicule him for his last works, when they have forgot to applaud those which preceded them. In this case, where a man has lost his spirit by old age and infirmity, one could wish that his friends and relations would keep him from the use of pen, ink and paper, if he is not to be reclaimed by any other methods.

The author indeed often grows old before the man, especially if he treats on subjects of invention, or such as arise from reflections upon human nature: for in this case, neither his own strength of mind, nor those parts of life which are commonly unobserved, will furnish him with sufficient materials to be at the same time both pleasing and voluminous. We find even in the outward dress of poetry, that men, who write much without taking breath, very often return to the same phrases and forms of expression, as well as to the same manner of thinking. Authors, who have thus drawn

off the spirit of their thoughts, should lie still for some time, till their minds have gathered fresh strength, and by reading, reflection and conversation, laid in a new stock of elegancies, sentiments, and images of nature. The soil, that is worn with too frequent culture, must lie fallow for a while, till it has recruited its exhausted salts, and again enriched itself by the ventilations of the air, the dews of Heaven, and the kindly influences of the sun.

For my own part, notwithstanding this general malevolence towards those who communicate their thoughts in print, I cannot but look with a friendly regard on such as do it, provided there is no tendency in their writings to vice and profaneness. If the thoughts of such authors have nothing in them, they at least do no harm, and shew an honest industry and a good intention in the composer. If they teach me any thing I did not know before, I cannot but look upon myself as obliged to the writer, and consider him as my particular benefactor, if he conveys to me one of the greatest gifts that is in the power of man to bestow, an improvement of my understanding, an innocent amusement, or an incentive to some moral virtue. Were not men of abilities thus communicative, their wisdom would be in a great measure useless, and their experience uninstrucive. There would be no business in solitude, nor proper relaxations in business. By these assistances, the retired man lives in the world, if not above it; passion is composed; thought hindered from being barren; and the mind from preying upon itself. That esteem, indeed, which is paid to good writers by their posterity, sufficiently shews the merit of persons who are thus employed. Who does not now more admire *Cicero* as an author, than as a consul of *Rome*! and does not oftner talk of the celebrated writers of our own country, who lived in former ages, than of any other particular persons among their contemporaries and fellow subjects!

When I consider myself as a *British* Free-holder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labors of those who have improved our language with the translation of old *Latin* and *Greek* authors; and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous governments of *Greece* and *Rome*. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue: and what is still more for the honor of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen, may learn to judge from *Dryden's Virgil* of the most perfect epic performance: and those parts of *Homer*, which have already been published by Mr. *Pope*, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in *English* with as little disadvantage to that immortal Poem.

There is another author, whom I have long wished to see well translated into *English*, as his work is filled with a spirit of liberty, and more directly tends

tends to raise the sentiments of honor and virtue in his Reader, than any of the poetical writers of antiquity. I mean the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*. This is the only author of consideration among the *Latin* Poets, who was not explained for the use of the *Dauphin*, for a very obvious reason; because the whole *Pharsalia* would have been no less than a satire upon the *French* form of government. The translation of this author is now in the hands of Mr. *Rowe*, who has already given the world some admirable specimens of it; and not only kept up the fire of the original, but delivered the sentiments with greater perspicuity, and in a finer turn of phrase and verse.

As undertakings of so difficult a nature require the greatest encouragements, one cannot but rejoice to see those general Subscriptions which have been made to them; especially since if the two works last mentioned are not finished by those masterly hands, which are now employed in them, we may despair of seeing them attempted by others.

N^o 41.

Friday, May 11.

*Dissentientis conditionibus**Fædis, et exemplo trahenti**Parniciem veniens in ævum.*

Hor.

AS the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and prosperity of the public, than any other act of government, it is pity that we do not see the state of it marked out in every particular reign with greater distinction and accuracy, than what is usual among our *English* historians. We may however observe in general, that the best and wisest of our Monarchs have not been less industrious to extend their trade, than their dominions; as it manifestly turns in a much higher degree to the welfare of the people, if not to the glory of the Sovereign.

The first of our Kings who carried our commerce, and consequently our navigation, to a very great height, was *Edward* the Third. This victorious Prince, by his many excellent laws for the encouragement of trade, enabled his subjects to support him in his many glorious wars upon the continent, and turned the scale so much in favor of our *English* merchandise, that, by a balance of trade taken in his time, the exported commodities amounted to two hundred ninety four thousand pounds, and the imported but to thirty eight thousand.

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Those

Those of his successors, under whose regulations our trade flourished most, were *Henry the Seventh*, and *Queen Elizabeth*. As the first of these was for his great wisdom very often styled the *English Solomon*, he followed the example of that wise King in nothing more, than by advancing the traffic of his people. By this means he reconciled to him the minds of his subjects, strengthened himself in their affections, improved very much the navigation of the kingdom, and repelled the frequent attempts of his enemies.

As for *Queen Elizabeth*, she had always the trade of her kingdom very much at heart, and we may observe the effects of it through the whole course of her reign, in the love and obedience of her people, as well as in the defeats and disappointments of her enemies.

It is with great pleasure that we see our present Sovereign applying his thoughts so successfully to the advancement of our traffic, and considering himself as the King of a trading island. His Majesty has already gained very considerable advantages for his people, and is still employed in concerting schemes, and forming treaties, for retrieving and enlarging our privileges in the world of commerce.

I shall only in this paper take notice of the treaty concluded at *Madrid* on the fourteenth of *December* last, 1715; and by comparing it with that concluded at *Utrecht* on the ninth of *December*, 1713, shew several particulars in which the treaty made with his present Majesty is more advantageous to *Great Britain*, than that which was made in the last reign; after this general observation, that it is equally surprising how so bad a treaty came to be made at the end of a glorious and successful war; and how so good a one has been obtained in the beginning of a reign disturbed by such intestine commotions. But we may learn from hence, that the wisdom of a Sovereign, and the integrity of his Ministers, are more necessary for bringing about works of such consequence for the public good, than any juncture of time, or any other the most favorable circumstance.

We must here premise, that by the treaty concluded at *Madrid* in 1667, the duties of importation payable upon the manufactures and products of *Great Britain*, amounted upon the established valuation in the *Spanish* book of rates, (after the deduction of the *Gratias*) in *Andalusia* to 11 one third *per Cent.* in *Valentia* to 5 *per Cent.* and in *Catalonia* to about 7 *per Cent.* or less; and consequently upon the whole aforesaid trade, those duties could not exceed 10 *per Cent.* in a medium.

After this short account of the state of our trade with *Spain*, before the treaty of *Utrecht* under the late Queen, we must observe, that by the explanatory articles of this last mentioned treaty, the duties of importation upon the products and manufactures of *Great Britain* were augmented in *Andalusia* to 27 one fifth *per Cent.* at a medium. But

But by the late treaty made with his present Majesty at *Madrid*, the said duties are again reduced according to the aforesaid treaty of 1667; and the deduction of the *Gratias* is established as an inviolable law, whereas before the *Gratias* of the farmers particularly were altogether precarious, and depended entirely upon courtesy.

That the common Reader may understand the nature of these *Gratias*, he must know, that when the King of *Spain* had laid higher duties upon our *English* goods, than what the Merchants were able or willing to comply with; he used to abate a certain part: which indulgence or abatement, went under the name of a *Gratia*. But when he had farmed out these his customs to several of his subjects, the farmers, in order to draw more merchandise to their respective ports, and thereby to increase their own particular profits, used to make new abatements, or *Gratias*, to the *British* Merchants, endeavouring sometimes to outvy one another in such indulgences, and by that means to get a greater proportion of custom into their own hands.

But to proceed: the duties on exportation may be computed to be raised by the *Utrecht* treaty, near as much as the aforesaid duties of importation: whereas, by the treaty made with his present Majesty, they are reduced to their ancient standard.

Complaint having been made, that the *Spaniards* after the suspension of arms had taken several *New-England* and other *British* ships gathering salt at the island of *Tertuga*; a very full and just report concerning that affair was laid before her late Majesty, of which I shall give the Reader the following extract:

“Your Majesty’s subjects have, from the first settlement of the continent of *America*, had a free access to this island; and have without interruptions, unless in time of war, used to take what salt they pleased there: and we have proofs of that usage for above fifty years, as appears by certificates of persons who have been employed in that trade.

“It doth not appear, upon the strictest enquiry, that the *Spaniards* ever inhabited or settled on the said island; nor is it probable they ever did; it being all either barren rock, or dry sand, and having no fresh water or provisions in it.

“We take leave to lay before your Majesty, the consequence of your Majesty’s subjects being prohibited to fetch salt at *Tertuga*; which will in part appear from the number of ships using that trade, being, as we are informed, one year with another, about a hundred sail:

“The salt carried from thence to *New-England* is used chiefly for curing of fish, which is either *Cod*, *Scale-fish*, or *Mackrel*: the former of which is the principal branch of the returns made from the continent to Great Bri-

tain

tain by way of Spain, Portugal, and the Straits, for the woollen and other goods sent from this kingdom thither. Besides which, the *Scale-fish* and *Mackrel* are of such consequence, that the Sugar-Islands cannot subsist without them, their Negroes being chiefly supported by this fish: so that if they were not supplied therewith from *New-England*, (which they cannot be, if your Majesty's subjects are prohibited from getting salt at *Tertuga*) they would not be able to carry on their Sugar-works. This hath been confirmed to us by several considerable planters concerned in those parts. Upon the whole, your Majesty's subjects having enjoyed an uninterrupted usage of gathering salt at *Tertuga* ever since the first settlement of the continent as aforesaid, we humbly submit to your Majesty the consequence of preserving that usage and right upon which the trade of your Majesty's plantations so much depends.

Notwithstanding it appears from what is above written, that our Sugar-Islands were like to suffer considerably for want of fish from *New-England*, no care was taken to have this matter remedied by the explanatory articles, which were posterior to the above-mentioned report.

However in the third article of the treaty made with his present Majesty, this business is fully settled to our advantage.

The *British* Merchants having had several hardships put upon them at *Bilboa*, which occasioned the decay of our trade at that place, the said Merchants did make and execute in the year 1700, a treaty of privileges with the magistrates and inhabitants of *St. Ander*, very much to the advantage of this kingdom, in order to their removing and settling there: the effect of which was prevented by the death of King *Charles* the Second of *Spain*, and the war which soon after ensued. This matter, it seems, was slighted or neglected by the managers of the *Utrecht* treaty: for, by the fourteenth article of that treaty, there is only a liberty given to the *British* subjects to settle and dwell at *St. Ander*, upon the terms of the ninth and thirtieth articles of the treaty of 1667, which are general. But no regard was had to the forementioned treaty of privileges in 1700; whereas by the second article of the treaty now made with his present Majesty, the forementioned treaty of privileges with *St. Ander* is confirmed and ratified.

Another considerable advantage is, that the *French*, by the treaty made with his present Majesty, are to pay the same duties at the *Dry Ports*, through which they pass by land carriage, as we pay upon importation or exportation by sea; which was not provided for by the *Utrecht* treaty.

By the schedulas annexed to the treaty of 1667, the valuable privilege of having Judge-conservators (appointed to make a more speedy and less expensive

penfive determination of all controversies arifing in trade) was fully eftablifhed. But by the fifteenth article of *Utrecht* that privilege was in effect given up. For it is therein only ftipulated, *That in cafe any other nation have that privilege, we fhall in like manner enjoy it.* But by the fifth article of the treaty now made with his prefent Majefty it is ftipulated, that *We fhall enjoy all the rights, privileges, franchifes, exemptions, and immunities whatfoever, which we enjoyed by virtue of the Royal fchedulas or ordinances by the treaty of 1667.* So that hereby the privilege of Judge-confervators is again confirmed to us.

As nothing but the reputation of his Majefty in foreign countries, and of his fixed purpofes to purfue the real good of his kingdoms, could bring about treaties of this nature: fo it is impoffible to reflect with patience on the folly and ingratitude of thofe men, who labor to difturb him in the midft of thefe his royal cares, and to mifreprefent his generous endeavours for the good of his people.

N^o 42.

Monday May 14.

*O fortunatos mercatores!—*

Hor.

SEVERAL authors have written on the advantage of trade in general; which is indeed fo copious a fubject, that as it is impoffible to exhaust it in a fhort difcourfe, fo it is very difficult to obferve any thing new upon it. I fhall therefore only confider trade in this paper, as it is abfolutely neceffary and effential to the fafety, ftrength, and profperity of our own nation.

In the firft place, as we are an ifland accommodated on all fides with convenient ports, and encompassed with navigable feas, we fhould be inexcufable, if we did not make thefe bleffings of Providence and advantages of nature turn to their proper account. The moft celebrated merchants in the world, and thofe who make the greateft figure in antiquity, were fituated in the little ifland of *Tyre*, which, by the prodigious increafe of its wealth and ftrength at fea, did very much influence the moft confiderable kingdoms and empires on the neighbouring continent, and gave birth to the *Carthaginians*, who afterwards exceeded all other nations in naval power. The old *Tyre* was indeed feated on the continent, from whence the inhabitants,

tants, after having been besieged by the great King of *Affyria* for the space of thirteen years, withdrew themselves and their effects into the island of *Tyre*; where, by the benefit of such a situation, a trading people were enabled to hold out for many ages against the attempts of their enemies, and became the merchants of the world.

Farther; as an island, we are accessible on every side, and exposed to perpetual invasions; against which it is impossible to fortify ourselves sufficiently, without such a power at sea, as is not to be kept up, but by a people who flourish in commerce. To which we must add, that our inland towns being destitute of fortifications, it is our indispensable concern to preserve this our naval strength, which is as a general bulwark to the *British* nation.

Besides; as an island, it has not been thought agreeable to the true *British* policy to make acquisitions upon the continent. In lieu, therefore, of such an increase of dominion, it is our business to extend to the utmost our trade and navigation. By this means, we reap the advantages of conquest, without violence or injustice; we not only strengthen ourselves, but gain the wealth of our neighbours in an honest way; and, without any act of hostility, lay the several nations of the world under a kind of contribution.

Secondly, Trade is fitted to the nature of our country, as it abounds with a great profusion of commodities of its own growth very convenient for other countries, and is naturally destitute of many things suited to the exigences, ornaments, and pleasures of life, which may be fetched from foreign parts. But, that which is more particularly to be remarked, our *British* products are of such kinds and quantities, as can turn the balance of trade to our advantage, and enable us to sell more to foreigners, than we have occasion to buy from them.

To this we must add, that by extending a well-regulated trade, we are as great gainers by the commodities of many other countries, as by those of our own nation; and by supplying foreign markets with the growth and manufactures of the most distant regions, we receive the same profit from them, as if they were the produce of our own island.

Thirdly, We are not a little obliged to trade, as it has been a great means of civilising our nation, and banishing out of it all the remains of its ancient barbarity. There are many bitter sayings against islanders in general, representing them as fierce, treacherous, and inhospitable. Those who live on the continent have such opportunities of a frequent intercourse with men of different religions and languages, and who live under different laws and governments, that they become more kind, benevolent, and open-hearted to their fellow creatures, than those who are the inhabitants of an island, that hath not

not such conversations with the rest of the species. *Cæsar's* observation upon our forefathers is very much to our present purpose; who remarks, that those of them that lived upon the coast, or in sea-port towns, were much more civilised, than those who had their dwellings in the inland country, by reason of frequent communications with their neighbours on the continent.

In the last place, trade is absolutely necessary for us, as our country is very populous. It employs multitudes of hands both by sea and land, and furnishes the poorest of our fellow subjects with the opportunities of gaining an honest livelihood. The skilful or industrious find their account in it: and many, who have no fixed property in the soil of our country, can make themselves masters of as considerable estates, as those who have the greatest portions of the land descending to them by inheritance.

If what has been often charged upon us by our neighbours has any truth in it, that we are prone to sedition and delight in change, there is no cure more proper for this evil than trade, which thus supplies business to the active, and wealth to the indigent. When men are easy in their circumstances, they are naturally enemies to innovations: and indeed we see in the course of our *English* histories, many of our popular commotions have taken their rise from the decay of some branch of commerce, which created discontents among persons concerned in the manufactures of the kingdom. When men are soured with poverty, and unemployed, they easily give into any prospect of change, which may better their condition, and cannot make it much worse.

Since therefore it is manifest, that the promoting of our trade and commerce is necessary and essential to our security and strength, our peace and prosperity, it is our particular happiness to see a Monarch on the throne, who is sensible of the true interest of his kingdoms, and applies himself with so much success to the advancement of our national commerce.

The Reader may see, in my last paper, the advantages which his Majesty has gained for us in our *Spanish* trade. In this, I shall give a short account of those procured for us from the *Austrian* Low-countries, by virtue of the twenty sixth article of the barrier treaty made at *Antwerp* the fifteenth of *November* last.

This branch of our trade was regulated by a *Tariff*, or declaration of the duties of import and export, in the year 1670, which was superseded by another made in 1680, that continued till this last *Tariff* settled in 1715 with his present Majesty. As for the two former, those who are at the pains of perusing them will find, the *Tariff* of 1670 laid higher duties on several considerable branches of our trade, than that of 1680, but in many particulars

was more favorable to us than the latter. Now by the present *Tariff* of 1715, these duties are fixed and regulated for the future by those which were most favorable in either of the former *Tariffs*, and all our products and manufactures (one only excepted, which I shall name by and by) settled upon rather an easier foot than ever.

Our woollen cloths, being the most profitable branch of our trade into these countries, have by this means gained a very considerable advantage. For the *Tariff* of 1680, having laid higher duties upon the finer sorts, and lower duties on ordinary cloth, than what were settled in the *Tariff* of 1670, his Majesty has, by the present treaty, reduced the duties on the finer sorts to the *Tariff* of 1670, and confirmed the duties on ordinary cloth according to the *Tariff* of 1680. Insomuch that this present *Tariff* of 1715, considered with relation to this valuable part of our trade, reduces the duties at least one sixth part, supposing the exportation of all sorts to be equal. But as there is always a much greater exportation of the ordinary cloth, than of the finer sorts, the reduction of these duties becomes still much more considerable.

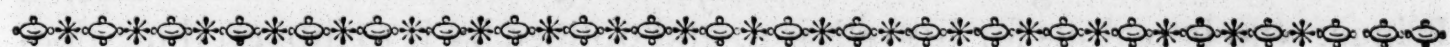
We must farther observe, that there had been several innovations made to the detriment of the *English* merchant since the *Tariff* of 1680; all which innovations are now entirely set aside upon every species of goods, except butter, which is here particularly mentioned, because we cannot be too minute and circumstantial in accounts of this nature. This article however is moderated, and is rated in proportion to what has been, and is still to be, paid by the *Dutch*.

As our commerce with the *Netherlands* is thus settled to the advantage of our *British* merchants, so it is much to their satisfaction: and if his Majesty, in the several succeeding parts of his reign (which we hope may be many years prolonged) should advance our commerce in the same proportion as he has already done, we may expect to see it in a more flourishing condition, than under any of his Royal ancestors. He seems to place his greatness in the riches and prosperity of his people; and what may we not hope from him in a time of quiet and tranquility? since, during the late distractions, he has done so much for the advantage of our trade, when we could not reasonably expect he should have been able to do any thing.

Friday,

N^o 43.

Friday, May 18.

*Hoc fonte derivata clades**In patriam populumque fluxit.*

Hor.

ONE would wonder how any person, endowed with the ordinary principles of prudence and humanity, should desire to be King of a country, in which the established religion is directly opposite to that which he himself professes. Were it possible for such a one to accomplish his designs, his own reason must tell him, there could not be a more uneasy Prince, nor a more unhappy people. But how it can enter into the wishes of any private persons to be the subjects of a man, whose faith obliges him to use the most effectual means for extirpating their religion, is altogether incomprehensible, but upon the supposition, that whatever principles they seem to adhere to, their interest, ambition, or revenge, is much more active and predominant in their minds, than the love of their country, or of its national worship.

I have never heard of any one particular benefit, which either the *Pretender* himself, or the favorers of his cause, could promise to the *British* nation from the success of his pretensions; though the evils which would arise from it, are numberless and evident. These men content themselves with one general assertion, which often appears in their writings, and in their discourse; that the kingdom will never be quiet till he is upon the Throne. If by this position is meant, that those will never be quiet who would endeavour to place him there, it may possibly have some truth in it; though we hope even these will be reduced to their obedience by the care of their safety, if not by the sense of their duty. But on the other side, how ineffectual would this strange expedient be, for establishing the public quiet and tranquility, should it ever take place! for, by way of argument, we may suppose impossibilities. Would that party of men which comprehends the most wealthy, and the most valiant of the kingdom, and which, were the cause put to a trial, would undoubtedly appear the most numerous, (for I am far from thinking all those who are distinguished by the name of *Tories*, to be favorers of the *Pretender*) can we, I say, suppose these men would live quiet under a reign which they have hitherto opposed, and from which they apprehend such

a manifest destruction to their country? Can we suppose our present Royal Family, who are so powerful in foreign dominions, so strong in their relations and alliances, and so universally supported by the protestant interest of *Europe*, would continue quiet, and not make vigorous and repeated attempts for the recovery of their right, should it ever be wrested out of their hands? Can we imagine that our *British* clergy would be quiet under a Prince, who is zealous for his religion, and obliged by it to subvert those doctrines, which it is their duty to defend and propagate? Nay, would any of those men themselves, who are the champions of this desperate cause, unless such of them as are professed *Roman* Catholics, or disposed to be so, live quiet under a government, which at the best would make use of all indirect methods in favor of a religion that is inconsistent with our laws and liberties, and would impose on us such a yoke, as neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? All the quiet that could be expected from such a reign, must be the result of absolute power on the one hand, and a despicable slavery on the other: and I believe every reasonable man will be of the *Roman* historian's opinion, That a disturbed liberty is better than a quiet servitude.

There is not indeed a greater absurdity than to imagine the quiet of a nation can arise from an establishment, in which the King would be of one communion, and the people of another; especially when the religion of the Sovereign carries in it the utmost malignity to that of the subject. If any of our *English* Monarchs might have hoped to reign quietly under such circumstances, it would have been King *Charles* the Second, who was received with all the joy and good will that are natural to a people, newly rescued from a tyranny which had long oppressed them in several shapes. But this Monarch was too wise to own himself a *Roman* Catholic, even in that juncture of time; or to imagine it practicable for an avowed Popish Prince to govern a protestant people. His brother tried the experiment, and every one knows the success of it.

As speculations are best supported by facts, I shall add to these domestic examples one or two parallel instances out of the *Swedish* history, which may be sufficient to shew us, that a scheme of government is impracticable in which the head does not agree with the body, in that point which is of the greatest concern to reasonable creatures. *Sweden* is the only protestant kingdom in *Europe* besides this of *Great Britain*, which has had the misfortune to see Popish Princes upon the throne; and we find that they behaved themselves as we did, and as it is natural for men to do, upon the same occasion. Their King *Sigismund* having, contrary to the inclinations of his people, endeavoured by several clandestine methods to promote the *Roman*
Catholic

Catholic religion among his subjects, and shewn several marks of favor to their Priests and Jesuits, was, after a very short reign, deposed by the states of that kingdom, being represented as one who could neither be held by oaths nor promises, and over-ruled by the influence of his religion, which dispenses with the violation of the most sacred engagements that are opposite to its interests. The states, to shew farther their apprehensions of popery, and how incompatible they thought the principles of the church of *Rome* in a Sovereign were with those of the reformed religion in his subjects, agreed that his son should succeed to the throne, provided he were brought up a Protestant. This the father seemingly complied with; but afterwards refusing to give him such an education, the son was likewise set aside, and for ever excluded from that succession. The famous Queen *Christina*, daughter to the great *Gustavus*, was so sensible of those troubles which would accrue both to herself and her people, should she avow the *Roman* Catholic religion while she was upon the throne of *Sweden*; that she did not make an open profession of that faith, till she had resigned her crown, and was actually upon her journey to *Rome*.

In short, if there be any political maxim, which may be depended upon as sure and infallible, this is one; That it is impossible for a nation to be happy, where a people of the reformed religion are governed by a King that is a Papist. Were he indeed only a nominal *Roman* Catholic, there might be a possibility of peace and quiet under such a reign; but if he is sincere in the principles of his church, he must treat heretical subjects as that church directs him, and knows very well, that he ceases to be religious, when he ceases to be a persecutor.

Monday,

N^o 44.

Monday, May 21.

*Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum
 Centauri in foribus stabulant, scyllæque biformes,
 Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ
 Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimæra,
 Gorgones, Harpyæque, et forma tricorporis umbræ.
 Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
 Aeneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert.
 Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas
 Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formæ,
 Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras.*

Virg.

AS I was last Friday taking a walk in the Park, I saw a country Gentleman at the side of Rosamond's pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and, with a great deal of pleasure, gathering the ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who should it be but my friend the Fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my twenty second paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion, till he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the park together, when after having entertained me with the description of a decoy-pond that lay near his seat in the country, and of a meeting-house that was going to be rebuilt in a neighbouring market town, he gave me an account of some very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful history, as well as my memory will give me leave.

My friend, who has a natural aversion to London, would never have come up, had not he been subpœnaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sportsman. Having travelled all night, to avoid the inconveniences of dust and heat, he arrived with his guide, a little after break of day, at Charing-Cross; where, to his great surprise, he saw a Running Footman carried in a chair, followed by a Water-man in the same kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their masters that furnished them with such dresses and

and accommodations, when on a sudden he beheld a Chimney-sweeper, conveyed after the same manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progress through the *Strand*, he met with several other figures no less wonderful and surprising. Seeing a great many in rich morning-gowns, he was amazed to find that persons of quality were up so early: and was no less astonished to see many lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his almanac the term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this should mean, a hackney-coach chancing to pass by him, four *Batts* popped out their heads all at once, which very much frightened both him and his horse. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horse of such starting fits, spurred him up to the very side of the coach, to the no small diversion of the *Batts*; who, seeing him with his long whip, horse-hair periwig, jockey belt, and coat without sleeves, fancied him to be one of the masqueraders on horseback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and conceived a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an *English* country-gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and particularly of a Shepherdess quarreling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible *English*, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of Harlequins, Scaramouches, Punchinellos, and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as *Somerset-house*, and observing it to be the great hive whence this swarm of chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob, who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin, that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view fancying her to be an old woman of quality, out of his good breeding put off his hat to her, when the person pulling off her masque, to his great surprise appeared a smock-faced young fellow. His attention was soon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled face, which flourished in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the blush of the rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of masque; but upon a nearer view he found that she held her vizard in her hand, and that what he saw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the usual improvements of an aged coquette.

The

The next who shewed herself was a female Quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, *It is ten thousand pities she is not a church-woman.* The Quaker was followed by half a dozen Nuns, who filed off one after another up *Catharine-street*, to their respective convents in *Drury-lane*.

The 'Squire observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine after all, that this was a nest of sectaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a Conjurer, whom he guessed to be the holder-forth. However, to satisfy himself, he asked a porter, who stood next him, what religion these people were of? the porter replied, *They are of no religion; it is a masquerade.* Upon that, says my friend, I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers; and being himself one of the quorum in his own county, could not but wonder that none of the *Middlesex* Justices took care to lay some of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in the spirit of magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly objects: the first was a Judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a Big-bellied Woman, who, upon taking a leap into the coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still gave him greater offence, was a drunken Bishop, who reeled from one side of the court to the other, and was very sweet upon an *Indian Queen*. But his worship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified at the sight of a very lovely Milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found, to his great amazement, that the standers-by suspected her to be a Dutcheß.

I must not conclude this narrative without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on this occasion. Having for his better convenience dismounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found, upon his arrival at the inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanac. And though it is no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a Cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this Cardinal was a Presbyterian in disguise.

Friday,

N^o 45.

Friday, May 25.

Nimium risus pretium est si probitatis impendio constat.

Quintil.

I Have lately read, with much pleasure, the Essays upon several subjects published by Sir *Richard Blackmore*; and though I agree with him in many of his excellent observations, I cannot but take that reasonable freedom, which he himself makes use of with regard to other writers, to dissent from him in some few particulars. In his reflections upon works of wit and humor, he observes how unequal they are to combat vice and folly; and seems to think, that the finest rallery and satire, though directed by these generous views, never reclaimed one vicious man, or made one fool depart from his folly.

This is a position very hard to be contradicted, because no author knows the number or names of his converts. As for the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* in particular, which are obliged to this ingenious and useful author for the character he has given of them, they were so generally dispersed in single sheets, and have since been printed in so great numbers, that it is to be hoped they have made some proselytes to the interests, if not to the practice of wisdom and virtue, among such a multitude of readers.

I need not remind this learned Gentleman, that *Socrates*, who was the greatest propagator of morality in the heathen world, and a martyr for the unity of the Godhead, was so famous for the exercise of this talent among the politest people of antiquity, that he gained the name of (ὁ Ἑῖρων) the Droll.

There are very good effects which visibly arose from the above-mentioned performances, and others of the like nature; as, in the first place, they diverted rallery from improper objects, and gave a new turn to ridicule, which for many years had been exerted on persons and things of a sacred and serious nature. They endeavoured to make mirth instructive, and if they failed in this great end, they must be allowed at least to have made it innocent. If wit and humor begin again to relapse into their former licentiousness, they can never hope for approbation from those who know that rallery is useless when it has no moral under it, and pernicious when it attacks any thing that is either unblameable or praise-worthy. To this

we may add, what has been commonly observed, that it is not difficult to be merry on the side of vice, as serious objects are the most capable of ridicule; as the party, which naturally favors such a mirth, is the most numerous; and as there are the most standing jests and patterns for imitation in this kind of writing.

In the next place: such productions of wit and humor, as have a tendency to expose vice and folly, furnish useful diversions to all kinds of readers. The good or prudent man may, by these means, be diverted, without prejudice to his discretion, or morality. Rallery, under such regulations, unbends the mind from serious studies and severer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper bias. It carries on the same design that is promoted by authors of a graver turn, and only does it in another manner. It also awakens reflection in those who are the most indifferent in the cause of virtue or knowledge, by setting before them the absurdity of such practices as are generally unobserved, by reason of their being common or fashionable: nay, it sometimes catches the dissolute and abandoned before they are aware of it; who are often betrayed to laugh at themselves, and upon reflection find, that they are merry at their own expence. I might farther take notice, that by entertainments of this kind, a man may be chearful in solitude, and not be forced to seek for company every time he has a mind to be merry.

The last advantage I shall mention from compositions of this nature, when thus restrained, is, that they shew wisdom and virtue are far from being inconsistent with politeness and good humor. They make morality appear amiable to people of gay dispositions, and refute the common objection against religion, which represents it as only fit for gloomy and melancholy tempers. It was the motto of a Bishop very eminent for his piety and good works in King *Charles* the Second's reign, *Inserui Deo et lætare, Serve God and be chearful*. Those therefore who supply the world with such entertainments of mirth as are instructive, or at least harmless, may be thought to deserve well of mankind; to which I shall only add, that they retrieve the honor of polite learning, and answer those four enthusiasts who affect to stigmatise the finest and most elegant authors, both ancient and modern (which they have never read) as dangerous to religion, and destructive of all sound and saving knowledge.

Our nation are such lovers of mirth and humor, that it is impossible for detached papers, which come out on stated days, either to have a general run, or long continuance, if they are not diversified, and enlivened from time to time, with subjects and thoughts, accommodated to this taste, which so prevails among our countrymen. No periodical author, who always
maintains

maintains his gravity, and does not sometimes sacrifice to the Graces, must expect to keep in vogue for any considerable time. Political speculations in particular, however just and important, are of so dry and austere a nature, that they will not go down with the public without frequent seasonings of this kind. The work may be well performed, but will never take, if it is not set off with proper scenes and decorations. A mere politician is but a dull companion, and, if he is always wise, is in great danger of being tiresome or ridiculous.

Besides, papers of entertainment are necessary to increase the number of readers, especially among those of different notions and principles; who by this means may be betrayed to give you a fair hearing, and to know what you have to say for yourself. I might likewise observe, that in all political writings there is something that grates upon the mind of the most candid Reader, in opinions which are not conformable to his own way of thinking; and that the harshness of reasoning is not a little softened and smoothed by the infusions of mirth and pleasantry.

Political speculations do likewise furnish us with several objects that may very innocently be ridiculed, and which are regarded as such by men of sense in all parties; of this kind are the passions of our stateswomen, and the reasonings of our fox-hunters.

A writer who makes fame the chief end of his endeavours, and would be more desirous of pleasing than of improving his Readers, might find an inexhaustible fund of mirth in politics. Scandal and satire are never-failing gratifications to the public. Detraction and obloquy are received with as much eagerness as wit and humor. Should a writer single out particular persons, or point his rallery at any order of men, who by their profession ought to be exempt from it; should he slander the innocent, or satirise the miserable; or should he, even on the proper subjects of derision, give the full play to his mirth, without regard to decency and good manners; he might be sure of pleasing a great part of his Readers, but must be a very ill man, if by such a proceeding he could please himself.

N^o 46.

Monday, May 28.

—————*malè ominatis**Parcite verbis:**Hic dies, verè mihi festus, atras**Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum**Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente**Cæsare terras.*

Hor.

THE usual salutation to a man upon his birth-day among the ancient Romans, was *Multos et felices*; in which they wished him many happy returns of it. When *Augustus* celebrated the secular year, which was kept but once in a century, and received the congratulations of his people on that account, an eminent Court-wit saluted him in the birth-day form (*Multos et felices*) which is recorded as a beautiful turn of compliment, expressing a desire that he might enjoy a happy life of many hundreds of years. This salutation cannot be taxed with flattery, since it was directed to a Prince, of whom it is said by a great historian, *It had been happy for Rome, if he had never been born, or if he had never died.* Had he never been born, Rome would, in all probability, have recovered its former liberty: had he never died, it would have been more happy under his government, than it could have been in the possession of its ancient freedom.

It is our good fortune that our Sovereign whose nativity is celebrated on this day, gives us a prospect, which the Romans wanted under the reign of their *Augustus*, of his being succeeded by an heir, both to his virtues and his dominions. In the mean time it happens very luckily, for the establishment of a new race of Kings upon the *British* throne, that the first of this Royal line has all those high qualifications which are necessary to fix the crown upon his own head, and to transmit it to his posterity. We may indeed observe, that every series of Kings who have kept up the succession in their respective families, in spite of all pretensions and oppositions formed against them, has been headed by Princes famous for valor and wisdom. I need only mention the names of *William* the Conqueror, *Henry* the Second, *Henry* the Fourth, *Edward* the Fourth, and *Henry* the Seventh. As for King *James* the First, the founder of the *Stuart* race, had he been as well turned for

for the camp, as the cabinet, and not confined all his views to the peace and tranquility of his own reign, his son had not been involved in such fatal troubles and confusions.

Were an honest *Briton* to wish for a Sovereign, who in the present situation of affairs would be most capable of advancing our national happiness, what could he desire more than a Prince mature in wisdom and experience; renowned for his valor and resolution; successful and fortunate in his undertakings; zealous for the reformed religion; related or allied to all the most considerable Protestant powers of *Europe*; and blessed with a numerous issue! A failure in any one of these particulars has been the cause of infinite calamities to the *British* nation; but when they all thus happily concur in the same person, they are as much as can be suggested, even by our wishes, for making us a happy people, so far as the qualifications of a Monarch can contribute to it.

I shall not attempt a character of his present Majesty, having already given an imperfect sketch of it in my second paper; but shall choose rather to observe that cruel treatment which this excellent Prince has met with from the tongues and pens of some of his disaffected subjects. The baseness, ingratitude, and injustice of which practice will appear to us, if we consider,

First, that it reflects highly upon the good sense of the *British* nation, who do not know how to set a just value upon a Prince, whose virtues have gained him the universal esteem of foreign countries. Those Potentates who, as some may suppose, do not wish well to his affairs, have shewn the greatest respect to his personal character, and testified their readiness to enter into such friendships and alliances as may be advantageous to his people. The northern Kings solicit him with impatience to come among them, as the only person capable of settling the several claims and pretensions, which have produced such unspeakable calamities in that part of the world. Two of the most remote and formidable powers of *Europe* have entertained thoughts of submitting their disputes to his arbitration. Every one knows his ancient subjects had such a long experience of his sovereign virtues, that at his departure from them his whole people were in tears; which were answered with all those sentiments of humanity, that arise in the heart of a good Prince on so moving an occasion. What a figure therefore must we make among mankind, if we are the only people of *Europe* who derogate from his merit, that may be made happy by it! and if in a kingdom which is grown glorious by the reputation of such a Sovereign, there are multitudes who would endeavour to lessen and undervalue it.

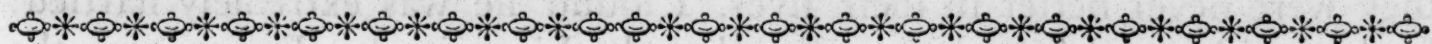
In the next place; such a treatment from any part of our fellow subjects, is by no means answerable to what we receive from his Majesty. His love
and

and regard for our constitution is so remarkable, that, as we are told by those whose office it is to lay the business of the nation before him, it is his first question, upon any matter of the least doubt or difficulty, whether it be in every point according to the laws of the land? He is easy of access to those who desire it, and is so gracious in his behaviour and condescension on such occasions, that none of his subjects retire from his presence without the greatest idea of his wisdom and goodness. His continued application to such public affairs as may conduce to the benefit of his kingdoms, diverts him from those pleasures and entertainments which may be indulged by persons in a lower station, and are pursued with eagerness by Princes who have not the care of the public so much at heart. The least return, which we can make to such a Sovereign, is that tribute which is always paid by honest men, and is always acceptable to great minds, the praise and approbation that are due to a virtuous and noble character. Common decency forbids opprobrious language, even to a bad Prince; and common justice will exact from us towards a good Prince, the same benevolence and humanity with which he treats his subjects. Those who are influenced by duty and gratitude, will rise much higher in all the expressions of affection and respect, and think they can never do too much to advance the glory of a Sovereign, who takes so much pains to advance their happiness.

When we have a King, who has gained the reputation of the most unblemished probity and honor, and has been famed through the whole course of his life, for an inviolable adherence to his promises, we may acquiesce (after his many solemn declarations) in all those measures which it is impossible for us to judge rightly of, unless we were let into such schemes of council and intelligence as produce them; and therefore we should rather turn our thoughts upon the reasonableness of his proceedings, than busy ourselves to form objections against them. The consideration of his Majesty's character should at all times suppress our censure of his conduct: and since we have never yet seen, or heard of any false steps in his behaviour, we ought in justice to think, that he governs himself by his usual rules of wisdom and honor, until we discover something to the contrary.

These considerations ought to reconcile to his Majesty the hearts and tongues of all his people; but as for those who are the obstinate, irreclaimable, professed enemies to our present establishment, we must expect their calumnies will not only continue, but rise against him in proportion as he pursues such measures as are likely to prove successful, and ought to recommend him to his people.

Friday,

N^o 47.*Friday, June 1.*— *cessit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.*

Virg.

I Question not but most of my Readers will be very well pleased to hear, that my friend the fox-hunter, of whose arrival in town I gave notice in my forty-fourth paper, is become a convert to the present establishment, and a good subject to King *George*. The motives to his conversion shall be the subject of this paper, as they may be of use to other persons who labor under those prejudices and prepossessions, which hung so long upon the mind of my worthy friend. These I had an opportunity of learning the other day, when, at his request, we took a ramble together to see the curiosities of this great town.

The first circumstance, as he ingenuously confessed to me (while we were in the coach together) which helped to disabuse him, was seeing King *Charles I.* on horseback, at *Charing-Cross*; for he was sure that Prince could never have kept his seat there, had the stories been true he had heard in the country, that *forty-one* was come about again.

He owned to me that he looked with horror on the new Church that is half built in the *Strand*, as taking it at first sight to be half demolished: but upon enquiring of the workmen, was agreeably surprised to find, that instead of pulling it down, they were building it up; and that fifty more were raising in other parts of the town.

To these I must add a third circumstance, which I find had no small share in my friend's conversion. Since his coming to town, he chanced to look into the church of *St. Paul*, about the middle of sermon time, where having first examined the dome, to see if it stood safe (for the screw-plot ran still in his head) he observed that the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and city sword were a part of the congregation. This sight had the more weight with him, as by good luck not above two of that venerable body were fallen asleep.

This discourse held us till we came to the Tower; for our first visit was to the Lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, enquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen
sick

sick upon the taking of *Perth*, and the flight of the *Pretender*? and hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely startled: for he had learned from his cradle, that the Lions in the Tower were the best judges of the title of our *British* Kings, and always sympathised with our sovereigns.

After having here satiated our curiosity, we repaired to the *Monument*, where my fellow traveller, being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this perpendicular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers that were discernable from this advantageous situation, and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood upon. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several warehouses, and other buildings that looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses, but, upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in this particular.

We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favorable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the *Thames* with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people.

We descended very leisurely, my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanac. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an *English* inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me he could scarce believe his own eyes, for that he had often heard from an old attorney, who lived near him in the country, that it was the presbyterians who burned down the city; whereas, says he, this pillar positively affirms in so many words, that *the burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popish faction, in order to their carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and old English liberty, and introducing popery and slavery*. This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic, than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impression upon him.

We now took coach again, and made the best of our way for the *Royal-Exchange*, though I found he did not much care to venture himself into the throng of that place; for he told me he had heard they were, generally speaking, republicans, and was afraid of having his pocket picked amongst them. But he soon conceived a better opinion of them, when he spied the statue of King *Charles II.* standing up in the middle of the crowd, and most of the Kings in *Baker's* chronicle ranged in order over their heads; from whence

whence he very justly concluded, that an antimonarchial assembly could never choose such a place to meet in once a day.

To continue this good disposition in my friend, after a short stay at *Stocks Market*, we drove away directly for the *Meuse*, where he was not a little edified with the sight of those fine sets of horses which have been brought over from *Hanover*, and with the care that is taken of them. He made many good remarks upon this occasion, and was so pleased with his company, that I had much ado to get him out of the stable.

In our progress to *St. James's Park* (for that was the end of our journey) he took notice, with great satisfaction, that, contrary to his intelligence in the country, the shops were all open and full of business; that the soldiers walked civilly in the streets; that clergymen, instead of being affronted, had generally the wall given them; and that he had heard the bells ring to prayers from morning to night, in some part of the town or another.

As he was full of these honest reflections, it happened very luckily for us that one of the King's coaches passed by with the three young Princesses in it, whom by an accidental stop we had an opportunity of surveying for some time: my friend was ravished with the beauty, innocence, and sweetness, that appeared in all their faces. He declared several times, that they were the finest children he had ever seen in all his life; and assured me that, before this sight, if any one had told him it had been possible for three such pretty children to have been born out of *England*, he should never have believed them.

We were now walking together in the park, and as it is usual for men who are naturally warm and heady, to be transported with the greatest flush of good-nature when they are once sweetened; he owned to me very frankly, he had been much imposed upon by those false accounts of things he had heard in the country; and that he would make it his business, upon his return thither, to set his neighbours right, and give them a more just notion of the present state of affairs.

What confirmed my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpressible satisfaction, was a message he received, as we were walking together, from the prisoner, for whom he had given his testimony in his late trial. This person having been condemned for his part in the late rebellion, sent him word that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to reprieve him, with several of his friends, in order, as it was thought, to give them their lives; and that he hoped before he went out of town they should have a chearful meeting, and drink health and prosperity to King George.

N^o 48.

Monday, June 4.

Tu tamen, si habes aliquam spem de Republica, sive desperas; ea para, meditare, cogita, quæ esse in eo cive ac viro debent, qui sit Rempublicam afflictam et oppressam miseris temporibus ac perditis moribus in veterem dignitatem ac libertatem vindicaturus.

Cicero.

THE condition of a Minister of State is only suited to persons, who, out of a love to their King and country, desire rather to be useful to the public, than easy to themselves. When a man is posted in such a station, whatever his behaviour may be, he is sure, beside the natural fatigue and trouble of it, to incur the envy of some, and the displeasure of others; as he will have many rivals, whose ambition he cannot satisfy, and many dependants whose wants he cannot provide for. These are misfortunes inseparable from such public employments in all countries; but there are several others which hang upon this condition of life in our *British* government, more than any other sovereignty in *Europe*: as in the first place, there is no other nation which is so equally divided into two opposite parties, whom it is impossible to please at the same time. Our notions of the public good, with relation both to ourselves and foreigners, are of so different a nature, that those measures which are extolled by one half of the kingdom, are naturally decried by the other. Besides, that in a *British* administration, many acts of government are absolutely necessary, in which one of the parties must be favored and obliged, in opposition to their antagonists. So that the most perfect administration, conducted by the most consummate wisdom and probity, must unavoidably produce opposition, enmity, and defamation, from multitudes who are made happy by it.

Farther, it is peculiarly observed of our nation, that almost every man in it is a politician, and hath a scheme of his own, which he thinks preferable to that of any other person. Whether this may proceed from that spirit of liberty which reigns among us, or from those great numbers of all ranks and conditions, who from time to time are concerned in the *British* legislature, and by that means are let into the business of this nation, I shall not take upon me to determine. But for this reason it is certain, that a

British

British ministry must expect to meet with many censurers, even in their own party, and ought to be satisfied, if, allowing to every particular man that his private scheme is wisest, they can persuade him that next to his own plan that of the government is the most eligible.

Besides, we have a set of very honest and well meaning gentlemen in *England*, not to be met with in other countries, who take it for granted they can never be in the wrong, so long as they oppose Ministers of State. Those, whom they have admired through the whole course of their lives for their honor and integrity, though they still persist to act in their former character, and change nothing but their stations, appear to them in a disadvantageous light, as soon as they are placed upon state-eminences. Many of these gentlemen have been used to think there is a kind of slavery in concurring with the measures of great men, and that the good of the country is inconsistent with the inclinations of the court: by the strength of these prejudices, they are apt to fancy a man loses his honesty, from the very moment that it is made the most capable of being useful to the public; and will not consider that it is every whit as honorable to assist a good minister, as to oppose a bad one.

In the last place, we may observe, that there are greater numbers of persons who solicit for places, and perhaps are fit for them, in our own country, than in any other. To which we must add, That, by the nature of our constitution, it is in the power of more particular persons in this kingdom, than in any other, to distress the government when they are disoblged. A *British* Minister must therefore expect to see many of those friends and dependants fall off from him, whom he cannot gratify in their demands upon him; since, to use the phrase of a late statesman, who knew very well how to form a party, *The pasture is not large enough.*

Upon the whole: the condition of a *British* Minister labors under so many difficulties, that we find in almost every reign since the conquest, the chief ministers have been new men, or such as have raised themselves to the greatest posts in the government, from the state of private gentlemen. Several of them neither rose from any conspicuous family, nor left any behind them, being of that class of eminent persons, whom Sir *Francis Bacon* speaks of, who, like comets or blazing-stars, draw upon them the whole attention of the age in which they appear, though nobody knows whence they came, nor where they are lost. Persons of hereditary wealth and title have not been over forward to engage in so great a scene of cares and perplexities, nor to run all the risks of so dangerous a situation. Nay, many whose greatness and fortune were not made to their hands, and had sufficient qualifications and opportunities of rising to these high posts of trust and honor,

have been deterred from such pursuits, by the difficulties that attend them, and chose rather to be easy than powerful; or, if I may use the expression, to be carried in the chariot, than to drive it.

As the condition of a Minister of State in general is subject to many burdens and vexations; and as that of a *British* Minister in particular is involved in several hazards and difficulties peculiar to our own country: so is this high station exposed more than ordinary to such inconveniences in the present juncture of affairs; first, as it is the beginning of a new establishment among us; and secondly, as this establishment hath been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion.

If we look back into our *English* history, we shall always find the first monarch of a new line received with the greatest opposition, and reconciling to himself by degrees the duty and affection of his people. The government, on such occasions, is always shaken before it settles. The inveteracy of the people's prejudices; and the artifices of domestic enemies, compelled their rulers to make use of all means for reducing them to their allegiance, which perhaps, after all, was brought about rather by time than by policy. When commotions and disturbances are of an extraordinary and unusual nature, the proceedings of the government must be so too. The remedy must be suited to the evil, and I know no juncture more difficult to a Minister of State, than such as requires uncommon methods to be made use of; when at the same time no others can be made use of, than what are prescribed by the known laws of our constitution. Several measures may be absolutely necessary in such a juncture, which may be represented as hard and severe, and would not be proper in a time of public peace and tranquility. In this case *Virgil's* excuse, which he put in the mouth of a fictitious Sovereign upon a complaint of this nature, hath the utmost force of reason and justice on its side.

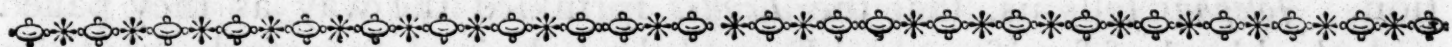
Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt.

The difficulties I meet with in the beginning of my reign make such a proceeding necessary.

In the next place: as this establishment has been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion, the ministry has been involved in many additional and super-numerary difficulties. It is a common remark, that *English* Ministers never fare so well as in a time of war with a foreign power, which diverts the private feuds and animosities of the nation, and turns their efforts upon the common enemy. As a foreign war is favorable to a ministry, a rebellion

is

is no less dangerous; if it succeeds, they are the first persons who must fall a sacrifice to it; if it is defeated, they naturally become odious to all the secret favorers and abettors of it. Every method they make use of for preventing or suppressing it, and for deterring others from the like practices for the future, must be unacceptable and displeasing to the friends, relations and accomplices, of the guilty. In cases where it is thought necessary to make examples, it is the humor of the multitude to forget the crime and remember the punishment. However, we have already seen, and still hope to see, so many instances of mercy in his Majesty's government, that our chief ministers have more to fear from the murmurs of their too violent friends, than from the reproaches of their enemies.

N^o 49.

Friday, June 8.



— *jam nunc solennes ducere pompas*
Ad delubra juvat —

Virg.

YESTERDAY was set apart as a day of public Thanksgiving for the late extraordinary successes, which have secured to us every thing that can be esteemed, and delivered us from every thing that can be apprehended, by a protestant and free people. I cannot but observe, upon this occasion, the natural tendency in such a national devotion, to inspire men with sentiments of religious gratitude, and to swell their hearts with inward transports of joy and exultation.

When instances of divine favor are great in themselves, when they are fresh upon the memory, when they are peculiar to a certain country, and commemorated by them in large and solemn assemblies; a man must be of a very cold or degenerate temper, whose heart doth not burn within him in the midst of that praise and adoration, which arises at the same hour in all the different parts of the nation, and from the many thousands of the people.

It is impossible to read of extraordinary and national acts of worship, without being warmed with the description, and feeling some degree of that divine enthusiasm, which spreads itself among a joyful and religious multitude. A part of that exuberant devotion, with which the whole assembly raised and animated one another, catches a Reader at the greatest distance of time, and makes him a kind of sharer in it.

Among

Among all the public solemnities of this nature, there is none in history so glorious as that under the reign of King *Solomon*, at the dedication of the Temple. Besides the great Officers of State, and the inhabitants of *Jerusalem*, all the elders and heads of tribes, with the whole body of the people ranged under them, from one end of the kingdom to the other, were summoned to assist in it. We may guess at the prodigious number of this assembly from the sacrifice on which they feasted, consisting of a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and two hundred and twenty hecatombs of oxen. When this vast congregation was formed into a regular procession to attend the ark of the covenant, the King marched at the head of his people, with hymns and dances, to the new temple, which he had erected for its reception. *Josephus* tells us, that the *Levites* sprinkled the way as they passed with the blood of sacrifices, and burned the holy incense in such quantities as refreshed the whole multitude with its odors, and filled all the region about them with perfume. When the ark was deposited under the wings of the cherubims in the holy place, the great concert of praise began. It was enlivened with a hundred and twenty trumpets, assisted with a proportionable number of other kinds of musical instruments, and accompanied with innumerable voices of all the singers of *Israel*, who were instructed and set apart to religious performances of this kind. As this mighty chorus was extolling their Maker, and exciting the whole nation thus assembled to the praise of his never-ceasing goodness and mercy, the *Shekinah* descended: or, to tell it in the more emphatical words of Holy Writ, *It came to pass, as the trumpets and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lift up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever; that then the house was filled with a cloud.* The Priests themselves, not able to bear the awfulness of the appearance, retired into the court of the temple, where the King being placed upon a brazen scaffold, so as to be seen by the whole multitude, blessed the congregation of *Israel*, and afterwards spreading forth his hands to Heaven, offered up that divine prayer which is twice recorded at length in Scripture, and has always been looked upon as a composition fit to have proceeded from the wisest of men. He had no sooner finished his prayer, when a flash of fire fell from Heaven and burned up the sacrifice which lay ready upon the altar. The people, whose hearts were gradually moved by the solemnity of the whole proceeding, having been exalted by the religious strains of music, and awed by the appearance of that glory which filled the temple, seeing now the miraculous consumption of the sacrifice, and observing the piety of their King, who lay prostrate before his Maker, *bowed themselves with their*

their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.

What happiness might not such a kingdom promise to itself, where the same elevated spirit of religion ran through the Prince, the priests, and the people! But I shall quit this head, to observe that such an uncommon fervor of devotion shewed itself among our own countrymen, and in the persons of three princes, who were the greatest conquerors in our *English* history. These are *Edward* the Third, his son the *Black Prince*, and *Henry* the Fifth. As for the first, we are told that, before the famous battle of *Cressy*, he spent the greatest part of the night in prayer, and in the morning received the sacrament with his son, the chief of his officers and nobility. The night of that glorious day was no less piously distinguished by the orders, which he gave out to his army, that they should forbear all insulting of their enemies, or boasting of their own valor, and employ their time in returning thanks to the Great Giver of the victory. The *Black Prince*, before the battle of *Poitiers*, declared, that his whole confidence was in the Divine assistance; and after that great victory, behaved himself in all particulars like a truly christian conqueror. Eight days successively were appointed by his father in *England*, for a solemn and public thanksgiving; and when the young Prince returned in triumph with a King of *France* as his prisoner, the pomp of the day consisted chiefly in extraordinary processions, and acts of devotion. The behaviour of the *Black Prince*, after a battle in *Spain*, whereby he restored the King of *Castile* to his dominions, was no less remarkable. When that King, transported with his success, flung himself upon his knees to thank him, the generous Prince ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, told him it was not he who could lay any claim to his gratitude, but desired they might go to the altar together, and jointly return their thanks to whom only it was due.

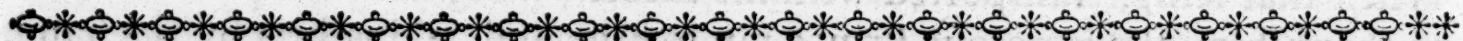
Henry the Fifth, (who at the beginning of his reign, made a public prayer in the presence of his Lords and Commons, that he might be cut off by an immediate death, if Providence foresaw he would not prove a just and good Governor, and promote the welfare of his people) manifestly derived his courage from his piety, and was scrupulously careful not to ascribe the success of it to himself. When he came within sight of that prodigious army, which offered him battle at *Agincourt*, he ordered all his cavalry to dismount, and with the rest of his forces, to implore upon their knees a blessing on their undertaking. In a noble speech, which he made to his soldiers immediately before the first onset, he took notice of a very remarkable circumstance, namely, that this very day of battle was the day appointed in his own kingdom, to offer up public devotions for the prosperity of his arms,

arms, and therefore bid them not doubt of victory, since at the same time that they were fighting in the field, all the people of *England* were lifting up their hands to heaven for their success. Upon the close of that memorable day, in which the King had performed wonders with his own hand, he ordered the hundred and fifteenth psalm to be repeated in the midst of his victorious army, and at the words, *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise*, he himself, with his whole host, fell to the earth upon their faces, ascribing to Omnipotence the whole glory of so great an action.

I shall conclude this paper with a reflection, which naturally rises out of it. As there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God and man, than a King and his people concurring in such extraordinary acts of devotion, one cannot suppose a greater contradiction and absurdity in a government, than where the King is of one religion and the people of another. What harmony or correspondence can be expected between a Sovereign and his subjects, when they cannot join together in the most joyful, the most solemn, and most laudable action of reasonable creatures; in a word, where the Prince considers his people as heretics, and the people look upon their Prince as an idolater.

N^o 50.

Monday, June 11.



O quisquis votet impias

Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:

Si quæret pater urbium

Subscribi statuis; indomitam audeat

Refrænare licentiam

Clarus post genitis—————

Hor.

WHEN *Mahomet* had for many years endeavoured to propagate his imposture among his fellow citizens, and, instead of gaining any number of proselytes, found his ambition frustrated, and his notions ridiculed; he forbade his followers the use of argument and disputation in the advancing of his doctrines, and to rely only upon the scimitar for their success. Christianity, he observed, had made its way by reason and miracles, but he professed it was his design to save men by the sword. From that time he

he began to knock down his fellow citizens with a great deal of zeal, to plunder caravans with a most exemplary sanctity, and to fill all *Arabia* with an unnatural medley of religion and bloodshed.

The enemies of our happy establishment seem at present to copy out the piety of this seditious Prophet, and to have recourse to his laudable method of club-law, when they find all other means of enforcing the absurdity of their opinions to be ineffectual. It was usual among the ancient *Romans*, for those, who had saved the life of a citizen, to be dressed in an oaken garland; but among us, This has been a mark of such well-intentioned persons, as would betray their country, if they were able, and beat out the brains of their fellow subjects. Nay, the leaders of this poor unthinking rabble, to shew their wit, have lately decked them out of their kitchen-gardens in a most insipid pun, very well suited to the capacity of such followers.

This manner of proceeding has had an effect quite contrary to the intention of these ingenious demagogues: for by setting such an unfortunate mark on their followers, they have exposed them to innumerable drubs and contusions. They have been cudgelled most unmercifully in every part of *London* and *Westminster*; and over all the nation have avowed their principles to the unspeakable damage of their bones. In short, if we may believe our accounts both from town and country, the noses and ears of the party are very much diminished, since they have appeared under this unhappy distinction.

The truth of it is, there is such an unaccountable phrensy and licentiousness spread through the basest of the people, of all parties and denominations, that if their skirmishes did not proceed to too great an extremity, one would not be sorry to see them bestowing so liberally, upon one another, a chastisement which they so richly deserve. Their thumps and bruises might turn to account, and save the government a great deal of trouble, if they could beat each other into good manners.

Were not advice thrown away on such a thoughtless rabble, one would recommend to their serious consideration what is suspected, and indeed known to be the cause of these popular tumults and commotions in this great city. They are the *Popish* missionaries, that lie concealed under many disguises in all quarters of the town, who mix themselves in these dark scuffles, and animate the mob to such mutual outrages and insults. This profligate species of modern apostles divert themselves at the expence of a government, which is opposite to their interests, and are pleased to see the broken heads of heretics, in what party soever they have lifted themselves. Their treatment of our silly countrymen, puts me in mind of an account in *Tavernier's* travels through the *East-Indies*. This author tells us, there is a great wood

ⁱn those parts very plentifully stocked with monkies; that a large highway runs through the middle of this wood; and that the monkies who live on the one side of this highway, are declared enemies to those who live on the other. When the inhabitants of that country have a mind to give themselves a diversion, it is usual for them to set these poor animals together by the ears; which they do after this manner. They place several pots of rice in the middle of the road, with great heaps of cudgels in the neighbourhood of every pot. The monkies, on the first discovery of these provisions, descend from the trees on either side in prodigious numbers, take up the arms, with which their good friends have furnished them, and belabor one another with a storm of thwacks, to the no small mirth and entertainment of the beholders. This mob of monkies act however so far reasonably in this point, as the victorious side of the wood find, upon the repulse of their enemies, a considerable booty on the field of battle; whereas our party-mobs are betrayed into the fray without any prospect of the feast.

If our common people have not virtue enough left among them, to lay aside this wicked and unnatural hatred which is crept into their hearts against one another, nor sense enough to resist the artifice of those incendiaries, who would animate them to the destruction of their country; it is high time for the government to exert itself in the repressing of such seditious tumults and commotions. If that extraordinary lenity and forbearance which has been hitherto shewn on those occasions, proves ineffectual to that purpose, these miscreants of the community ought to be made sensible, that our constitution is armed with a sufficient force for the reformation of such disorders, and the settlement of the public peace.

There cannot be a greater affront to religion, than such a tumultuous rising of the people, who distinguish the times set apart for the national devotions by the most brutal scenes of violence, clamor, and intemperance. The day begins with a thanksgiving, and ends in a riot. Instead of the voice of mutual joy and gladness, there is nothing heard in our streets but opprobrious language, ribaldry and contention.

As such a practice is scandalous to our religion, so it is no less a reproach to our government. We are become a by-word among the nations for our ridiculous feuds and animosities, and fill all the public prints of *Europe* with the accounts of our midnight brawls and confusions.

The mischiefs arising to private persons, from these vile disturbers of the commonwealth, are too many to be enumerated. The great and innocent are insulted by the scum and refuse of the people. Several poor wretches, who have engaged in these commotions, have been disabled, for their lives, from doing any good to their families and dependants? nay, several of them have

have fallen a sacrifice to their own inexcusable folly and madness. Should the government be wearied out of its present patience and forbearance, and forced to execute all those powers with which it is invested for the preservation of the public peace; what is to be expected by such heaps of turbulent and seditious men!

These and the like considerations, though they may have no influence on the headstrong unruly multitude, ought to sink into the minds of those who are their abettors, and who, if they escape the punishment here due to them, must very well know that these several mischiefs will be one day laid to their charge.

N^o 51.*Friday, June 15.*

Quod si in hoc erro, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo. Cicero.

AS there is nothing which more improves the mind of man, than the reading of ancient authors, when it is done with judgment and discretion; so there is nothing which gives a more unlucky turn to the thoughts of a Reader, when he wants discernment, and loves and admires the characters and actions of men in a wrong place. *Alexander* the Great was so inflamed with false notions of glory, by reading the story of *Achilles* in the *Iliad*, that after having taken a town, he ordered the Governor, who had made a gallant defence, to be bound by the feet to his chariot, and afterwards dragged the brave man round the city, because *Hector* had been treated in the same barbarous manner by his admired hero.

Many *Englishmen* have proved very pernicious to their own country, by following blindly the examples of persons to be met with in *Greek* and *Roman* history, who acted in conformity with their own governments, after a quite different manner, than they would have acted in a constitution like that of ours. Such a method of proceeding is as unreasonable in a politician, as it would be in a husbandman to make use of *Virgil's* precepts of agriculture, in managing the soil of our country, that lies in a quite different climate, and under the influence of almost another Sun.

Our regicides in the commission of the most execrable murder used to justify themselves from the conduct of *Brutus*, not considering that *Cæsar*, from the condition of a fellow citizen, had risen by the most indirect methods, and broken through all the laws of the community, to place himself at the head of the government, and enslave his country. On the other side, several of our *English* Readers, having observed that a passive and unlimited obedience, was paid to *Roman* Emperors, who were possessed of the whole legislative, as well as executive power, have formerly endeavoured to inculcate the same kind of obedience, where there is not the same kind of authority.

Instructions therefore to be learned from histories of this nature, are only such as arise from particulars agreeable to all communities, or from such as are common to our own constitution, and to that of which we read. A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit and a love of one's country, submission to established laws, impartial administrations of justice, a strict regard to national faith, with several other duties, which are the supports and ornaments of government in general, cannot be too much admired among the States of *Greece* and *Rome*, nor too much imitated by our own community.

But there is nothing more absurd, than for men, who are conversant in these ancient authors, to contract such a prejudice in favor of *Greeks* and *Romans*, as to fancy we are in the wrong in every circumstance whereby we deviate from their moral or political conduct. Yet nothing hath been more usual, than for men of warm heads to refine themselves up into this kind of State Pedantry: like the country schoolmaster, who, being used for many years to admire *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Bacchus*, and *Apollo*, that appear with so much advantage in classic authors, made an attempt to revive the worship of the heathen gods. In short, we find many worthy Gentlemen, whose brains have been as much turned by this kind of reading, as the grave Knight's of *Mancha* were by his unwearied application to books of Knight-errantry.

To prevent such mischiefs from arising out of studies, which, when rightly conducted, may turn very much to our advantage, I shall venture to assert, that in our perusal of *Greek* or *Roman* authors, it is impossible to find a religious or civil constitution, any way comparable to that which we enjoy in our own country. Had not our religion been infinitely preferable to that of the ancient heathens, it would never have made its way through Paganism, with that amazing progress and activity. Its victories were the victories of reason unassisted by the force of human power, and as gentle as the triumphs of light over darkness. The sudden reformation which it made among mankind, and which was so justly and frequently boasted of by the first apologists
for

for Christianity, shews how infinitely preferable it is to any system of religion, that prevailed in the world before its appearance. This pre-eminence of Christianity to any other general religious scheme, which preceded it, appears likewise from this particular, that the most eminent and the most enlightened among the Pagan philosophers, disclaimed many of those superstitious follies, which are condemned by revealed religion, and preached up several of those doctrines which are some of the most essential parts of it.

And here I cannot but take notice of that strange motive which is made use of in the history of free-thinking, to incline us to depart from the revealed doctrines of Christianity, as adhered to by the people of *Great Britain*, because *Socrates*, with several other eminent *Greeks*, and *Cicero*, with many other learned *Romans*, did in the like manner depart from the religious notions of their own countrymen. Now this author should have considered, that those very points, in which these wise men disagreed from the bulk of the people, are points in which they agreed with the received doctrines of our nation. Their free-thinking consisted in asserting the unity and immateriality of the Godhead, the immortality of the Soul, a state of future rewards and punishments, and the necessity of virtue, exclusive of all silly and superstitious practices, to procure the happiness of a separate state. They were therefore only free-thinkers, so far forth as they approached to the doctrines of Christianity, that is, to those very doctrines which this kind of authors would persuade us, as free-thinkers, to doubt the truth of. Now I would appeal to any reasonable person, whether these great men should not have been proposed to our imitation, rather as they embraced these divine truths, than only upon the account of their breaking loose from the common notions of their fellow citizens. But this would disappoint the general tendency of such writings.

I shall only add under this head, that as Christianity recovered the law of nature out of all those errors and corruptions, with which it was overgrown in the times of Paganism, our national religion has restored Christianity itself to that purity and simplicity in which it appeared, before it was gradually disguised and lost among the vanities and superstitions of the *Romish Church*.

That our civil constitution is preferable to any among the *Greeks* or *Romans*, may appear from this single consideration; that the greatest theorists in matters of this nature, among those very people, have given the preference to such a form of government, as that which obtains in this kingdom, above any other form whatsoever. I shall mention *Aristotle*, *Polybius* and *Cicero*, that is, the greatest Philosopher, the most impartial Historian, and the most

most consummate Statesman of all antiquity. These famous authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble and the popular. It would be very easy to prove, not only the reasonableness of this position, but to shew, that there was never any constitution among the *Greeks* or *Romans*, in which these three branches were so well distinguished from each other, invested with such suitable proportions of power, and concurred together in the legislature, that is, in the most sovereign acts of government, with such a necessary consent and harmony, as are to be met with in the constitution of this kingdom. But I have observed, in a foregoing paper, how defective the *Roman* commonwealth was in this particular, when compared with our own form of government; and it will not be difficult for the Reader, upon singling out any other ancient state, to find how far it will suffer in the parallel.

N^o 52.

Monday, June 18.



An tu populum Romanum esse illum putas qui constat ex iis, qui mercede conducuntur? qui impelluntur, ut vim afferant magistratibus? ut obsideant senatum? optent quotidie cædem, incendia, rapinas? quem tu tamen populum, nisi tabernis clausis, frequentare non poteras: cui populo duces Lentidios, Lollios, Sergios, præfeceras. O speciem, dignitatemque populi Romani, quam Reges, quam nationes exteræ, quam gentes ultimæ pertimescunt; multitudinem hominum ex servis conduclis, ex facinorosis, ex egentibus congregatam!
Cicero.

THERE is in all governments a certain temper of mind, natural to the patriots and lovers of their constitution, which may be called State Jealousy. It is this which makes them apprehensive of every tendency in the people, or in any particular member of the community, to endanger or disturb that form of rule, which is established by the laws and customs of their country. This political jealousy is absolutely requisite in some degree for the preservation of a government, and very reasonable in persons who are persuaded of the excellency of their constitution, and believe that they derive from it the most valuable blessings of society.

This public-spirited passion is more strong and active under some governments, than others. The commonwealth of *Venice*, which hath subsisted by
it

it for near fourteen hundred years, is so jealous of all its members, that it keeps continual spies upon their actions; and if any one of them presume to censure the established plan of that republic, or touch upon any of its fundamentals, he is brought before a secret council of state, tried in a most rigorous manner, and put to death without mercy. The usual way of proceeding with persons who discover themselves unsatisfied with the title of their Sovereign in despotic governments, is to confine the malecontent, if his crimes are not capital, to some castle or dungeon for life. There is indeed no constitution, so tame and careless of their own defence, where any person dares to give the least sign or intimation of being a traitor in his heart. Our *English* history furnishes us with many examples of great severities during the disputes between the houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, inflicted on such persons as shewed their disaffection to the Prince who was on the throne. Every one knows, that a factious inn-keeper, in the reign of *Henry* the Seventh, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for a saucy pun, which reflected, in a very dark and distant manner, upon the title of that Prince to the crown. I do not mention the practice of other governments, as what should be imitated in ours, which, God be thanked, affords us all the reasonable liberty of speech and action, suited to a free people; nor do I take notice of this last instance of severity in our own country, to justify such a proceeding, but only to display the mildness and forbearance made use of under the reign of his present Majesty. It may, however, turn to the advantage of those who have been instrumental in stirring up the late tumults and seditions among the people, to consider the treatment which such a lawless ungoverned rabble would have met with in any other country, and under any other Sovereign.

These incendiaries have had the art to work up into the most unnatural ferments, the most heavy and stupid part of the community; and if I may use a fine saying of *Terence* upon another occasion, *to convert fools into madmen*. This phrensy hath been raised among them to such a degree, that it has lately discovered itself in a sedition which is without a parallel. They have had the fool-hardiness to set a mark upon themselves on the *Pretender's* birthday, as the declared friends to his cause, and professed enemies to their King and country. How fatal would such a distinction, of which every one knew the meaning, have proved in former reigns, when many a circumstance of less significancy has been construed into an overt-act of high-treason! This unexampled piece of insolence will appear under its just aggravations, if we consider in the first place, that it was aimed personally at the King.

I do not remember among any of our popular commotions, when marks of this nature have been in fashion, that either side were so void of common sense,

fense, as to intimate by them an aversion to their Sovereign. His person was still held as sacred by both parties. The contention was not who should be the Monarch over them, but whose scheme of policy should take place in his administration. This was the conduct of Whigs and Tories under King *Charles* the Second's reign, when men hung out their principles in different colored ribbons. Nay, in the times of the great rebellion, the avowed disaffection of the people always terminated in evil counsellors. Such an open outrage upon Majesty, such an ostentation of disloyalty, was reserved for that infamous rabble of *Englishmen*, who may be justly looked upon as the scandal of the present age, and the most shameless and abandoned race of men that our nation has yet produced.

In the next place. It is very peculiar to this mob of malecontents, that they did not only distinguish themselves against their King, but against a King possessed of all the power of the nation, and one who had so very lately crushed all those of the same principles, that had bravery enough to avow them in the field of battle. Whenever was there an instance of a King who was not contemptible for his weakness, and want of power to resent, insulted by a few of his unarmed dastard subjects?

It is plain, from this single consideration, that such a base ungenerous race of men could rely upon nothing for their own safety in this affront to his Majesty, but the known gentleness and lenity of his government. Instead of being deterred by knowing that he had in his hands the power to punish them, they were encouraged by knowing that he had not the inclination. In a word, they presumed upon that mercy, which in all their conversations they endeavour to depreciate and misrepresent.

It is a very sensible concern to every one, who has a true and unfeigned respect for our national religion, to hear these vile miscreants calling themselves sons of the Church of *England*, amidst such impious tumults and disorders; and joining in the cry of High-church, at the same time that they wear a badge, which implies their inclination to destroy the reformed religion. Their concern for the church always rises highest, when they are acting in direct opposition to its doctrines. Our streets are filled at the same time with zeal and drunkenness, riots and religion. We must confess, if noise and clamor, slander and calumny, treason and perjury, were articles of their communion, there would be none living more punctual in the performance of their duties; but if a peaceable behaviour, a love of truth, and a submission to superiors, are the genuine marks of our profession, we ought to be very heartily ashamed of such a profligate brotherhood. Or if we will still think and own these men to be true sons of the Church of *England*, I dare say there

there is no church in *Europe* which will envy her the glory of such disciples. But it is to be hoped we are not so fond of party, as to look upon a man, because he is a bad christian, to be a good Church of *England* man.



——— *Bellua Centiceps.*

Hor.

TH E R E is scarce any man in *England*, of what denomination soever, that is not a Free-thinker in politics, and hath not some particular notions of his own, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of the community. Our island, which was formerly called a nation of saints, may now be called a nation of statesmen. Almost every age, profession, and sex among us, has its favorite set of ministers, and scheme of government.

Our children are initiated into factions before they know their right hand from their left. They no sooner begin to speak, but Whig and Tory are the first words they learn. They are taught in their infancy to hate one half of the nation; and contract all the virulence and passion of a party, before they come to the use of their reason.

As for our nobility, they are politicians by birth; and though the commons of the nation delegate their power in the community to certain representatives, every one reserves to himself a private jurisdiction, or privilege, of censuring their conduct, and rectifying the legislature. There is scarce a fresh-man in either university, who is not able to mend the constitution in several particulars. We see 'squires and yeomen coming up to town every day, so full of politics, that, to use the thought of an ingenious gentleman, we are frequently put in mind of *Roman* Dictators, who were called from the plough. I have often heard of a senior alderman in *Buckinghamshire*, who, at all public meetings, grows drunk in praise of aristocracy, and is as often encountered by an old justice of the peace who lives in the neighbourhood, and will talk you from morning till night on the *Gothic* balance. Who hath not observed several parish clerks, that have ransacked *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, for staves in favor of the race of *Jacob*; after the example of their politic predecessors in *Oliver's* days, who on every sabbath were for binding kings in chains, and nobles in links of iron! You can scarce see

a bench of porters without two or three casuists in it, that will settle you the right of princes, and state the bounds of the civil and ecclesiastical power, in the drinking of a pot of ale. What is more usual, than on a rejoicing night to meet with a drunken cobbler bawling out for the church, and perhaps knocked down a little after, by an enemy in his own profession, who is a lover of moderation?

We have taken notice in former papers of this political ferment being got into the female sex, and of the wild work it makes among them. We have had a late most remarkable instance of it in the contest between a sister of the *White Rose*, and a beautiful and loyal young Lady, who, to shew her zeal for Revolution principles, had adorned her pretty bosom with a *Sweet William*. The rabble of the sex have not been ashamed very lately to gather about bonfires, and to scream out their principles in the public streets. In short, there is hardly a female in this our metropolis, who is not a competent judge of our highest controversies in church and state. We have several oyster-women that hold the unlawfulness of episcopacy; and cinder-wenchs that are great flicklers for indefeasible right.

Of all the ways and means by which this political humor hath been propagated among the people of *Great Britain*, I cannot single out any so prevalent and universal, as the late constant application of the press to the publishing of state-matters. We hear of several that are newly erected in the country, and set apart for this particular use. For, it seems, the people of *Exeter*, *Salisbury*, and other large towns, are resolved to be as great politicians as the inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster*; and deal out such news of their own printing, as is best suited to the genius of the market-people, and the taste of the country.

One cannot but be sorry, for the sake of these places, that such a pernicious machine is erected among them; for it is very well known here, that the making of the politician is the breaking of the tradesman. When a citizen turns a *Machiavel*, he grows too cunning to mind his own business; and I have heard a curious observation, that the woollen manufacture has of late years decayed in proportion as the paper manufacture has increased. Whether the one may not properly be looked upon as the occasion of the other, I shall leave to the judgment of persons more profound in political enquiries.

As our news-writers record many facts, which, to use their own phrase, *afford great matter of speculation*, their Readers speculate accordingly, and by their variety of conjectures, in a few years become consummate statesmen; besides, as their papers are filled with a different party spirit, they naturally divide the people into different sentiments, who generally consider rather the principles,

principles, than the truth of the news-writer. This humor prevails to such a degree, that there are several well-meaning persons in the nation, who have been so misled by their favorite authors of this kind, that in the present contention between the *Turk* and the Emperor, they are gone over insensibly from the interests of christianity, and become well-wishers to the *Mahometan* cause. In a word, almost every news-writer has his sect, which (considering the natural genius of our countrymen to mix, vary, or refine in notions of state) furnishes every man, by degrees, with a particular system of policy. For, however any one may concur in the general scheme of his party, it is still with certain reserves and deviations, and with a salvo to his own private judgment.

Among this innumerable herd of politicians, I cannot but take notice of one set, who do not seem to play fair with the rest of the fraternity, and make a very considerable class of men. These are such as we may call the *Afterwise*, who, when any project fails, or hath not had its desired effect, foresaw all the inconveniencies that would arise from it, though they kept their thoughts to themselves till they discovered the issue. Nay, there is nothing more usual than for some of these wise men, who applauded public measures, before they were put in execution, to condemn them upon their proving unsuccessful. The dictators in Coffee-houses are generally of this rank, who often give shrewd intimations that things would have taken another turn, had they been members of the cabinet.

How difficult must it be for any form of government to continue undisturbed, or any ruler to live uncensured, where every one of the community is thus qualified for modelling the constitution, and is so good a judge in matters of state! A famous *French* wit, to shew how the Monarch of that nation, who has no partners in his sovereignty, is better able to make his way through all the difficulties of government, than an Emperor of *Germany*, who acts in concert with many inferior fellow sovereigns; compares the first to a serpent with many tails to one head; and the other to a serpent with one tail to many heads; and puts the question, which of them is like to glide with most ease and activity through a thicket? The same comparison will hold in the business of a nation conducted by a ministry, or a whole kingdom of politicians.

N^o 54.

Monday, June 25.

— *Tu, nisi ventis**Debes ludibrium, cave.**Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,**Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.*

Hor.

THE general division of the *British* nation is into Whigs and Tories, there being very few, if any, who stand neuters in the dispute, without ranging themselves under one of these denominations. One would therefore be apt to think, that every member of the community, who embraces with vehemence the principles of either of these parties, had thoroughly sifted and examined them, and was secretly convinced of their preference to those of that party which he rejects. And yet is certain, that most of our fellow subjects are guided in this particular, either by the prejudice of education, private interest, personal friendships, or a deference to the judgment of those, who perhaps in their own hearts disapprove the opinions which they industriously spread among the multitude. Nay, there is nothing more undoubtedly true, than that great numbers of one side concur in reality with the notions of those whom they oppose, were they able to explain their implicit sentiments, and to tell their own meaning.

However, as it becomes every reasonable man to examine those principles by which he acts, I shall in this paper select some considerations, out of many, that might be insisted on, to shew the preference of what is generally called the Whig-scheme, to that which is espoused by the Tories.

This will appear in the first place, if we reflect upon the tendency of their respective principles, supposing them carried to their utmost extremity. For, if in this case, the worst consequences of the one are more eligible than the worst consequences of the other, it is a plain argument, that those principles are the most eligible of the two, whose effects are the least pernicious. Now the tendency of these two different sets of principles, as they are charged upon each party by its antagonists, is as follows. The Tories tell us, that the Whig-scheme would end in presbyterianism and a commonwealth. The Whigs tell us, on the other side, that the Tory-scheme would terminate in popery and arbitrary government. Were these reproaches

proaches mutually true; which would be most preferable to any man of common sense, presbyterianism and a republican form of government, or popery and tyranny? Both extremes are indeed dreadful, but not equally so; both to be regarded with the utmost aversion by the friends of our constitution, and lovers of our country: but if one of them were inevitable, who would not rather choose to live under a state of excessive liberty, than of slavery, and not prefer a religion that differs from our own in the circumstances, before one that differs from it in the essentials of christianity!

Secondly, Let us look into the history of *England*, and see under which of these two schemes the nation hath enjoyed most honor and prosperity. If we observe the reigns of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the first (which an impudent *Frenchman* calls the reigns of King *Elizabeth* and Queen *James*) we find the Whig-scheme took place under the first, and the Tory-scheme under the latter. The first, in whom the Whigs have always gloried, opposed and humbled the most powerful among the *Roman Catholic* Princes; raised and supported the *Dutch*; assisted the *French* protestants; and made the reformed religion an over-balance for popery through all *Europe*. On the contrary, her successor aggrandised the Catholic King; alienated himself from the *Dutch*; suffered the *French* power to increase, till it was too late to remedy it; and abandoned the interests of the King of *Bohemia*, grandfather to his present Majesty, which might have spread the reformed religion through all *Germany*. I need not describe to the Reader the different state of the kingdom, as to its reputation, trade, and wealth, under these two reigns. We might, after this, compare the figure in which these kingdoms, and the whole protestant interest of *Europe*, were placed by the conduct of King *Charles* the Second, and that of King *William*; and every one knows which of the schemes prevailed in each of those reigns. I shall not impute to any Tory-scheme the administration of King *James* the second, on condition that they do not reproach the Whigs with the usurpation of *Oliver*; as being satisfied that the principles of those governments are respectively disclaimed and abhorred by all the men of sense and virtue in both parties, as they now stand. But we have a fresh instance which will be remembered with grief by the present age and all our posterity, of the influence both of Whig and Tory principles in the late reign. Was *England* ever so glorious in the eyes of *Europe*, as in that part of it, when the first prevailed? or was it ever more contemptible than when the last took place?

I shall add, under this head, the preference of the Whig-scheme, with regard to foreigners. All the protestant states of *Europe*, who may be considered as neutral judges between both parties, and are well-wishers to us in general, as to a Protestant people, rejoice upon the success of a Whig-scheme; whilst

whilst all of the church of *Rome*, who contemn, hate and detest us as the great bulwark of heresy, are as much pleased when the opposite party triumphs in its turn. And here let any impartial man put this question to his own heart, whether that party doth not act reasonably, who look upon the *Dutch* as their genuine friends and allies, considering that they are of the reformed religion, that they have assisted us in the greatest times of necessity, and that they can never entertain a thought of reducing us under their power. Or, on the other hand, let him consider whether that party acts with more reason, who are the avowed friends of a nation, that are of the *Roman* Catholic religion, that have cruelly persecuted our brethren of the reformation, that have made attempts in all ages to conquer this island, and supported the interest of that Prince, who abdicated the throne, and had endeavoured to subvert our civil and religious liberties.

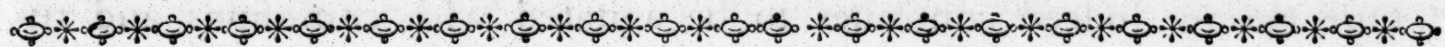
Thirdly, let us compare these two schemes from the effects they produce among ourselves within our own island; and these we may consider, first, with regard to the King, and secondly, with regard to the people.

First, With regard to the King. The Whigs have always professed and practised an obedience which they conceive agreeable to the constitution; whereas the Tories have concurred with the Whigs in their practice, though they differ from them in their professions; and have avowed a principle of passive-obedience, to the temptation, and afterwards to the destruction of those who have relied upon it. Nor must I here omit to take notice of that firm and zealous adherence which the Whig party have shewn to the protestant succession, and to the cause of his present Majesty. I have never heard of any in this principle, who was either guilty or suspected of measures to defeat this establishment, or to overturn it, since it has taken effect. A consideration, which, it is hoped, may put to silence those who upbraid the Whig-schemes of government, with an inclination to a commonwealth, or a disaffection to Kings.

Secondly, With regard to the people. Every one must own that those laws which have most conduced to the ease and happiness of the subject, have always passed in those parliaments, which their enemies branded with the name of Whig, and during the time of a Whig ministry. And what is very remarkable, the Tories are now forced to have recourse to those laws for shelter and protection: by which they tacitly do honor to the Whig-scheme, and own it more accommodated to the happiness of the people, than that which they espouse.

I hope I need not qualify these remarks with a supposition which I have gone upon through the whole course of my papers, that I am far from considering a great part of those who call themselves Tories, as enemies to the
present

present establishment; and that by the Whigs I always mean those who are friends to our constitution both in church and state. As we may look upon these to be, in the main, true lovers of their religion and country, they seem rather to be divided by accidental friendships and circumstances, than by any essential distinction.

N^o 55.*Friday, June 29.*—*caestus artemque repono.*

Virg.

ARising of parliament being a kind of cessation from politics, the *Freeholder* cannot let his paper drop at a more proper juncture. I would not be accessory to the continuing of our political ferment, when occasions of dispute are not administered to us by matters depending before the legislature; and when debates without doors naturally fall with those in the two houses of parliament. At the same time a *British* Free-holder would very ill discharge his part, if he did not acknowledge, with becoming duty and gratitude, the excellency and seasonableness of those laws, by which the representatives of men in his rank have recovered their country in a great measure out of its confusions, and provided for its future peace and happiness under the present establishment. Their unanimous and regular proceeding, under the conduct of that honorable person who fills their chair with the most consummate abilities, and hath justly gained the esteem of all sides by the impartiality of his behaviour; the absolute necessity of some acts which they have passed, and their disinclination to extend them any longer, than that necessity required; their manifest aversion to enter upon schemes, which the enemies of our peace had insinuated to have been their design; together with that temper so suitable to the dignity of such an assembly, at a juncture when it might have been expected that very unusual heats would have arisen in a House of Commons, so zealous for their King and country; will be sufficient to quiet those groundless jealousies and suspicions, which have been industriously propagated by the ill-wishers to our constitution.

The undertaking, which I am now laying down, was entered upon in the very crisis of the late rebellion, when it was the duty of every *Briton* to contri-

contribute his utmost assistance to the government, in a manner suitable to his station and abilities. All services which had a tendency to this end, had a degree of merit in them, in proportion as the event of that cause which they espoused was then doubtful. But at present they might be regarded, not as duties of private men to their endangered country, but as insults of the successful over their defeated enemies.

Our nation indeed continues to be agitated with confusions and tumults; but, God be thanked, these are only the impotent remains of an unnatural rebellion, and are no more than the after-tossings of a sea when the storm is laid. The enemies of his present Majesty, instead of seeing him driven from his throne, as they vainly hoped, find him in a condition to visit his dominions in *Germany*, without any danger to himself or to the public; whilst his dutiful subjects would be in no ordinary concern upon this occasion, had they not the consolation to find themselves left under the protection of a Prince, who makes it his ambition to copy out his Royal father's example; and who, by his duty to his Majesty and affection to his people, is so well qualified to be the guardian of the realm.

It would not be difficult to continue a paper of this kind, if one were disposed to resume the same subjects, and weary out the Reader with the same thoughts in a different phrase, or to ramble through the cause of Whig and Tory without any certain aim or method, in every particular discourse. Such a practice in political writers, is like that of some preachers taken notice of by Dr. *South*, who being prepared only upon two or three points of doctrine, run the same round with their audience, from one end of the year to the other, and are always forced to tell them, by way of preface, These are particulars of so great importance, that they cannot be sufficiently *inculcated*. To avoid this method of tautology, I have endeavoured to make every paper a distinct essay upon some particular subject, without deviating into points foreign to the tenor of each discourse. They are indeed most of them essays upon government, but with a view to the present situation of affairs in *Great Britain*; so that if they have the good fortune to live longer than works of this nature generally do, future readers may see in them, the complexion of the times in which they were written. However, as there is no employment so irksome, as that of transcribing out of one's self, next to that of transcribing out of others, I shall let drop the work, since there do not occur to me any material points arising from our present situation, which I have not already touched upon.

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As to the reasonings in these several papers, I must leave them to the judgment of others. I have taken particular care that they should be conformable to our constitution, and free from that mixture of violence and passion, which so often creeps into the works of political writers. A good cause doth not want any bitterness to support it, as a bad one cannot subsist without it. It is indeed observable, that an author is scurrilous in proportion as he is dull; and seems rather to be in a passion, because he cannot find out what to say for his own opinion, than because he has discovered any pernicious absurdities in that of his antagonists. A man satirised by writers of this class, is like one burnt in the hand with a cold iron: there may be ignominious terms and words of infamy in the stamp, but they leave no impression behind them.

It would indeed have been an unpardonable insolence for a fellow subject to treat in a vindictive and cruel style, those persons whom his Majesty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by *gentle methods*, which he has declared from the throne to be *most agreeable to his inclinations*. May we not hope that all of this kind, who have the least sentiments of honor or gratitude, will be won over to their duty by so many instances of Royal clemency, in the midst of so many repeated provocations! May we not expect that *Cicero's* words to *Cæsar*, in which he speaks of those who were *Cæsar's* enemies, and of his conduct towards them, may be applied to his Majesty; *Omnes enim qui fuerunt, aut suâ pertinaciâ vitam amiserunt, aut tuâ misericordiâ retinuerunt; ut aut nulli supersint de inimicis, aut qui superfuerunt, amicissimi sint.*—*Quare gaude tuo isto tam excellenti bono, et fruire cum fortunâ et gloriâ, tum etiam naturâ, et moribus tuis. Ex quo quidem maximus est fructus, jucunditasque sapienti*—*Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quàm ut possis, nec natura tua melius, quàm ut velis, quamplurimos conservare.*

As for those papers of a gayer turn, which may be met with in this collection, my Reader will of himself, consider how requisite they are to gain and keep up an audience to matters of this nature; and will perhaps be the more indulgent to them, if he observes, that they are none of them without a moral, nor contain any thing but what is consistent with decency and good manners.

It is obvious that the design of the whole work has been to free the people's minds from those prejudices conveyed into them, by the enemies to the present establishment, against the King and Royal Family, by opening and explaining their real characters; to set forth his Majesty's proceedings, which have been very grossly misrepresented, in a fair and impartial light; to shew the reasonableness and necessity of our opposing the Pretender to his dominions, if we have any regard to our religion and liberties: and, in

a word, to incline the minds of the people to the desire and enjoyment of their own happiness. There is no question, humanly speaking, but these great ends will be brought about insensibly, as men will grow weary of a fruitless opposition; and be convinced by experience, of a necessity to acquiesce under a government which daily gathers strength, and is able to disappoint the utmost efforts of its enemies. In the mean while, I would recommend to our malecontents, the advice given by a great moralist to his friend upon another occasion; that he would shew it was in the power of wisdom to compose his passions; and let that be the work of reason which would certainly be the effect of time.

I shall only add, that if any writer shall do this paper so much honor, as to inscribe the title of it to others, which may be published upon the laying down of this work; the whole praise or dispraise of such a performance, will belong to some other author; this fifty fifth being the last paper that will come from the hand of the *Free-holder*.



OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.



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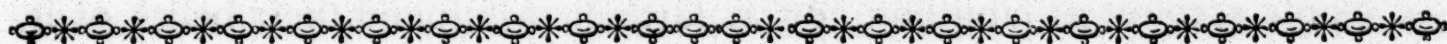
OF

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SECTION I.

- I. *General division of the following discourse, with regard to Pagan and Jewish authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.*
- II. *Not probable that any such should be mentioned by Pagan writers who lived at the same time, from the nature of such transactions:*
- III. *Especially when related by the Jews:*
- IV. *And heard at a distance by those who pretended to as great miracles of their own.*
- V. *Besides that, no Pagan writers of that age lived in Judæa or its confines.*
- VI. *And because many books of that age are lost.*
- VII. *An instance of one record proved authentic.*
- VIII. *A second record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.*

THAT I may lay before you a full state of the subject under our consideration, and methodise the several particulars that I touched upon in discourse with you; I shall first take notice of such *Pagan* authors, as have given their testimony to the history of our Saviour; reduce these authors under their respective classes, and shew what authority their testimonies carry with them. Secondly, I shall take notice of *Jewish* authors in the same light.

II. There are many reasons, why you should not expect that matters of such a wonderful nature should be taken notice of by those eminent *Pagan* writers

ters, who were contemporaries with *Jefus Chrift*, or by those who lived before his disciples had personally appeared among them, and afcertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life fo full of miracles.

Supposing fuch things had happened at this day in *Switzerland*, or among the *Grifons*, who make a greater figure in *Europe* than *Judæa* did in the *Roman* Empire, would they be immediately believed by those who live at a great diftance from them? or would any certain account of them be tranfmitted into foreign countries, within fo fhort a fpace of time as that of our Saviour's public miniftry? Such kinds of news, though never fo true, feldom gain credit, till fome time after they are tranfacted and expofed to the examination of the curious, who by laying together circumftances, atteftations, and characters of those who are concerned in them, either receive or reject what at firft none but eye-witneffes could abfolutely believe or difbelieve. In a cafe of this fort, it was natural for men of fenfe and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at fartheft to fufpend their belief of it, until all things flood together in their full light.

III. Befides, the *Jews* were branded not only for fuperftitions different from all the religions of the *Pagan* world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; fo that whatever reports of fuch a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the heathen world as falfe, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may further obferve, that the ordinary practice of magic in thofe times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles among the Heathens, made them lefs attentive to fuch news from *Judæa*, till they had time to confider the nature, the occafion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many furprifing events to allow them any confideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. *Matthew*, that the fame of our Saviour during his life, went throughout all *Syria*, and that there followed him great multitudes of people from *Galilee*, *Judæa*, *Decapolis*, *Idumæa*, from beyond *Jordan*, and from *Tyre* and *Sidon*. Now had there been any hiftorians of thofe times and places, we might have expected to have feen in them fome account of thofe wonderful tranfactions in *Judæa*; but there is not any fingle author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of thofe countries.

VI. How many books have perifhed in which poffibly there might have been mention of our Saviour? Look among the *Romans*, how few of their writings are come down to our times? In the fpace of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was fuch a multitude of writers in all kinds, how fmall is the number of authors that have made their way to the prefent age?

VII. One

VII. One authentic record, and that the most authentic heathen record, we are pretty sure is lost. I mean the account sent by the Governor of *Judæa*, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the custom in the *Roman* empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the præfects and viceroys of distant provinces to transmit to their Sovereign a summary relation of every thing remarkable in their administration. That *Pontius Pilate*, in his account, would have touched on so extraordinary an event in *Judæa*, is not to be doubted; and that he actually did, we learn from *Justin Martyr*, who lived about a hundred years after our Saviour's death, resided, made converts, and suffered martyrdom at *Rome*, where he was engaged with philosophers, and in a particular manner with *Crescens* the *Cynic*, who could easily have detected, and would not fail to have exposed him, had he quoted a record not in being, or made any false citation out of it. Would the great apologist have challenged *Crescens* to dispute the cause of Christianity with him before the *Roman* Senate, had he forged such an evidence? or would *Crescens* have refused the challenge, could he have triumphed over him in the detection of such a forgery? To which we must add, that the apology, which appeals to this record, was presented to a learned Emperor, and to the whole body of the *Roman* Senate. This father in his apology, speaking of the death and suffering of our Saviour, refers the Emperor for the truth of what he says to the acts of *Pontius Pilate*, which I have here mentioned. *Tertullian*, who wrote his apology about fifty years after *Justin*, doubtless referred to the same record, when he tells the Governor of *Rome*, that the Emperor *Tiberius* having received an account out of *Palestine* in *Syria* of the Divine Person, who had appeared in that country, paid him a particular regard, and threatened to punish any who should accuse the christians; nay, that the Emperor would have adopted him among the deities whom they worshipped, had not the Senate refused to come into his proposal. *Tertullian*, who gives us this history, was not only one of the most learned men of his age, but, what adds a greater weight to his authority in this case, was eminently skilful and well read in the laws of the *Roman* empire. Nor can it be said, that *Tertullian* grounded his quotation upon the authority of *Justin Martyr*, because we find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that author. *Eusebius* mentions the same ancient record, but as it was not extant in his time, I shall not insist upon his authority in this point. If it be objected that this particular is not mentioned in any *Roman* historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see whether it will carry any force with it. *Ulpian* the great *Roman* lawyer gathered together all the imperial edicts that had been made against the christians.

christians. But did any one ever say that there had been no such edicts, because they were not mentioned in the histories of those Emperors? Besides, who knows but this circumstance of *Tiberius* was mentioned in other historians that have been lost, though not to be found in any still extant? Has not *Suetonius* many particulars of this Emperor omitted by *Tacitus*, and *Herodian* many that are not so much as hinted at by either? As for the spurious *Acts of Pilate*, now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing, and had there not been a true and authentic record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of *Agbarus* King of *Edeffa*, relating to the letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in *Pagan* history, an author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other authors, who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. *Grabe*, in the second volume of his *Spicilegium*.



SECTION II.

- I. *What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by Pagan authors.*
- II. *What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what Pagan authors.*
- III. *How Celsus represented our Saviour's miracles.*
- IV. *The same representations made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable.*
- V. *What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from Pagan writers.*

I. **W**E now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among *Pagan* writers; and here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from *Pagans*. I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from *Judæa*, as well as to those who were the followers and eye-witnesses of *Christ*.

II. Such

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples. *That Augustus Cæsar had ordered the whole empire to be censured or taxed, which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to Bethlehem:* This is mentioned by several Roman historians, as *Tacitus, Suetonius and Dion.* *That a great light, or a new star appeared in the East, which directed the wise men to our Saviour:* This is recorded by *Chalcidius.* *That Herod, the King of Palestine, so often mentioned in the Roman history, made a great slaughter of innocent children, being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account:* This character of him is given by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by *Macrobius*, a heathen author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it. *That our Saviour had been in Egypt:* This *Celsus*, though he raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. *That Pontius Pilate was Governor of Judæa, that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified:* This is recorded by *Tacitus.* *That many miraculous cures and works out of the ordinary course of nature were wrought by him:* This is confessed by *Julian the Apostate, Porphyry, and Hierocles*, all of them not only Pagans, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity. *That our Saviour foretold several things which came to pass according to his predictions:* This was attested by *Phlegon* in his annals, as we are assured by the learned *Origen* against *Celsus.* *That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness and a great earthquake:* This is recorded by the same *Phlegon* the *Trallian*, who was likewise a Pagan and freeman to *Adrian* the Emperor. We may here observe, that a native of *Trallium*, which was not situate at so great a distance from *Palestine*, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the *Jews* in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the shake of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this author. *That Christ was worshipped as a God among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him; that they received a sacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abstaining from sin and wickedness, conformable to the advice given by St. Paul; that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in hymns:* This is the account which *Pliny* the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of *Christ*, and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity after the crucifixion of our Blessed Saviour. *That St. Peter,*

whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works, is owned by *Julian* the apostate, who therefore represents him as a great magician, and one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour. That the devils or evil spirits were subject to them, we may learn from *Porphry*, who objects to christianity, that since *Jesus* had begun to be worshipped, *AEsculapius* and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, *Celsus* himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain dæmons. *Origen* remarks on this passage, that the author doubtless hints at those christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen, and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against *Celsus*. But at the same time, he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of *Jesus*, to which were added several passages in his history, but nothing like any invocation to dæmons.

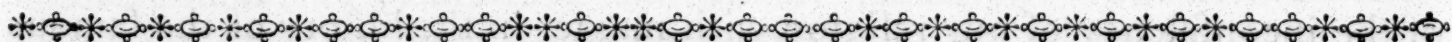
III. *Celsus* was so hard set with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true, yet knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this: namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those *Egyptian* impostors, who would present their spectators with visionary entertainments that had in them neither substance nor reality: which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthened and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such multitudes, who had doubtless sufficiently spread the fame of them, and was therefore in this place forced to resort to the other solution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to say that a miracle which appeared to so many thousand eye-witnesses was a forgery of *Christ's* disciples, and therefore supposing them to be eye-witnesses, he endeavours to shew how they might be deceived.

IV. The unconverted heathens, who were pressed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving *Jews*, who had actually seen them, were driven to account for them after the same manner: for, to work by magic in the heathen way of speaking, was in the language of the *Jews* to cast out devils by *Beelzebub* the Prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverse

verse interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of those men, who contrary to the dictates of their own hearts started such an unreasonable objection, as a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and declared not only the guilt, but the punishment of so black a crime. At the same time he condescended to shew the vanity and emptiness of this objection against his miracles, by representing that they evidently tended to the destruction of those powers, to whose assistance the enemies of his doctrine then ascribed them. An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection so very frivolous and groundless, that we may venture to call it even blasphemy against common sense. Would magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worship which was paid to stocks and stones, to give them an abhorrence of those evil spirits who rejoiced in the most cruel sacrifices, and in offerings of the greatest impurity; and in short to call upon mankind to exert their whole strength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their existence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happiness and continuance of it? Was it the business of magic to humanise our natures with compassion, forgiveness, and all the instances of the most extensive charity? Would evil spirits contribute to make men sober, chaste, and temperate, and in a word to produce that reformation, which was wrought in the moral world by those doctrines of our Saviour, that received their sanction from his miracles? Nor is it possible to imagine, that evil spirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correspondence and intercourse with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themselves to those rites and ceremonies, which had done them so much honor. We see the early effect which christianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books, which were filled with the secrets of magic, and made a sacrifice to christianity by the converts mentioned in the *Acts* of the apostles. We have likewise an eminent instance of the inconsistency of our religion with magic, in the history of the famous *Aquila*. This person, who was a kinsman of the Emperor *Trajan*, and likewise a man of great learning, notwithstanding he had embraced christianity, could not be brought off from the studies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow christians: so that at length they expelled him their society, as rather choosing to lose the reputation of so considerable a proselyte, than communicate with one who dealt in such dark and infernal practices. Besides we may observe, that all the favorers of magic were the most professed and bitter enemies to the christian religion. Not to mention *Simon Magus* and many others, I shall only take notice of those two great persecutors of christianity, the Emperors *Adrian* and *Julian* the apostate,

both of them initiated in the mysteries of divination, and skilled in all the depths of magic. I shall only add, that evil spirits cannot be supposed to have concurred in the establishment of a religion, which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they possessed, and divested them of their influence on mankind; nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimously reported by all the ancient christian authors, did it not appear from the authorities above cited, that this was a fact confessed by heathens themselves.

V. We now see what a multitude of *Pagan* testimonies may be produced for all those remarkable passages, which might have been expected from them: and indeed of several, that, I believe, do more than answer your expectation, as they were not subjects in their own nature so exposed to public notoriety. It cannot be expected they should mention particulars, which were transacted amongst the disciples only, or among some few even of the disciples themselves; such as the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of Christ after his resurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impossible for a heathen author to relate these things; because if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his testimony would not have been thought of so much validity. Besides, his very report of facts so favorable to christianity would have prompted men to say that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel case in *Hecataeus*, a famous *Greek* historian, who had several passages in his book conformable to the history of the *Jewish* writers, which when quoted by *Josephus*, as a confirmation of the *Jewish* history, when his heathen adversaries could give no other answer to it, they would needs suppose that *Hecataeus* was a *Jew* in his heart, though they had no other reason for it, but because his history gave greater authority to the *Jewish* than the *Egyptian* records.



S E C T I O N III.

- I. *Introduction to a second list of Pagan authors, who gave testimony of our Saviour.*
- II. *A passage concerning our Saviour, from a learned Athenian.*
- III. *His conversion from Paganism to Christianity makes his evidence stronger than if he had continued a Pagan.*
- IV. *Of another Athenian philosopher converted to Christianity.*
- V. *Why their conversion, instead of weakening, strengthens their evidence in defence of Christianity.*

VI. *Their*

VI. *Their belief in our Saviour's history founded at first upon the principles of historical faith.*

VII. *Their testimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's history,*

VIII. *As related by the four Evangelists.*

I. **T**O this list of heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I shall add those authors who were at first heathens, and afterwards converted to christianity; upon which account, as I shall here shew, their testimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this list of evidences, I shall confine myself to such learned *Pagans* as came over to christianity in the three first centuries, because those were the times in which men had the best means of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, and because among the great number of philosophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of christian Emperors, there might be several whodid it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now suppose, that a learned heathen writer who lived within 60 years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shewn that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage: "But his works were always seen, because they were true, they were seen by those who were healed, and by those who were raised from the dead. Nay, these persons who were thus healed, and raised, were seen not only at the time of their being healed, and raised, but long afterwards. Nay they were seen not only all the while our Saviour was upon earth, but survived after his departure out of this world, nay some of them were living in our days.

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous *Athenian* philosopher. These forementioned words however are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philosopher in *Athens*: but it will be said, he was a convert to christianity. Now consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a *Pagan* philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe it; for, if so, would not they have told us he would have embraced christianity? This was indeed the case of this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a profelyte and died a martyr.

IV. *Aristides*

IV. *Aristides* was an *Athenian* philosopher, at the same time, famed for his learning and wisdom, but converted to christianity. As it cannot be questioned that he perused and approved the apology of *Quadratus*, in which is the passage just now cited, he joined with him in an apology of his own, to the same Emperor, on the same subject. This apology, though now lost, was extant in the time of *Ado Vinnenfis*, A. D. 870, and highly esteemed by the most learned *Athenians*, as that author witnesses. It must have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

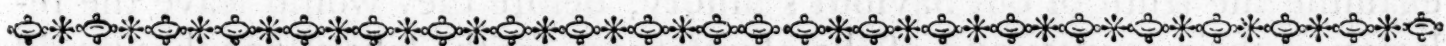
V. I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts, which make for the advancement of his own party. But we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons to whom we appeal, were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of christianity, the truth of which history was their motive to embrace christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens, and had they not found reason to believe them, they would still have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under christian parents, and trained up in the profession of that religion from a child, he generally guides himself by the rules of *Christian Faith* in believing what is delivered by the Evangelists; but the learned *Pagans* of antiquity, before they became Christians, were only guided by the common rules of *Historical Faith*: that is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of those persons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of those persons; and being convinced upon all accounts that they had the same reason to believe the history of our Saviour, as that of any other person to which they themselves were not actually eye-witnesses, they were bound by all the rules of historical faith, and of right reason, to give credit to this history. This they did accordingly, and in consequence of it published the same truth themselves, suffered many afflictions, and very often death itself, in the assertion of them. When I say, that an historical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced these learned *Pagans* to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives, which conduced to it, as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his disciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous sufferings of their followers, with other considerations of the same nature; but whatever other collateral

collateral arguments wrought more or less with philosophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the history of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very basis and foundation of christianity.

VII. To this I must further add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, attested by particular *Pagan* authors: the testimony of those I am now going to produce, extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions, which are related of him and his disciples in the books of the *New Testament*.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangelists, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our blessed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of the most ancient fathers in another view, refers to several passages in *Irenæus*, *Tertullian*, *Clemens of Alexandria*, *Origen*, and *Cyprian*, by which he plainly shews that each of these early writers ascribed to the four Evangelists by name their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall only add, that three of the five fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were *Pagans* converted to christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in the knowledge of heathen learning and philosophy.



SECTION IV.

- I. *Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated:*
- II. *And of many who embraced it.*
- III. *Three eminent and early instances.*
- IV. *Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.*
- V. *Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their conversion.*
- VI. *The names of several Pagan philosophers, who were Christian converts.*

I. **I**T happened very providentially to the honor of the christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. Several

II. Several of these therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid farewell to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

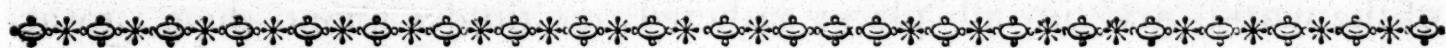
III. Of this sort we may reckon those three early converts to christianity, who each of them was a member of a senate famous for its wisdom and learning. *Joseph* the *Arimathea*n was of the *Jewish Sanhedrim*, *Dionysius* of the *Athenian Areopagus*, and *Flavius Clemens* of the *Roman Senate*; nay, at the time of his death, Consul of *Rome*. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr to it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve *Aristides*, his fellow citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by *Roman* and Christian authors.

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known nations of the world came over to christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, beside those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but subject them to every thing terrible or disagreeable in it. *Tertullian* tells the *Roman* Governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, senate, and courts of judicature, were filled with christians; as *Arnobius* asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, physicians, philosophers, despising the sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their rest in the christian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of that person, whose doctrines they embraced? for however consonant to reason his precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his divine mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life. This was the ground-work of the christian religion, and, if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk with it. This point therefore, of the truth
of

of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the writings of those, who from *Pagan* philosophers became Christian authors, and who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Besides innumerable authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments of several *Pagan* philosophers, which shew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the world, we find in *Athens*, *Dionysius*, *Quadratus*, *Aristides*, *Athenagoras*; and in *Alexandria*, *Dionysius*, *Clemens*, *Ammonius*, *Arnobius*, and *Anatolius*, to whom we may add *Origen*; for though his father was a Christian martyr, he became, without all controversy, the most learned and able philosopher of his age, by his education at *Alexandria*, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.



SECTION V.

- I. *The learned Pagans had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history;*
- II. *From the proceedings,*
- III. *The characters, sufferings,*
- IV. *And miracles of the persons who published it.*
- V. *How these first apostles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining persons to succeed them.*
- VI. *How their successors in the three first centuries preserved their tradition.*
- VII. *That five generations might derive this tradition from Christ, to the end of the third century.*
- VIII. *Four eminent Christians that delivered it down successively to the year of our Lord 254.*
- IX. *The faith of the four above-mentioned persons, the same with that of the churches of the East, of the West, and of Egypt.*
- X. *Another person added to them, who brings us to the year 343, and that many other lists might be added in as direct and short a succession.*
- XI. *Why the tradition of the three first centuries, more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the conversation of the primitive Christians.*

XII. *From the manner of initiating men into their religion.*

XIII. *From the correspondence between the churches.*

XIV. *From the long lives of several of Christ's disciples, of which two instances.*

I. **I**T now therefore only remains to consider, whether these learned men had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; for unless this point can be made out, their testimonies will appear invalid, and their enquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we must consider, that many thousands had seen the transactions of our Saviour in *Judæa*, and that many hundred thousands had received an account of them from the mouths of those who were actually eye-witnesses. I shall only mention among these eye-witnesses the twelve apostles, to whom we must add *St. Paul*, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other disciples and followers of *Christ* had also their share in the publishing this wonderful history. We learn from the ancient records of Christianity, that many of the apostles and disciples made it the express business of their lives, travelled into the remotest parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the history and doctrines of their crucified Master. And indeed, were all christian records of these proceedings entirely lost, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how else during the apostles lives could christianity have spread itself with such an amazing progress through the several nations of the *Roman* empire? how could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other?

III. Heathens therefore of every age, sex and quality, born in the most different climates, and bred up under the most different institutions, when they saw men of plain sense, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, instead of wealth, pomp, or power, expressing in their lives those excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour, avering that they had seen his miracles during his life, and conversed with him after his death; when, I say, they saw no suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or worldly interest, in their behaviour and conversation, and that they submitted to the most ignominious and cruel deaths, rather than retract their testimony, or even be silent in matters which they were to publish by their Saviour's especial command, there was no reason to doubt of the veracity of those facts which they related, or of the Divine Mission in which they were employed.

IV. But even these motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been sufficient to have brought about in so few years such an incredible number
of

of conversions, had not the apostles been able to exhibit still greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few persons of an odious and despised country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shewn undoubted credentials from the Divine Person who sent them on such a message. Accordingly we are assured, that they were invested with the power of working miracles, which was the most short and the most convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reason of all mankind, to the capacities of the wise and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the sick, and raised the dead, when it was published by those who themselves often did the same miracles, in their presence, and in his name? Could any reasonable person imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with such power to authorise a lie, and establish a religion in the world which was displeasing to him, or that evil spirits would lend them such an effectual assistance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the apostles had formed many assemblies in several parts of the *Pagan* world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the Gospel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not perish, they appointed out of these new converts, men of the best sense, and of the most unblemished lives, to preside over these several assemblies, and to inculcate without ceasing what they had heard from the mouths of these eye-witnesses.

VI. Upon the death of any of those substitutes to the apostles and disciples of *Christ*, his place was filled up with some other person of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the same church, who after his decease was followed by another, in the same manner, by which means the succession was continued in an uninterrupted line. *Irenæus* informs us, that every church preserved a catalogue of its bishops in the order that they succeeded one another, and (for an example) produces the catalogue of those who governed the church of *Rome* in that character, which contains eight or nine persons, though but a very small remove from the times of the apostles.

Indeed the lists of bishops, which are come down to us in other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the succession was quick in the three first centuries, because the bishop very often ended in the martyr: for when a persecution arose in any place, the first fury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abundantly testified by their deaths and sufferings, that they did not undertake these offices out of any temporal views, that they were sincere and satisfied in the belief of what they taught, and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the apostles, as laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon

the same principles. None can be supposed so utterly regardless of their own happiness, as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to support any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single martyr among those many heretics, who disagreed with the apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present and future happiness on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only shun persecution, but affirmed that it was unnecessary for their followers to bear their religion through such fiery trials.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this first age of apostles and disciples, with that second generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itself to the middle of the second century, and that several of the third generation from these last mentioned, which was but the fifth from *Christ*, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the age and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apostles, I doubt not but in most of them there might be found five persons who in a continued series would reach through these three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of those very few out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Christianity, I shall single out four persons eminent for their lives, their writings, and their sufferings, that were successively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. *St. John*, who was the beloved disciple, and conversed the most intimately with our Saviour, lived till *Anno Dom.* 100. *Polycarp*, who was the disciple of *St. John*, and had conversed with others of the apostles and disciples of our Lord, lived till *Anno Dom.* 167, though his life was shortened by martyrdom. *Irenæus*, who was the disciple of *Polycarp*, and had conversed with many of the immediate disciples of the apostles, lived, at the lowest computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewise cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great *Origen* was appointed regent of the Catechetical school in *Alexandria*, and as he was the miracle of that age, for industry, learning, and philosophy, he was looked upon as the champion of christianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not suffer martyrdom, as some think he did, he was certainly actuated by the spirit of it, as appears in the whole course of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to the torture, and had undergone trials worse than death. As he conversed with the most eminent christians of his time in *Egypt*, and in the East, brought
over

over multitudes both from heresy and heathenism, and left behind him several disciples of great fame and learning, there is no question but there were considerable numbers of those who knew him, and had been his hearers, scholars, or profelytes, that lived till the end of the third century, and to the reign of *Constantine* the Great.

IX. It is evident to those, who read the lives and writings of *Polycarp*, *Irenæus* and *Origen*, that these three fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four Evangelists, and had undoubted arguments that not only St. *John*, but many others of our Saviour's disciples, published the same accounts of him. To which we must subjoin this further remark, that what was believed by these fathers on this subject, was likewise the belief of the main body of christians in those successive ages when they flourished; since *Polycarp* cannot but be looked upon, if we consider the respect that was paid him, as the representative of the eastern churches in this particular, *Irenæus* of the western upon the same account, and *Origen* of those established in *Egypt*.

X. To these I might add *Paul* the famous hermit, who retired from the *Decian* persecution five or six years before *Origen*'s death, and lived till the year 343. I have only discovered one of those channels by which the history of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated, through those several ages that produced those *Pagan* philosophers, whose testimonies I make use of for the truth of our Saviour's history. Some or other of these philosophers came into the christian faith during its infancy, in the several periods of these three first centuries, when they had such means of informing themselves in all the particulars of our Saviour's history. I must further add, that though I have here only chosen this single link of martyrs, I might find out others among those names which are still extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a successive tradition, till the whole *Roman* empire became christian; as there is no question but numberless series of witnesses might follow one another in the same order, and in as short a chain, and that perhaps in every single church, had the names and ages of the most eminent primitive christians been transmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. But to give this consideration more force, we must take notice, that the tradition of the first ages of christianity had several circumstances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The christians, who carried their religion through so many general and particular persecutions, were incessantly comforting and supporting one another, with the example and history of our Saviour and his apostles. It was the subject not only of their solemn assemblies,
but

but of their private visits and conversations. *Our virgins*, says *Tatian*, who lived in the second century, *discourse over their distaffs on divine subjects*. Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and flourished under the protection of the Emperors, men's thoughts and discourses were, as they are now, full of secular affairs; but in the three first centuries of christianity, men who embraced this religion, had given up all their interests in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how soon they might be called to it: so that they had little else to talk of but the life and doctrines of that Divine Person, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a single person arrived at any degree of age or consideration, who had not heard and repeated above a thousand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

XII. Especially if we consider, that they could not then be received as christians, till they had undergone several examinations. Persons of riper years, who flocked daily into the church during the three first centuries, were obliged to pass through many repeated instructions, and give a strict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to baptism. And as for those who were born of christian parents, and had been baptised in their infancy, they were with the like care prepared and disciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found upon examination to have made a sufficient progress in the knowledge of christianity.

XIII. We must farther observe, that there was not only in those times this religious conversation among private christians, but a constant correspondence between the churches that were established by the apostles or their successors, in the several parts of the world. If any new doctrine was started, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a strict enquiry was made among the churches, especially those planted by the apostles themselves, whether they had received any such doctrine or account of our Saviour, from the mouths of the apostles, or the tradition of those christians, who had preceded the present members of the churches which were thus consulted. By this means, when any novelty was published, it was immediately detected and censured.

XIV. St. *John*, who lived so many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in these emergencies as the living oracle of the church; and as his oral testimony lasted the first century, many have observed that, by a particular providence of God, several of our Saviour's disciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might personally convey the truth of the Gospel to those times, which were very remote from the first publication of it. Of these, besides St. *John*, we have a remarkable instance

instance in *Simeon*, who was one of the seventy sent forth by our Saviour to publish the Gospel before his crucifixion, and a near kinsman of the Lord. This venerable person, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the destruction of *Jerusalem*, presided over the church established in that city, during the time of its memorable siege, and drew his congregation out of those dreadful and unparalleled calamities which befel his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they should see *Jerusalem* encompassed with armies, and the *Roman* standards, or abomination of desolation, set up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the Emperor *Trajan*.



SECTION VI.

- I. *The tradition of the apostles secured by other excellent institutions;*
- II. *But chiefly by the writings of the Evangelists.*
- III. *The diligence of the disciples and first Christian converts, to send abroad these writings.*
- IV. *That the written account of our Saviour was the same with that delivered by tradition;*
- V. *Proved from the reception of the Gospel by those churches which were established before it was written;*
- VI. *From the uniformity of what was believed in the several churches;*
- VII. *From a remarkable passage in Irenæus.*
- VIII. *Records which are now lost, of use to the three first centuries, for confirming the history of our Saviour.*
- IX. *Instances of such records.*

I. **T**HUS far we see how the learned *Pagans* might apprise themselves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's history. They could hear, in every church planted in every distant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preserved among them, of the history of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of those first missionaries that brought to them these accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty attested their reports. But the apostles and disciples of *Christ*, to preserve the history of his life, and to secure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shewn, but appropriated certain days to the

the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him. The first day of the week was in all its returns a perpetual memorial of his resurrection, as the devotional exercises adapted to *Friday* and *Saturday*, were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual festivals instituted by the apostles themselves, or at furthest by their immediate successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add the sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those, who were eye-witnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some measure, conveyed to posterity, the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten, and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the three first centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive *Pagans* in the truth of our Saviour's history, that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. But lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four Evangelists, within about fifty, or, as *Theodoret* affirms, thirty years, after our Saviour's death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the mouth of the apostles and disciples. The farther consideration of these holy penmen will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. It will be sufficient to observe here, that in the age which succeeded the apostles, many of their immediate disciples sent or carried in person the books of the four Evangelists, which had been written by apostles, or at least approved by them, to most of the churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when *Pantænus*, a man of great learning and piety, had travelled into *India* for the propagation of christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the Gospel of St. *Matthew*, which upon his return from that country he brought with him to *Alexandria*. This Gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. *Bartholomew* the apostle of the *Indies*, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other Evangelists were published.

IV. That

IV. That the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the Evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the apostles and disciples, will further appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. Had these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was the relation of the apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their tradition and oral attestations made fixed and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by such records, as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after ages; and rectify it, if at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract any thing that was false or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly we find the same *Jesus Christ*, who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in *Palestine*, who was crucified, rose again, and ascended into Heaven; I say, the same *Jesus Christ* had been preached, and was worshipped, in *Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain, in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Phrygia, Asia, and Pamphilia, in Italy, Egypt, Afric, and beyond Cyrene, India and Persia, and, in short, in all the islands and provinces that are visited by the rising or setting sun. The same account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thousands of preachers, and believed in thousands of places, who all, as fast as it could be conveyed to them, received the same account in writing from the four Evangelists.*

VII. *Irenæus* to this purpose very aptly remarks, that those barbarous nations, who in his time were not possessed of the written Gospels, and had only learned the history of our Saviour from those who had converted them to christianity before the Gospels were written, had among them the same accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four Evangelists. An incontestable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy scripture and the tradition of the churches in those early times of christianity.

VIII. Thus we see what opportunities the learned and inquisitive heathens had of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, during the three first centuries, especially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain head: beside which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of christianity, and particular histories, that then threw light into these matters, but are now entirely lost, by which, at that time, any

appearance of contradiction, or seeming difficulties, in the history of the Evangelists, were fully cleared up and explained: though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the history of our Saviour, as related by the four Evangelists, than in the accounts of any other person, published by such a number of different historians who lived at so great a distance from the present age.

IX. Among these records which are lost, and were of great use to the primitive christians, is the letter to *Tiberius*, which I have already mentioned; that of *Marcus Aurelius*, which I shall take notice of hereafter; the writings of *Hegesippus*, who had drawn down the history of christianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the second century; the genuine *Sibylline* oracles, which in the first ages of the church were easily distinguished from the spurious; the records preserved in particular churches, with many other of the same nature.



SECTION VII.

- I. *The sight of miracles in those ages a further confirmation of Pagan philosophers in the Christian faith.*
- II. *The credibility of such miracles.*
- III. *A particular instance.*
- IV. *Martyrdom, why considered as a standing miracle.*
- V. *Primitive Christians thought many of the martyrs were supported by a miraculous power.*
- VI. *Proved from the nature of their sufferings.*
- VII. *How martyrs further induced the Pagans to embrace Christianity.*

I. **T**HERE were other means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the three first centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our blessed Saviour's history, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The first was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining those miracles, which were on several occasions performed by christians, and appeared in the church, more or less, during these first ages of christianity. These had great weight with the men I am now speaking of, who, from learned *Pagans*, became fathers of the church; for they frequently boast of them in their writings, as attestations given by God himself to the truth of their religion.

II. At

II. At the same time, that these learned men declare how disingenuous, base, and wicked it would be, how much beneath the dignity of philosophy, and contrary to the precepts of christianity, to utter falsehoods or forgeries in the support of a cause, though never so just in itself, they confidently assert this miraculous power, which then subsisted in the church, nay tell us that they themselves had been eye-witnesses of it at several times, and in several instances; nay appeal to the heathens themselves for the truth of several facts they relate, nay challenge them to be present at their assemblies, and satisfy themselves, if they doubt of it; nay we find that *Pagan* authors have in some instances confessed this miraculous power.

III. The letter of *Marcus Aurelius*, whose army was preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same time that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of lightning, and which the heathen historians themselves allow to have been supernatural and the effect of magic: I say, this letter, which ascribed this unexpected assistance to the prayers of the christians, who then served in the army, would have been thought an unquestionable testimony of the miraculous power I am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It is sufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of those miracles which had its influence on the learned converts, because it is related by *Tertullian*, and the very letter appealed to. When these learned men saw sickness and phrensy cured, the dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the dæmons and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no Gods, by persons who only made use of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of their Saviour's power on the like occasions, as represented to them by the traditions of the church, and the writings of the Evangelists?

IV. Under this head, I cannot omit that which appears to me a standing miracle in the three first centuries, I mean that amazing and supernatural courage or patience, which was shewn by innumerable multitudes of martyrs, in those slow and painful torments that were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at *Lyons*, amid the insults and mockeries of a crowded amphitheatre, and still keeping his seat; or stretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his soul among the exquisite sufferings of such a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaspheme his Saviour. Such trials seem to me above the strength of human nature, and able to overbear duty, reason, faith, conviction, nay, and the most absolute certainty of a future state. Humanity, unassisted in an extraordinary manner, must have shaken off the present pressure, and have delivered itself out of such a dreadful distress, by any means that could have been suggested to it. We can easily imagine,

that many persons, in so good a cause, might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the stake, or the block: but to expire leisurely among the most exquisite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reservation, or an hypocrisy which was not without a possibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveness, has something in it so far beyond the force and natural strength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

V. We find the church of *Smyrna*, in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of *Polycarp* their beloved bishop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for christianity, are of opinion, that our Saviour stood by them in a vision, and personally conversed with them, to give them strength and comfort during the bitterness of their long continued agonies; and we have the story of a young man, who, having suffered many tortures, escaped with life, and told his fellow christians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the presence of an Angel who stood by him, and wiped off the tears and sweat, which ran down his face whilst he lay under his sufferings. We are assured at least, that the first martyr for christianity was encouraged in his last moments, by a vision of that Divine Person for whom he suffered, and into whose presence he was then hastening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading these terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confessors were engaged, when they passed through such new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and ask himself, however zealous and sincere he is in his religion, whether under such acute and lingering tortures he could still have held fast his integrity, and have professed his faith to the last, without a supernatural assistance of some kind or other. For my part, when I consider that it was not an unaccountable obstinacy in a single man, or in any particular set of men, in some extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each sex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near 300 years together made this glorious confession of their faith, in the midst of tortures, and in the hour of death: I must conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at present, or that they had such miraculous supports as were peculiar to those times of christianity, when without them perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguished.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and sufferings of the primitive christians had a great share in the conversion of those learned *Pagans*, who lived in the ages of persecution, which with some intervals and abatements lasted near 300 years after our Saviour. *Justin Martyr*, *Tertullian*, *Lactantius*, *Arnobius*, and others, tell us, that this first of all alarmed their curiosity, roused their

their attention, and made them seriously inquisitive into the nature of that religion, which could endue the mind with so much strength, and overcome the fear of death, nay raise an earnest desire of it, though it appeared in all its terrors. This they found had not been effected by all the doctrines of those philosophers, whom they had thoroughly studied, and who had been laboring at this great point. The sight of these dying and tormented martyrs engaged them to search into the history and doctrines of him for whom they suffered. The more they searched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew so strong, that they themselves embraced the same truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readiness to do it, rather than depart from them.



S E C T I O N VIII.

- I. *The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed Pagans in their belief of the Gospel.*
- II. *Origen's observation on that of his disciples being brought before Kings and Governors;*
- III. *On their being persecuted for their religion;*
- IV. *On their preaching the Gospel to all nations;*
- V. *On the destruction of Jerusalem, and ruin of the Jewish œconomy.*
- VI. *These arguments strengthened by what has happened since Origen's time.*

I. **T**HE second of those extraordinary means, of great use to the learned and inquisitive *Pagans* of the three first centuries, for evincing the truth of the history of our Saviour, was the completion of such prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evangelists. They could not indeed form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his life, because both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were published by the Evangelists; though, as *Origen* observes, what end could there be in forging some of these predictions, as that of *St. Peter's* denying his master, and all his disciples forsaking him in the greatest extremity, which reflects so much shame on the great apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the Evangelists to relate a circumstance so disadvantageous to their own reputation; as that father has well observed.

II. But to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the Evangelists, which were not completed till
after

after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so, when they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they should be brought before Governors and Kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the *Gentiles*, *Mat.* 10. 28. with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his disciples were to be persecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, says this father, whose followers are punished? Can the enemies of *Christ* say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that therefore he might well conjecture and foretel what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? what likelihood that men should be brought before Kings and Governors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the *Epicureans*, who absolutely denied a Providence; nor to the *Peripatetics* themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the Divinity? Are there any but the christians, who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before Kings and Governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath, by their respective judges, to renounce christianity, and to procure their liberty and rest, by offering the same sacrifices, and taking the same oaths that others did?

III. Consider the time when our Saviour pronounced those words, *Mat.* 10. 32. *Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven: but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.* Had you heard him speak after this manner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself, If these speeches of *Jesus* are true, and if, according to his prediction, Governors and Kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples, we will believe (not only that he is a prophet, but) that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition, that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his Gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, or as *Origen* (who rather quotes the sense than the words) to serve for a conviction to Kings and people, when at the same time he finds that his Gospel has accordingly been preached to *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting

mitting to the doctrine of *Christ*? As for us, says this great author, in another part of his book against *Celsus*, “When we see every day those events exactly accomplished which our Saviour foretold at so great a distance: That his Gospel is preached in all the world, *Matthew* 24. 14. That his disciples go and teach all nations, *Matthew* 28. 19. And that those, who have received his doctrine, are brought for his sake before Governors, and before Kings, *Matthew* 10. 18. we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer and stronger proofs can *Celsus* ask for the truth of what he spoke?”

V. *Origen* insists likewise with great strength on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of *Jerusalem*, pronounced at a time, as he observes, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by so many others; that I shall refer you to what this father has said on the subject in the first book against *Celsus*. And as to the accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy, shall only observe, that whoever reads the account given us by *Josephus*, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the historian had been a christian, and that he had nothing else in view but to adjust the event to the prediction.

VI. I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that *Origen* would still have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to have seen the *Roman* Emperors, and all their Governors and provinces, submitting themselves to the Christian Religion, and glorying in its profession, as so many Kings and Sovereigns still place their relation to *Christ* at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he seen our Saviour's prophecy stand good in the destruction of the temple, and the dissolution of the *Jewish* œconomy, when *Jews* and *Pagans* united all their endeavours under *Julian* the apostate, to baffle and falsify the prediction? The great preparations that were made for rebuilding the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire, that destroyed the work, and terrified those employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many historians of the same age, and the substance of the story testified both by *Pagan* and *Jewish* writers, as *Ammianus Marcellinus* and *Zammath-David*. The learned *Chrysostom*, in a sermon against the *Jews*, tells them this fact was then fresh in the memories even of their young men, that it happened but twenty years ago, and that it was attested by all the inhabitants of *Jerusalem*, where they might still see the marks of it in the rubbish of that work, from which the *Jews* desisted in so great a fright, and which even *Julian* had not the courage to carry on. This fact, which

is

is in itself so miraculous, and so indisputable, brought over many of the *Jews* to christianity; and shews us, that after our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the care of *Titus*, who would fain have prevented its destruction, and that instead of being re-edified by *Julian*, all his endeavours towards it did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that not one stone should be left upon another.

The ancient christians were so entirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the *Jews* had drawn upon themselves, and upon their children, for the treatment which the *Messiah* had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, an hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day. In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of christians, and which preserved the church of *Christ* among all the conflicts, difficulties and persecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the *Jewish* government and œconomy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. *Origen*, in his fourth book against *Celsus*, mentioning their being cast out of *Jerusalem*, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the *Babylonish* captivity, and the oppressions of *Antiochus Epiphanes*. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred years before his own time, the *Jews* had made such a powerful effort for their re-establishment under *Barchocab*, in the reign of *Adrian*, as shook the whole *Roman* empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not mistaken, nay that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the *Jews* are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when *Origen* wrote.



S E C T I O N IX.

- I. *The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned Pagans into their religion.*
- II. *The change and reformation of their manners.*
- III. *This looked upon as supernatural by the learned Pagans.*
- IV. *And strengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and history.*
- V. *The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens belief:*
- VI. *Pursued:*
- VII. *Pursued.*

I. **T**H E R E was one other means enjoyed by the learned *Pagans* of the three first centuries, for satisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's history, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is so shining a particular, and does so much honor to our religion, I shall make a distinct article of it, and only consider it with regard to the subject I am upon: I mean the lives and manners of those holy men, who believed in *Christ* during the first ages of christianity. I should be thought to advance a paradox, should I affirm that there were more christians in the world during those times of persecution, than there are at present in these which we call the flourishing times of christianity. But this will be found an indisputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in those days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary sin, actually cuts himself off from the benefits and profession of christianity, and whatever he may call himself, is in reality no christian, nor ought to be esteemed as such.

II. In the times we are now surveying, the christian religion shewed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonstrated what great and generous souls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its proselytes to a very high degree of perfection, and set them far above the pleasures, and even the pains, of this life. It strengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceness of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worship of him that made them, and inspired the vicious with a rational devotion, a strict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow creatures. In proportion as it spread through the world, it seemed to change mankind into another species

of beings. No sooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an easy figure he became a new man, and both acted and looked upon himself as one regenerated and born a second time into another state of existence.

III. It is not my business to be more particular in the accounts of primitive christianity, which have been exhibited so well by others, but rather to observe that the *Pagan* converts, of whom I am now speaking, mention this great reformation of those who had been the greatest sinners, with that sudden and surprising change which it made in the lives of the most profligate, as having something in it supernatural, miraculous, and more than human. *Origen* represents this power in the christian religion, as no less wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. Many others represent it in the same light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which shewed itself in such strange and glorious effects.

IV. This therefore was a great means not only of recommending christianity to honest and learned heathens, but of confirming them in the belief of our Saviour's history, when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that spirit which he had promised to send among his disciples.

V. But I find no argument made a stronger impression on the minds of these eminent *Pagan* converts, for strengthening their faith in the history of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in those old prophetic writings, which were deposited among the hands of the greatest enemies to christianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were astonished to see the whole history of their Saviour's life published before he was born, and to find that the evangelists and prophets, in their accounts of the *Messiah*, differed only in point of time, the one foretelling what should happen to him, and the other describing those very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himself was pleased to make use of as the strongest argument of his being the promised *Messiah*, and without it would hardly have reconciled his disciples to the ignominy of his death, as in that remarkable passage which mentions his conversation with the two disciples, on the day of his resurrection. *St. Luke*, chap. 24. verse 13 to the end.

VI. The heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and sciences, were particularly qualified to examine these prophecies with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepossession. If the *Jews* on the one side put an unnatural interpretation on these prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controversies with the christians; or if the christians on the other

other side over-strained several passages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the best understanding, when their minds are heated with any consideration that bears a more than ordinary weight with it; the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all these prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Besides, these learned men among the primitive christians, knew how the *Jews*, who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted these predictions, and the several marks by which they acknowledged the *Messiah* would be discovered, and how those of the *Jewish* doctors who succeeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpose to stifle their own conviction.

VII. This set of arguments had therefore an invincible force with those *Pagan* philosophers who became christians, as we find in most of their writings. They could not disbelieve our Saviour's history, which so exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of those circumstances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any person that lived in the world besides himself. This wrought the greatest confusion in the unbelieving *Jews*, and the greatest conviction in the *Gentiles*, who every where speak with astonishment of these truths they met with in this new magazine of learning which was opened to them, and carry the point so far as to think, whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among *Pagan* writers, had been stole from their conversation with the *Jews*, or from the perusal of these writings which they had in their custody.

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